May 20, 1974

THE NEW YORKER

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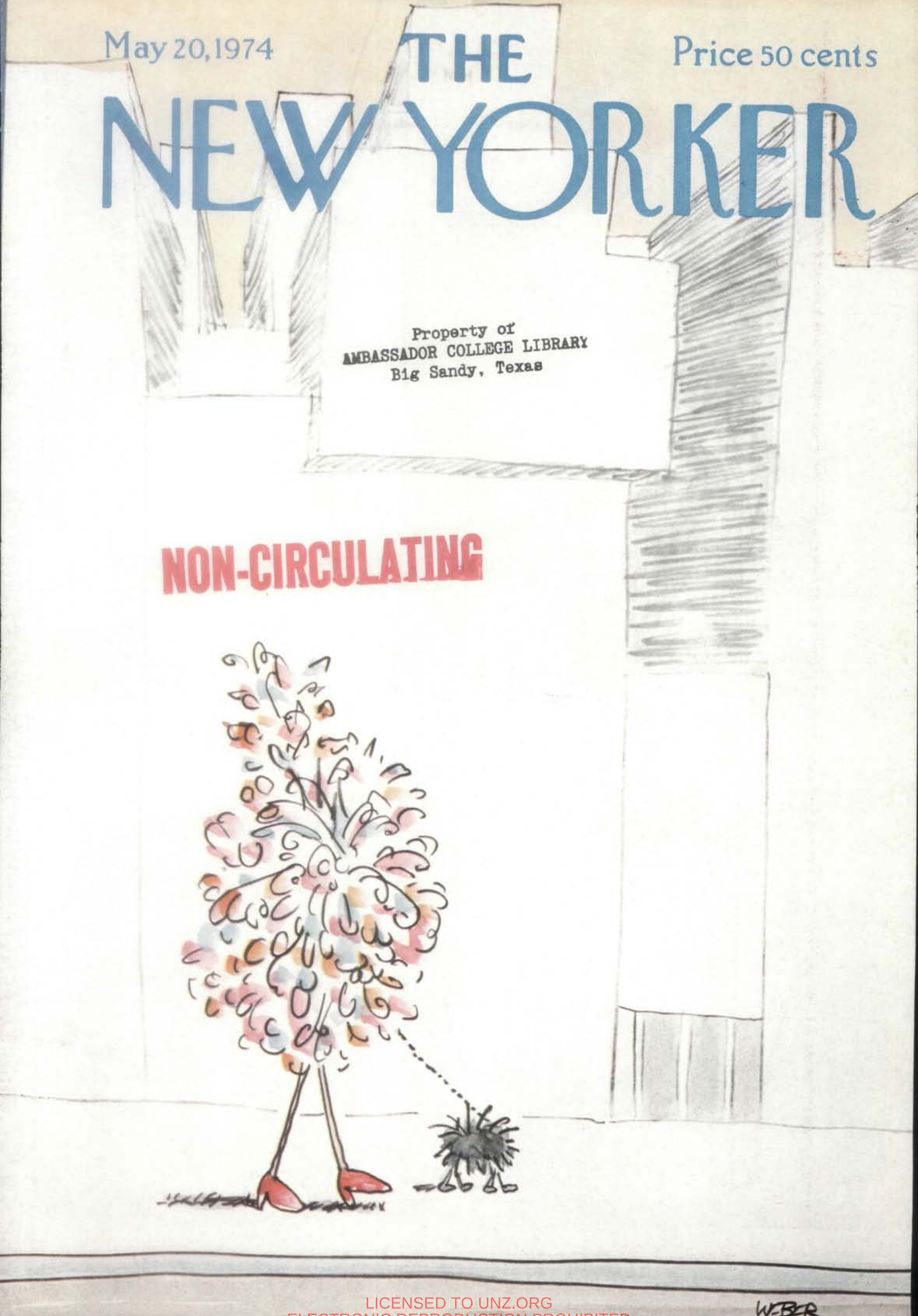

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25

THE THEATRE

PLAYS AND MUSICALS

ALL THE KING'S MEN—An adaptation by Vinnette Carroll (who also directed) of Robert Penn Warren's play, with music and lyrics by Malcolm Dodds. (Urban Arts Corps Theatre, 26 W. 20th St. 924-7820. Thursdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BAD HABITS—A pair of very funny one-acters by Terrence McNally, each of them set in a sanatorium. The performances, under the direction of Robert Drivas, couldn't be better. With Paul Benedict, Doris Roberts, and J. Frank Lucas, among others. (Booth, 222 W. 45th St. 246-5969. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

CANDIDE—A revival, in much altered form, of the 1956 original. Leonard Bernstein's score and Richard Wilbur's lyrics sound as wonderful as ever; Hugh Wheeler's new book, making a satire into a mocking, cheerful farce, works well. Harold Prince directed the inventive, lively performance, and Eugene and Franne Lee designed the effective "environmental" setting. Be prepared to climb up ramps and steps to find a seat, but the effort is worth it. Chosen the season's best musical by the Drama Critics Circle. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

THE CIRCLE—Natalie Schafer in W. Somerset Maugham's play. (Roundabout, 307 W. 26th St. 924-7160. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

THE COMMITMENT (EL COMPROMISO)—A play by Joseph Lizardi, performed by the Puerto Rican Bi-Lingual Theatre. (Henry Street Settlement's New Federal Theatre, 466 Grand St. Thursday through Sunday, May 16-19, and Friday through Sunday, May 24-26, at 7:30. Free.)

EQUITY LIBRARY THEATRE—The John Clifton-Ben Tarver musical **MAN WITH A LOAD OF MISCHIEF** is the final production of the season. (Equity Library Theatre, 103rd St. and Riverside Dr. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30. Closes Sunday, May 26. For information about tickets, for which contributions are requested, call 663-2028.)

THE GOOD DOCTOR—Neil Simon has been tempted to collaborate with Anton Chekhov, who might not have been tempted to collaborate with Neil Simon. The brilliant cast makes it seem worthwhile. (Eugene O'Neill, 230 W. 49th St. 246-0220. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3. Closes Sunday, May 26.)

GOOD EVENING—Peter Cook and Dudley Moore in a series of sketches, all but one or two of which are very funny indeed. (Plymouth, 236 W. 45th St. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3.)

JACQUES BREL IS ALIVE AND WELL AND LIVING IN PARIS—A revival of the musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. Stan Porter, Henrietta Valor, Jack Blackton, and Barbara Gutterman make up the cast. Opens Friday, May 17. (Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St., near Astor Pl. 254-4370. Opening-night curtain at 7:30; thereafter, nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

JUMPERS—The playwright Tom Stoppard gets as tipsy on words as lesser mortals do on gin. You may not understand all of this brilliant comedy, but you will have a good time. Starring Brian Bedford and Jill Clayburgh. (Billy Rose, 208 W. 41st St. 947-5510. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

THE LATTER DAYS OF A CELEBRATED SOUBRETTE—Anne Meacham in a new, amplified version of Tennessee Williams' "The Gnadiges Fraulein." Opens Thursday, May 16. (Central Arts, 108 E. 64th St. 758-6327. Thursdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 2.)

LORELEI—A sadly mutilated partial reprise of the old musical, "Gentlemen Prefer Blondes." Carol Channing is the valiant star. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MOONCHILDREN—Michael Weller's comedy about a group of college students living a communal life back in the sixties had a very brief run on Broadway a couple of years ago. This small theatre—Off Broadway—is a far more appropriate setting for it. Mr. Weller is a quite funny writer, and the tone of his play always seems *right*, but his perpetually prankish and plaintive characters, in their undergraduate limbo, become very wearing after an act or two. The production, under John Pasquin's direction, is excellent. With Michael Sacks, Jim Jansen, Renée Tadlock, and Kenneth McMillan, among other good actors. (Theatre de Lys, 121 Christopher St. WA 4-8782. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 6:30 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 2:30.)

A MOON FOR THE MISBEGOTTEN—A play on O'Neill's great, grave theme—that family life is not the occasion for love but for its failure. Colleen Dewhurst, Jason Robards, and Ed Flanders superbly embody the bad news. Starting Saturday, May 18, Tom Clancy will replace Mr. Flanders. (Morosco, 215 W. 45th St. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MY FAT FRIEND—Lynn Redgrave and George Rose are as clever as can be in a frail English comedy by Charles Laurence. Directed by Robert Moore. (Brooks Atkinson, 256 W. 47th St. 245-3430. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

MY SISTER, MY SISTER—A play by Ray Aranha. (Little Theatre, 236 W. 44th St. 221-1284. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.)

NOËL COWARD IN TWO KEYS—A couple of trifles by the Master, written in old age and with welcome autobiographical touches. Jessica Tandy, Hume Cronyn, and Anne Baxter make the most of their charming opportuni-

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Over Here!—A musical that claims to tell us what is was like on the home front during the Second World War. It is really an excuse for presenting the two surviving Andrews Sisters, who sing splendidly, and for showing off some wonderful young dancers. (Shubert, 225 W. 44th St. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

Pretzels—Judy Kahan, Fred Grandy, and Jane Curtin in a musical revue, with score and lyrics by John Forster. The last in this season's New Phoenix Repertory Company's "Sideshow" programs. (Playhouse 2, 357 W. 48th St. Friday, May 17, at 7:30, and Saturday and Sunday, May 18-19, at 3 and 7:30. For tickets, call 765-1620.)

Raisin—Worth seeing for its appealing and gifted cast, though the book of the musical is as old fashioned as "Uncle Tom's Cabin." (46th Street Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. 246-4271. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30 and Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Ride the Winds—A musical by John Driver. Previews Wednesday, May 15. Opens officially on Thursday, May 16, at 6:45. (Bijou, 209 W. 45th St. 354-6171. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

Scapino—The Young Vic production, recently at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, will open on Broadway on Saturday, May 18. Previews Wednesday through Friday, May 15-17. (Joseph E. Levine Theatre, Broadway at 50th St. 581-0720. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

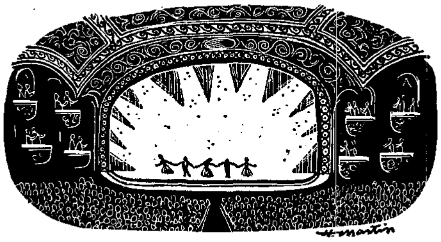
The Sea Horse—The pursuit of love in a waterfront saloon. The pursuer is a seaman, and the object of his quest is the very tough, very fat, and very resistant young woman behind the bar. Some of the play seems contrived and sentimental, but much of it is believable and entertaining. The performances of Conchata Ferrell and Edward J. Moore are faultless. Marshall W. Mason directed, and the dramatist is James Irwin. (Westside, 407 W. 43rd St. 541-8394. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, Saturdays at 7 and 10, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Short Eyes—Miguel Piñero's drama is set in a house of detention and is about a man who is brought there on the charge of molesting a child. The action, under the direction of Marvin Felix Camillo, is often brutal and always valid. Many members of the company ("The Family") have themselves been prisoners, and their small scenes—their sudden fights and their bursts of singing and comedy—are almost as important as the plot. Voted the best American play of the year by the Drama Critics Circle. (Last seen at the Public several weeks ago; now opening at the Vivian Beaumont, 150 W. 65th St., 362-7616, on Thursday, May 23, at 7; previews through Wednesday, May 22. Performances Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8; matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2.)

The Sirens—A play by Richard Wesley. Opens Wednesday, May 15. (Manhattan Theatre Club, 321 E. 73rd St. 288-2500. Nightly, except Mondays, at 7:30.)

Thieves—A comedy about life in a high-rise apartment house. The author is Herb Gardner and the chief reason for seeing the show is Marlo Thomas. (Broadhurst, 235 W. 44th St. 246-6699. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 3.)

When You Comin' Back, Red Ryder?—Mark Medoff's efficient, occasionally exciting, but essentially shallow melodrama about a brash young man running dope from Mexico to California, who stops off at a diner in New Mexico and taunts everyone in sight, to depressing effect. The playwright may have some messages in mind about such matters as the legend of the Old West or the hypocrisy of the middle classes, but these can easily be ignored. The actors do well, under Kenneth Frankel's direction. With Kevin Conway in the leading role, and Elizabeth Sturges as a fat, gentle countergirl. (Eastside, 334 E. 74th St. 861-2288. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)



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Words and Music—The eminent lyric-writer Sammy Cahn literally strutting his stuff. He is assisted by some pleasant young singers and a good piano player. (Golden, 252 W. 45th St. 246-6740. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**DON'T BOTHER ME, I CAN'T COPE:** A sparkling, witty, all-black revue directed by the dynamic Vinnette Carroll and with delightful songs—music and lyrics—by Micki Grant. All the performers are good. (Edison, 240 W. 47th St. 757-7164. Wednesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30 and 5.)... **THE FANTASTICKS:** 5,849 performances so far. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GODSPELL:** A musical adaptation of the Book of Matthew, and once a numbing prologue is over, it becomes a joyful celebration of theatre itself. Songs by Stephen Schwartz. (Promenade, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. 799-7690. Tuesdays through Fridays at 7:30, and Saturdays at 6 and 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Sundays at 3.)... **EL GRANDE DE COCA-COLA:** A funny, brief lark, set in a tacky night club in Honduras. (Plaza 9 Theatre, Plaza Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. PL 9-3933. Tuesdays at 8; Wednesdays at 8 and 10; Thursdays at 8; Fridays and Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **GREASE:** A musical (score, book, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey) that parodies, by faithful imitation, the songs and dances of the nineteen-fifties. The young cast performs capably and with spirit. (Royale, 242 W. 45th St. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)... **THE HOT L BALTIMORE:** Lanford Wilson's play about the assorted, seedy residents of a once good hotel, now shabby and threatened by bulldozers, is synthetic and sugary, but it is quite entertaining, too. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 254-6330. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **IRENE:** A pastiche of a lot of musicals of the last fifty years, including "Irene." Nevertheless, the cast is attractive and talented. (Minskoff, 45th St. west of Broadway. 869-0550. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2, and Sundays at 2:30.)... **A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC:** Under Harold Prince's dazzling direction, Glynis Johns, William Daniels, Hermione Gingold, and half a dozen other delightful people sing and spar and fall into what looks like love. The well-wrought music and lyrics are by Saint Stephen Sondheim, and the book, based on Bergman's film "Smiles of a Summer Night," is by Hugh Wheeler. (Majestic, 245 W. 44th St. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.) ... **PIPPIN:** A great big show that ably conceals a tiny little musical. (Imperial, 249 W. 45th St. 265-2412. Nightly, except Sundays, at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2.)

MISCELLANY

The Circus—A continuous march-past, two by two, of animals, clowns, tumblers, and other rare specimens. (Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 1:30 and 7:30; Saturdays at 10:30, 3, and 8; and Sundays at 1:15 and 5:30. Closes Monday, May 27.)

BALLET AND DANCE

New York City Ballet—Tentative schedule—Wednesday, May 15, at 8: "Circus Polka;" a preview of "Dybbuk," the new ballet by Leonard Bernstein and Jerome Robbins; and "Stravinsky Violin Concerto." (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 270.)... ¶ Thursday, May 16, at 8: "Danses Concertantes," "Dybbuk" (première), and "Donizetti Variations."... ¶ Friday, May 17, at 8: "Allegro Brillante," "Symphony in Three Movements," "Fantasies," and "The Concert."... ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 2: "Harlequinade" and "Symphony in Three Movements."... ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 8: "Agon," "Dybbuk," and "Tchaikovsky Suite No. 3." ... ¶ Sunday, May 19, at 1: "Swan Lake" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Sunday, May 19, at 7: "Danses Concertantes" and "The Goldberg Variations."... ¶ Tuesday, May 21, at 8: "An Evening's Waltzes" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Wednesday, May 22, at 8: "Concerto Barocco," "Liebeslieder Walzer," and "Cortège Hongrois."... ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 8: "Donizetti Variations," "Orpheus," "Bartók No. 3" (première), and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Friday, May 24, at 8: "Liebeslieder Walzer" and "Brahms-Schoenberg Quartet."... ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 2: "Donizetti Variations" and "Harlequinade."... ¶ Saturday, May 25, at 8: "La Source," "Agon," and "Symphony in C." (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, June 30.)

Royal Ballet—Wednesday and Thursday, May 15-16: "La Bayadère" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Friday and Saturday, May 17-18: "Romeo and Juliet."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 19: "La Bayadère," "Apollo," "Pavane" (American première), and "Symphonic Variations."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 19: "La Bayadère," "Apollo," "Walk to Paradise Garden" (American première), and "Symphonic Variations."... ¶ Tuesday and Wednesday, May 21-22: "La Bayadère" and "La Fille Mal Gardée."... ¶ Thursday through Saturday, May 23-25: "Manon." (Metropolitan Opera House. 787-3880. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 2. Through Sunday, May 26.)

Alvin Ailey Dance Theatre—Wednesday evening, May 15: "Choros," "How Long Have It Been," "A Song for You," "Congolese Wedding" (company première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 16: "The Lark Ascending," "Fanga (company première), and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Friday evening, May 17: "Choros," "A Song for You," "Congolese Wedding," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 18: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Congolese Wedding," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 18: "The Lark Ascending," "Love Songs," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Sunday matinée, May 19: "The Lark Ascending," "Fanga," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Sunday evening, May 19: "Streams," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Tuesday evening, May 21: "Hidden Rites," "Canticle of the Elements" (première), and "Revelations."... ¶ Wednesday evening, May 22: "Dance for Six," "Spirituals" (company première), and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Thursday evening, May 23: "Choros," "Spirituals," "Congolese Wedding," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Missa Brevis." ... ¶ Friday evening, May 24: "Blues Suite," "Cry," "Rainbow 'Round My Shoulder," and "Revelations."... ¶ Saturday matinée, May 25: "Dance for Six," "Spirituals," and "Carmina Burana."... ¶ Saturday evening, May 25: "Choros," "Spirituals," "Congolese Wedding," "Canticle of the Elements," and "Missa Brevis." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. 246-8989. Evenings at 7:30. Matinées at 2. Through Sunday, June 2.)

Bella Lewitzky—With her dance company. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at 8, and Sunday, May 19, at 2:30 and 8.)

Paul Sanasardo Dance Company—Saturday, May 18, at 8, and Sunday, May 19, at 2: "Footnotes," "Shadows," "Ecuatorial," and "The Path."... ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 8: "Germaine" (première), "Platform" (première), "Disappearances" (première), and

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"Footnotes."... ¶ Friday, May 24, at 8: "Germaine," "Ecuatorial," "Platform," and "Disappearances." (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. 636-4100.)

Louis Falco Dance Company—Tuesday, May 21: "Biography" (première), "Storeroom" (première), and "Caviar."... ¶ Wednesday, May 22: "Speeds" (première), "Sleepers," and "Avenue."... ¶ Thursday, May 23: "Tub," "Twopenny," "Biography," and "Caviar."... ¶ Friday, May 24: "Tub," "Twopenny," and "Avenue."... ¶ Saturday, May 25: "Huescape," "Sleepers," and "Speeds."... ¶ Sunday, May 26: "Huescape," "Twopenny," "Nostalgia," and "Storeroom." (Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center. 362-1911. Evenings at 8.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(A few of the notable performers now in town.)

Kenny Burrell—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Guitar, leading a quartet, from nine-thirty, through Saturday, May 18.

Jaki Byard—Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440). Piano, with bassist Major Holley, from nine, on Sundays.

Barbara Carroll—Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450). Piano, from eight to one, except Sundays.

Blossom Dearie—Reno Sweeney, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900). Singing at the piano, between five-thirty and seven, Wednesdays through Saturdays.

Roy Eldridge—Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505). Trumpet, with Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke. Nine-thirty to three, except Sundays.

Gil Evans—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Piano, leading a fifteen-piece band, from ten, beginning Tuesday, May 21.

Sonny Greer / Russell Procope / Brooks Kerr—Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220). Drums, reeds, and piano, respectively. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty.

Roy Haynes—Mikell's, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832). Drums, with his quintet, Thursdays through Saturdays, from ten to three.

Thad Jones-Mel Lewis Band—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). With vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater, Mondays, at ten.

Yusef Lateef—Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011). Flute, leading a quartet, at ten, through Sunday, May 19.

Junior Mance—Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245). Piano, with a trio, Wednesdays through Saturdays, and Monday, May 20, from nine to three.

Mabel Mercer—St. Regis Room, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave., at 55th St. (PL 3-4500). Songs. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and midnight.

Sy Oliver—Americana, Seventh Ave., at 52nd St. (581-1000). Trumpet, leading his orchestra, from eight to one-thirty, nightly, except Sundays and Mondays.

Buddy Rich—Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855). Drums, leading a septet, nightly, except Sundays.

George Shearing—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Piano, leading a trio, from nine-thirty, beginning Monday, May 20.

Bobby Short—Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600). Singing and playing piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays (except Friday and Saturday, May 24-25), from nine-forty-five.

Zoot Sims—Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383). Tenor sax, leading a quartet, from nine-thirty, through Saturday, May 18.

Joe Venuti—Michael's Pub, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272). Jazz violin, with bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Joe Corsello and pianist Chuck Folds. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine to one.

Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma—Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135). Guitar duo. From nine to one, Tuesdays through Saturdays.... ¶ Stryker's, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754). Sundays from nine until two.

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(A few places where the notable performers, and others, are performing.)

Arthur's Tavern, 57 Grove St. (CH 2-9468)—Home base (the *only* base, in fact) for the Grove Street Stompers, a Dixieland band that brings immeasurable amounts of enthusiasm to this little bar between nine-fifteen and one every Monday. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until three, pianist Mabel Godwin plays good-time oldies. Closed Sundays.

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—A long, narrow closet of a night club with uncomfortable wooden pews built to accommodate four but often seating a cramped six. Peter Allen sings his sensitive and thoughtful compositions at the piano through Monday, May 20. Shows Sundays through Thursdays at nine and eleven; on Fridays and Saturdays at eight-thirty, ten-thirty, and twelve-thirty. Coffee and tea are staples. Tuesdays are allotted to visiting performers.

Boomer's, 340 Bleecker St., at Christopher St. (243-0245)—White brick walls, blown-up musings by R. D. Laing, succulent collard greens, and one of the most distinguished jukeboxes in town, stocked with recordings by many of the artists who appear here from time to time. Junior Mance, playing a funky, bluesy jazz piano, is here with his trio Wednesdays through Saturdays. On Monday, May 20, the Mance trio works opposite mannered jazz singer Betty Carter, who'll be backed by an intense threesome led by pianist Danny Mixon. Music from nine to three.

Bottom Line, 15 W. 4th St., at Mercer St. (228-6300)—A four-hundred-and-fifty-seat rock-and-folk club in New York brings to mind an image of hordes of bodies glued together in an indoor Woodstockian setting. But at the new Bottom Line the seating is ample, the décor is simple but pleasant, and the commitments to the sound system and lighting are admirable. Music antiquaries Ry Cooder, who excavates old train songs and other folklore and picks a substantial guitar, and Leon Redbone, who prefers to sing, play guitar, and muse on Jelly Roll Morton blues, alternate on Wednesday and Thursday, May 15-16. Friday through Sunday, May 17-19, Oakland soul machine Tower of Power, eleven members strong, will be plugged in. Tenor saxophonist Gato Barbieri, who plays fiery South American folk-inspired jazz, comes in to perform with his band Monday through Thursday, May 20-23. Singer George Melly is scheduled to appear opposite Barbieri. Shows begin at eight-thirty and eleven-thirty. Snacks.

Bradley's, 70 University Pl. (228-6440)—An animated, crowded, wood-panelled bar that is highly regarded by the Village artisans and musicians who patronize it. Pianist Mike Longo, who has worked with Dizzy Gillespie for the last several years, collaborates with bassist Eddie Gomez through Saturday, May 18. On Monday, May 20, a trio—guitarist Sam Brown, pianist Dave Matthews, and John Beal on bass—squeezes into the music corner for a week's stint. Sundays are devoted to the piano of Jaki Byard, composer, New England Conservatory professor, and multifaceted jazzman, with the bass of Major Holley. Mondays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to two-thirty, and Sundays from nine to one. Dinner.

Buddy's Place, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (752-5855)—Whizbang drummer Buddy Rich has opened his own club, and it turns out to be one of the most agreeable spots in town: a warm, red-carpeted square room with a helpful, amiable staff. There is, in addition, no problem with committed conversationalists or hecklers, thanks to the outspokenness of Rich, who makes short work of restoring order. The walls are, with typical Rich modesty, strewn with photographs of the drummer hard at work or dressed in the white pajamalike costume of karate, executing the thrusts and chops of that Oriental martial art (he's a black belt). With equally precise thrusts and chops, Rich, using drumsticks, commands an exciting and talented septet: saxophonists Sonny Fortune and Sal Nistico, pianist Kenny Barron, guitarist Jack Wilkins, bassist Anthony Jackson, and, on the congas, Jimmy Maeulin. Two shows weeknights; three shows Saturdays. Snacks. Closed Sundays.

Café Carlyle, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600)—Bobby Short is the prized fixture here, and his envied repertoire—mostly from the thirties, mostly world-weary—summons up a generation's view of itself. Helping out, as always, are bassist Beverly Peer and drummer Dick Sheridan. The three begin at nine-forty-five, Tuesdays through Saturdays. Dinner and supper. No music Friday and Saturday, May 24-25.

Cookery, 21 University Pl., at 8th St. (OR 4-4450)—Pianist Barbara Carroll, who played bop on 52nd Street in the late forties, performs with bassist Jay Leonhart Mondays through Saturdays. Sundays, Dick Hyman takes over the keyboard. Music from eight to one. Dining in relaxed surroundings.

Grand Finale, 210 W. 70th St. (595-4206)—A spacious night spot quartered in the ground floor of one of those large, sturdy apartment fortresses that proliferated on the upper West Side forty and fifty years ago. Its red walls are adorned with large, flashy paintings of Rita Hayworth, Clark Gable, Marlene Dietrich, and a befruited Carmen Miranda. Tuesdays through Saturdays, Alaina Reed, a capable young singer, does blues and gospel and (of lesser interest) some autobiographical monologues. Mondays are devoted to unveiling new talent. Nightly shows at nine and midnight. Dinner.

Gregory's, 1149 First Ave., at 63rd St. (371-2220)—Formerly a hamburger stand, this tiny bar is a warm, unruffled refuge situated in a bustling neighborhood. Through the bamboo shades that cover the picture-window walls, one can watch the nighttime traffic surge up First Avenue, and the effect is that of watching a visually grainy and emotionally detached *cinéma vérité* rather than simply looking out a window. On the inside, a lively swing trio leaps into "Things Ain't What They Used to Be," "Lady Be Good," or "Satin Doll." The senior member of the threesome is drummer Sonny Greer, who worked with Duke Ellington for more than thirty years, and who, now over seventy, still handily maneuvers the sticks and brushes and calls out an occasional "Yeah, hey!" Russell Procope, who is in his late sixties, carries out his duties on the alto saxophone and clarinet with the gusto and smooth finesse that typifies Ellington reeds (he joined Ellington in 1945). Twenty-two-year-old Brooks Kerr, a stride stylist and Ellington scholar, sits at the piano between Greer and Procope receiving knowledge and generating much of the excitement. Wednesdays through Saturdays from nine-thirty to three, and Sundays from five-thirty to seven-thirty and nine-thirty to twelve-thirty. Norma Shepherd, backed by bassist Johnny Williams, sings at the piano on Monday evenings. Snacks.

Guitar, 300 E. 24th St., at Second Ave. (679-9135)—Molded-metal chairs, hanging white metal lamps, a formica butcher-block bar and tables, and lots of cold space. Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma, the lyrical guitar duo, liven things up considerably Tuesdays through Saturdays. Music from nine to one. Dinner.

Half Note, 149 W. 54th St. (586-5383)—A jazz club in a sombre, modern setting, complete with black-tied waiters. A double-bill policy of first-rate or name groups often manages to fill the neat rows of tables and the banquette-lined wall. The very fine guitarist Kenny Burrell and his quartet share a bill with tenorman Zoot Sims' quartet through Saturday, May 18. Pianist George Shearing and his trio get going on Monday, May 20. The music begins at nine-thirty. On Sunday, various performers are on hand.

Jacques, 168 Bleecker St., at Sullivan St. (254-5920)—Dart boards and piano music. Lance Hayward is at the keyboard every night but Wednesday, when Jim Roberts sits in. Bassist Lyn Christie participates on Fridays and Saturdays. Music from nine-thirty to three.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—It came up the river from New Orleans and, *mutatis mutandis*, it found its way here. Roy

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Eldridge, Bobby Pratt, Dick Katz, Joe Muranyi, and Eddie Locke play from nine-thirty to three. On Fridays and Saturdays, pianist Steve Crist alternates with the band, beginning at nine. Sundays, other musicians visit these quarters.

JIMMY'S, 33 W. 52nd St. (757-8484)—A slick midtown retreat for aging comedians and youngish, snappily attired business-politico persons. In the **52ND STREET ROOM**, Mort Sahl, who still carries a newspaper with him onstage and who has become the resident intellectual of Las Vegas (he engages in a six-month stint there), launches overextended and, lately, inoffensive attacks on just about anything. Through Saturday, May 18. On Monday, May 20, Shelley Berman, the telecommunications humorist, arrives. Shows at nine-thirty Mondays through Thursdays, and at nine and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

MAX'S KANSAS CITY, 213 Park Ave. S., at 17th St. (777-7870)—That these dismal, second-story quarters could be considered a night club must stand as a tribute to the imagination of the owner and to the talents of the folk, blues, and rock celebrities who squeeze through the crowd onto the stage night after night. With its penchant for booking incompatible acts, the management last week presented a stalwart European (Polish) jazzman, Michal Urbaniak, on a bill with a hard-metal rock band. Through Monday, May 20, on another incongruous bill, Urbaniak and his quintet will alternate with locally popular folk rocker Buzzy Linhart. The Urbaniak group consists of electric violin (played by the leader), synthesizer and electric piano, bass, drums, and percussion, the last played by Urbaniak's wife, Urszula Dudziak, who also serves as a capable vocalist and, perhaps, muse. Wearing an embroidered tunic and a solemn black hat, Urbaniak looks as though he might have just wandered out of the Polish hills. Then he begins playing searing, forward-looking, rhythmically satisfying jazz, with vocalist Dudziak scatting along—the total effect reminiscent of a Cathy Berberian-Luciano Berio performance. Urbaniak probably relies on electronics as much as, if not more than, any rock band of repute, and his sophisticated use of that technology, coupled with his complex music, makes the rock portion of the program here seem pale. On Wednesday, May 22, Orleans, a highly regarded Woodstock rock band, begins trading sets with country singer Jimmy Buffet and singer David Allen Coe. Three shows Fridays and Saturdays. Two shows other nights. On Tuesdays, folk and rock groups play from nine to midnight. Drinks and snacks.

METRO, 188 W. 4th St. (675-0892)—In spite of its brick walls lacquered to resemble plastic and an oversolicitous wine list, this club has established itself as another Village refuge for folk, rock, and the like. David Amram, master of the French horn, guitar, oud, kazoo, and other instruments, offers his pleasant hodge-podge of musical conceits, some of them involving West Indian and Middle Eastern motifs. Through Monday, May 20. On Wednesday, May 22, the Ace Trucking Company begins unloading its improvised humor. Music at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty.

MICHAEL'S PUB, 211 E. 55th St. (PL 8-2272)—This harmlessly Anglophile restaurant, complete with Tudor trappings and a bar flanked by a round Antonioni-red phone box, is, more often than not, distractingly animated and noisy. The distinguished and venerable jazz violinist Joe Venuti heads up a quartet that comprises bassist Milt Hinton, drummer Joe Corsello, and Chuck Folds on piano. Tuesdays through Saturdays, from nine until one. On Mondays, actor-author-clarinettist Woody Allen plays with a Dixieland sextet from nine to midnight. Dinner and supper. Closed Sundays.

MIKELL'S, 760 Columbus Ave., at 97th St. (864-8832)—Located in an upper-West Side, urban-renewed, high-rise area, this corner restaurant, with its plastic-windowed sidewalk gallery, spaciousness, and easygoing atmosphere, is one of the neighborhood's major assets. Drummer Roy Haynes and his quintet, the Hip Ensemble, perform Thursdays through Saturdays from ten until three. Dining.

RENO SWEENEY, 126 W. 13th St. (691-0900)—A lively West Village cabaret with brick walls, homey curtains on the windows, and devoted patrons. Actress Geraldine Fitzgerald, who does Irish street songs, alternates with singer Jimmy Justice through Saturday, May 18. On Tuesday, May 21, singer and guitarist Nicholas Holmes starts swapping sets with singer Diane Keaton, who is perhaps better known for her roles in Woody Allen movies ("Play It Again, Sam" and "Sleeper"). Shows at nine and midnight Tuesdays through Saturdays. Pianist Jeremy Stone fills the gaps between shows. Wednesdays through Saturdays from five-thirty to seven, Blossom Dearie is presenting concert-style sets. With her small, delicate voice, she sings songs like "I'm Hip," "Peel Me a Grape," "I'm Shadowing You," all of which convey what used to seem cool hipness and what now seems more like innocence. Mondays are showcases for new talent. Dining.

ST. REGIS ROOM, in the St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—Mabel Mercer, who is on intimate terms with several hundred songs, performs her recitatives with accompaniment provided by her pianist Jimmy Lyon. Tuesdays through Saturdays at ten and twelve.

SOERABAJA, 140 E. 74th St. (744-4150)—A couple of rooms, one of them with an illustrated ceiling, above a Greek-French restaurant. Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli plays chord-dominated solos from nine-thirty to one, except Sundays and Mondays.

STRYKER'S, 103 W. 86th St., at Columbus Ave. (874-8754)—These small and attractive quarters are occupied by pianist Teddy Saunders' trio Fridays and Saturdays and by the smooth guitar duo of Chuck Wayne and Joe Puma on Sundays. Music from nine-thirty until three Fridays and Saturdays, and from nine until two on Sundays. Snacks.

VILLAGE VANGUARD, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (989-9011)—This murky basement of a night club still keeps tabs on some of the best jazz around. Yusef Lateef, the spiritual flutist, leads his quartet through Sunday, May 19. On Tuesday, May 21, arranger, composer, pianist, and sage Gil Evans brings in his very fine, up-to-date, fifteen-piece band. Mondays belong to Thad Jones, Mel Lewis, their fifteen musicians, and vocalist Dee Dee Bridgewater. The entertainment begins at ten.

WEST BOONDOCK, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Hanging tetrahedrons of plastic straws and pipe cleaners, stained-glass windows, and nicely constructed jazz help this restaurant sustain the interest its kitchen formerly aroused. Pianist Hugh Lawson, a pleasing interpreter, especially on Horace Silver compositions, plays with Carl Pruitt Thursdays through Sundays from eight to two. Mondays through Wednesdays, the musical chores are taken on by pianist Kenny Brawner and an accompanist. Dinner.

WEST END CAFÉ, 2911 Broadway, at 113th St. (666-8750)—Pianist Brooks Kerr, tenor saxophonist Paul Quinichette, trumpeter Franc Williams, and drummer Sam Woodyard consider this cafeteria a haven, because the audience—for the most part, Columbia students—is interested in jazz and listens to the musicians. The Kerr group is onstage Mondays and Tuesdays; the No Gap Generation Jazz Band, an outfit led by clarinettist Art Miller, works Sundays (when pianist Mabel Godwin sits in) and Wednesdays (when the group is joined by Mike Manne on vibes). On Thursdays a quartet known as the Warren Court is brought to order by saxophonist Earle Warren, with help from trumpeter Ed Lewis, drummer Ronnie Cole, and pianist Dill Jones. No music Fridays and Saturdays. All this and food at student prices, starting at nine.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner and supper, music, and all that.)

AMERICANA, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (581-1000)—In the **ROYAL BOX**, the Sy Oliver orchestra alternates with the Peppi Morreale trio. Dancing from seven-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

PIERRE, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (838-8000)—In the **CAFÉ**, Herb Winner's dance threesome is around Tuesdays through Saturdays from seven-thirty until curfew. Paul Wayne's trio is on duty Sundays and Mondays. Additionally, Teddy Diamond provides cocktail piano, Tuesdays through Saturdays, from five-thirty to seven-thirty.

PLAZA, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—In the **PERSIAN ROOM**, there are song recitals by Daniel & Dimitri at ten during the week, at nine-thirty and eleven-thirty Fridays and Saturdays. On Monday, May 20, Julie Wilson will take over the premises. The dance music issues from the trios of Barry Levitt and René Martel from seven-thirty to one or two. Closed Sundays. . . . ¶ In the **PALM COURT**, violinist Ernest Schoen and pianist Jules Kuti play Tuesdays through Saturdays from four-thirty to nine-thirty, and pianist Ruth Andrews fills the hours from nine-thirty to one. Sundays from four to seven and seven-thirty to midnight, and Mondays from five to seven and eight to midnight, Sandu Marcu supplies violin music.

RAINBOW GRILL, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Sheila MacRae is making recitation-with-song appearances at dinner and supper on the grand rooftop. Dancing to music provided by a tape measure, from eight o'clock on. Closed Sundays.

RAINBOW ROOM, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-9090)—This room with a view affords the piano duo of DeMaio and Silver, from seven to midnight, every night but Monday.

ST. REGIS-SHERATON, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—At dinner and supper in the **MAISONETTE**, a close approach to a throne room, there are song-and-dance interludes by Gene Barry. Anthony Terini's orchestra is in charge of the customers' footwork. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

WALDORF-ASTORIA, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Dinner and supper are the occasions for Joey Heatherton to sing in the **EMPIRE ROOM**. Dancing to the Bob Rosengarden orchestra. Closed Sundays and Mondays.

ART

(Unless otherwise noted, galleries are open weekdays from around 10 or 11 to between 5 and 6.)

GALLERIES—UPTOWN

JOHN BALSLEY—Sculptures of motorcycle wrecks made of found objects, including motorcycle wreckage. Through June 5. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

ANDRÉ BAUCHANT (1873-1958)—Thirty-eight oils by a French naïf who fearlessly tackled any subject that won his attention—woodland vistas, urban scenes, watersides, approaching storms, Biblical themes, *Cléopatre Se Rendant Chez Antoine*. Through Saturday, May 18. (Perls, 1016 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

NORMAN BLUHM—Monumental paintings done in 1972 and 1973 by this Abstract Expressionist. Through Saturday, May 18. (Jackson, 32 E. 69th St.)

GILLIAN BRADSHAW-SMITH—Huge black-and-white drawings and soft sculptures of elephantine forms by an Englishwoman who was born in India and is now working here; first solo show here. Through Saturday, May 25. (Cordier & Ekstrom, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. Closed Mondays.)

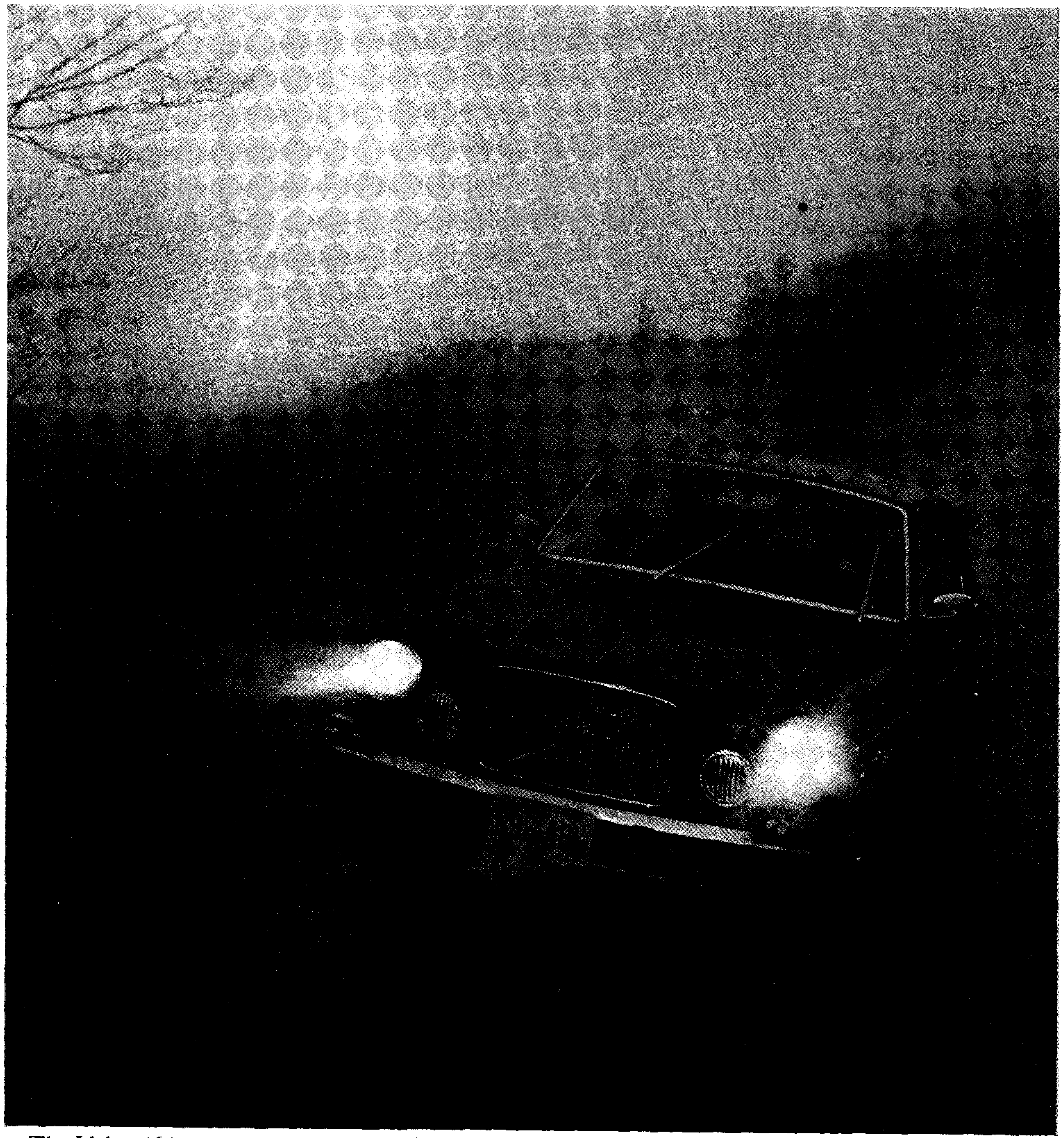
CLAUDIO BRAVO—Realist paintings. Through Saturday, May 25. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

ALEXANDER CALDER—The Master's playful designs come through as happily in Aubusson tapestries (twenty-four in this show) as they do in mobiles and stabiles or on airplanes. Through June 29. (Hutton, 967 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

JANE CANFIELD / AUGUST MOSCA—Stylized sculptures, mostly in marble or agate, of animals, birds, and insects, in some cases cuddly but never sentimental. / Paintings and drawings of interiors, figures, and landscapes. Through Saturday, May 25. (FAR Gallery, 746 Madison Ave., at 65th St.)

CLARENCE CARTER—A double exhibit: Surrealist animals, birds, and outsize insects, all of whom seem to be peering out of their stalls (Bodley, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.), and extraterrestrial landscapes being visited by mysterious egg-shaped UFOs (Gimpel, 1040 Madison Ave., at 79th St.). Both through June 1. (Bodley is closed Mondays.)

ROSEMARY COVE—Small figurative sculptures (some thumb-size, in terra-cotta on Plexiglas



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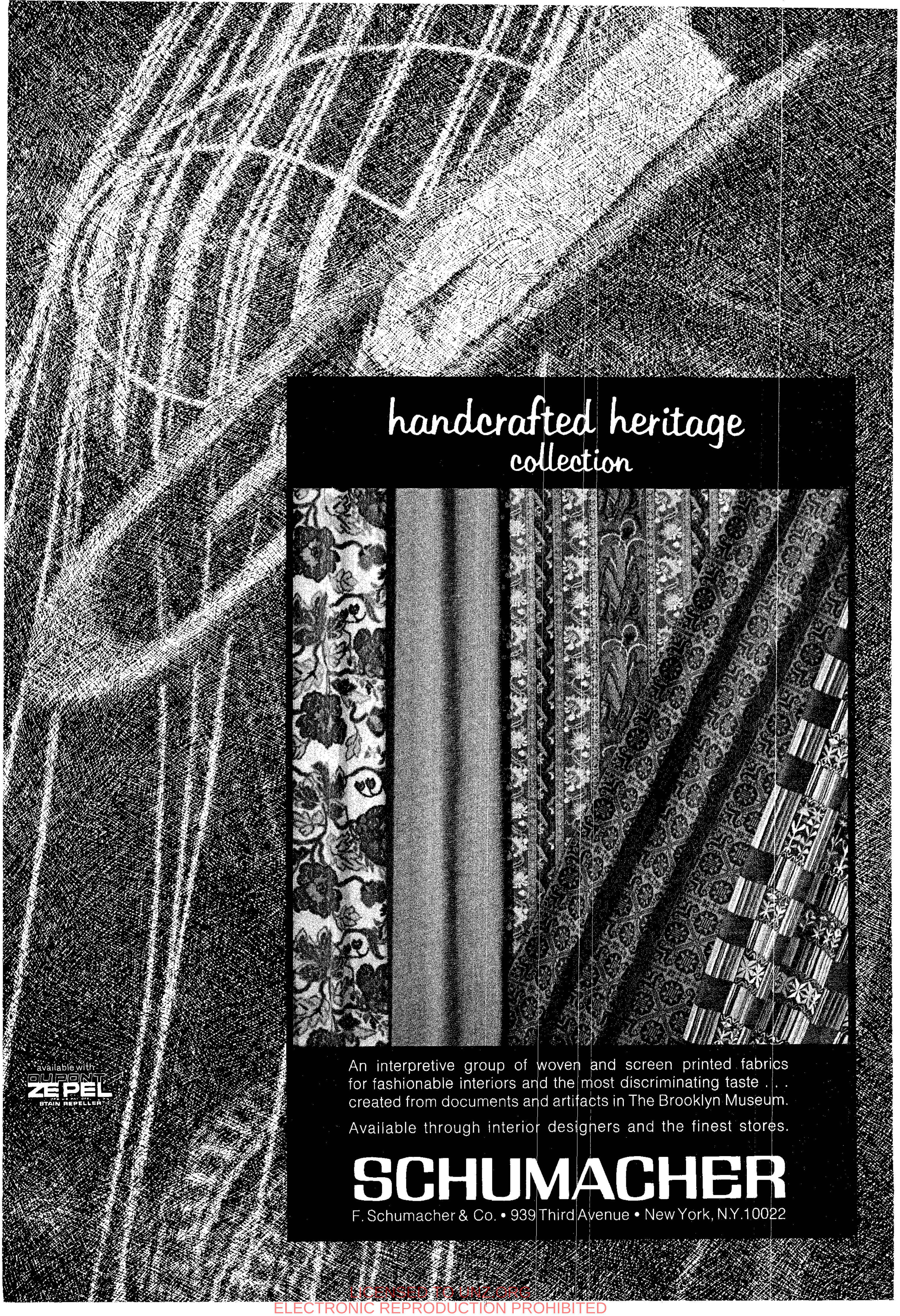
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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cubes), plus drawings. Through Saturday, May 18. (Ingber, 3 E. 78th St.)

José de Rivera / Roy Gussow / David Lee Brown—A three-man exhibition of sculptures commissioned for architecture, shown as maquettes, half-size pieces, and other models. Through May 30. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Norris Embry—Framed works in mixed mediums. Through June 5. (Elkon, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Estes—Photo-Realist scenes of Manhattan and Miami, concentrating on the disconcerting double-vision effects caused by reflections in plate-glass shop windows. Through June 1. (Stone, 48 E. 86th St. Closed Mondays.)

Kaffe Fassett—Still-lifes, in oil and watercolor, of dishes (often broken and often delicately patterned), eggs, shells, and stones, painstakingly arranged on busily designed cloths—making for intricate pictures. Through Saturday, May 25. (Larcada, 23 E. 67th St.)

Janet Fish—Paintings of common water glasses, bottles, and jars enlivened by the shimmering reflection of light and of external objects. Through June 1. (Kornblee, 58 E. 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Forman—Realistic still-lifes and three landscapes. Through Saturday, May 25. (Phoenix, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. Closed Mondays.)

Antonio Frasconi—Woodcut portraits of celebrated persons. Through June 1. (Dintenfass, 18 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ernst Fuchs—Paintings, drawings, graphics, and sculptures, some of Byzantine complexity in both subject matter and execution, and some commercially sleek. Through June 28. (Aberbach, 988 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Edward Gorey—Watercolors and drawings, frequently with a bemused, variously attired cat, by an illustrator of the macabre and author of gothic tales. Through Saturday, May 18. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.)

Ibbie Holmquist—Paintings of figures and exotic terrain and jungle. Through June 15. (Ault, 25 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

John Kearney—Sculptures of endangered species—white rhinos, Sonoran pronghorn antelopes, cheetahs, walruses, etc., on up (or down) to man—made of castoff chromium parts of another endangered species, the automobile. Through Saturday, May 25. (ACA, 25 E. 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Gustav Klimt (1862-1918)—Seventy drawings, forty of them from the Eric Lederer collection, in Geneva. Through Saturday, May 18. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Gabriel Laderman—Realistic landscapes and still-lifes. Through June 7. (Schoelkopf, 825 Madison Ave., at 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Trumbull Mason—Prints and drawings from 1939 to 1969, by an early geometric abstractionist. Through Saturday, May 18. (Washburn, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St.)

André Masson and Stanley William Hayter—Etchings from the forties, the artists' American period. Through June 1. (Elliott, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St.)

George L. K. Morris—Oils, watercolors, and collages by this abstractionist who reached the loftier ateliers of Paris by way of Groton and Yale, and who often turns a French-educated eye onto American Indian motifs, with interesting results. Through May 31. (Hirschl & Adler, 21 E. 67th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Oelze—Twenty paintings by a seventy-four-year-old German Surrealist, whose later works dwell on eroded landscapes that resolve themselves into humanoid features. Through Saturday, May 18. (Samuels, 18 E. 76th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5:30.)

Claes Oldenburg—Metal sculptures: the apotheosis of the clothespin, ten feet tall (with lesser companion pieces), and of the first baseman's mitt, six feet tall, with a wooden ball. Also, maquettes and preliminary drawings for both. Through Saturday, May 18. (Castelli, 4 E. 77th St.). . . ¶ A nine-thousand-pound, eighteen-foot steel sculpture, "Geometric Mouse—Scale X," in which the genes of his forebear Mickey come shining through. Through June 30. (Hammarskjöld Plaza Sculpture Garden, Second Ave. at 47th St.)

William Perehudoff—Color-field paintings of unusual energy, by a Canadian artist. Through June 29. (Goldowsky, 1078 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

Matt Phillips—Monotypes based loosely on nature and the human figure. Through May 31. (Zierler, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St. Closed Mondays.)

Charles Saxon—Cartoons, drawings, and watercolors. Through June 8. (Nicholls, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Tuesdays through Fridays, noon to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

Egon Schiele *(1890-1918)—Thirty-five* drawings, many of them touched with a light wash of color, by this Austrian Expressionist, who was a skilled draftsman with a predilection for bony bawds. Through June 15. (Sabarsky, 987 Madison Ave., at 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

Reeve Schley—Watercolors done during the past year on Martha's Vineyard, in Ecuador, and on the Jersey littoral. Through June 1. (Graham, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Steven Sloman—Seven large, stolid black-and-white abstractions in oil, and thirteen charcoal drawings, all untitled. Through Saturday, May 25. (Poindexter, 24 E. 84th St. Closed Mondays.)

David Smyth—Sculptures and small drawings incised on blackened aluminum sheets. Through May 31. (Feldman, 33 E. 74th St.)

Ann Sperry—Bronze and aluminum sculptures of organic forms. Through June 29. (Rankow, 108 E. 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

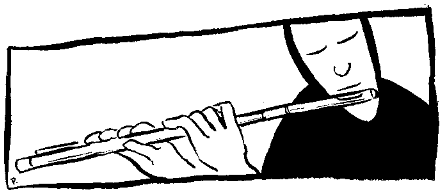
Mark Tobey—Works done in the summer of 1957, when the artist got away from his usually painstaking technique and had a brief fling with sumi ink, splattering it or brushing it freely on paper. Through Saturday, May 25. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

Alice Valenstein—Abstract collages suggesting landscapes, many of them incorporating dried exotic leaves from Barbados. Also, several figurative watercolors. Through June 1. (Alonzo, 26 E. 63rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Vessa—Collages with the unifying element of an open ledger book which is, variously, stained with brown watercolor, drawn on, masked over, or tacked in place. Through June 1. (Esman, 24 E. 80th St. Closed Mondays.)

Jack Zajac—Abstract forms in marble and bronze. Through May 31. (Forum, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **fairtree**, 924 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: A show here called "Couples in Craft" exhibits the work in ceramic, wood, and fabric of seven couples, *six of whom are married!* Only Lenore Davis and Harold B. Helwig uphold the Free Love tradition of the arts and crafts—though, for all one knows, they could be going steady. The work itself is unexceptionable, however, being marked by the technical finesse and the aesthetic clumsiness that have attended the American crafts movement throughout its history and are coming more and more to be its signature. Through June 1. (Closed Mondays.). . . **center for inter-american relations**, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St.: More than two hundred pre-Columbian gold objects from the Museo del Oro in Bogotá, Colombia, including pieces from seven archeological regions. Through July 28. (Daily, noon to 6.) . . . **kraushaar**, 1055 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: Drawings and monotypes by gallery artists. Through June 1. . . . **lefebre**, 47 E. 77th St.: Graphics by Alechinsky, Folon, Ting, and others. Through July 12. (Closed Mondays.). . . **weintraub**, 992 Madison Ave., at 77th St.: New acquisitions of paintings and sculptures by Chagall, Marini, Utrillo, and others. Through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)



Sculpture—"The Nude," a show with examples in various mediums by Leo Amino, Vincent Glinsky, Barbara Lekberg, and others. Through May 25. (Sculpture Center, 167 E. 69th St. Closed Mondays.)

GALLERIES—57TH STREET AREA

Leonard Baskin—Drawings and graphics. Through June 1. (Kennedy, 20 E. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Chiriani—Surrealistic landscapes. Through May 30. (De Nagy, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Geneviève Claisse—Geometric hard-edge paintings; first solo show here. Through Saturday, May 18. (*René, 6 W. 57th St.*)

Robert Cronbach—Large abstract sculptures. Through May 30. (Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Guy Johnson—Small Photo-Realist paintings based on old photographs. Starts Thursday, May 16. (Stefanotty, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Lillian Kahner—Expressionist landscape paintings. Through Saturday, May 18. (Panoras, 62 W. 56th St.)

Ed Kerns—Abstract paintings and drawings. Through May 30. (Sachs, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Dong Kingman—Watercolors based on the artist's travels. Through Saturday, May 25. (Hammer, 51 E. 57th St.)

Julian Levi—Paintings, drawings, and lithographs from the mid-forties to the early seventies. Through Saturday, May 18. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Knox Martin—Large abstract studies of women in bright acrylics. *Through June 1.* (Bonino, 7 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Louise Nevelson—Black, rough wooden constructions, and framed collages of painted wood and cardboard. Through June 8. (Pace, 32 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Ben Nicholson—A show of mixed-medium works on paper—glass pitchers and goblets, for the most part—in honor of the artist's eightieth birthday. Through May 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

B. J. O. Nordfeldt (1878-1955)—Oils from 1953 and 1954 and woodblocks from 1906, all of them views of the sea. Through June 1. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Attilio Salemme (1911-55)—Paintings, watercolors, and pen-and-ink works from 1942 to 1955. Through May 29. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Margot Stewart—Paintings of flowers and trees seen at close range. Through Saturday, May 25. (Myers, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Michael Todd—Welded-steel sculptures with calligraphic forms. Through Saturday, May 25. (Zabriskie, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

Richard Derby Tucker—Mostly figure paintings. Through June 1. (Rehn, 655 Madison Ave., at 60th St.)

Tom Wesselmann—King-size paintings of women's mouths exhaling cigarette smoke, and a colossal freestanding still-life of plastic objects commonly found in cheap handbags. Through Saturday, May 25. (Janis, 6 W. 57th St.)

Group Shows—At the **crispo**, 41 E. 57th St.: "Ten Americans: Masters of Watercolor," a benefit show of works spanning a period of over a hundred years, by Avery, Burchfield, Demuth, Dove, Homer, Hopper, Marin, Prendergast, Sargent, and Wyeth. Starts Thursday, May 16. (Closed Mondays.). . . **lewison**, 30 E. 60th St.: Nineteenth-century American paintings by Sully, Eilshemius, Bierstadt, and others. Through Saturday, May 25. (Closed Mondays; closes Saturdays at 4:30.) . . . **marlborough**, 40 W. 57th St.: A benefit show of seventy-seven paintings, sculptures, and drawings, focussing on post-Second World War Americans, from the collection of Carter Burden. Through June 1. (Closed Mondays.). . . **midtown**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by gallery artists, selected from those shown during the 1973-74 season. Through Saturday, May 25. (Closed Mondays.)

Sculpture—Pieces in ceramic by California artists. Through June 1. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Saturday mornings.)

GALLERIES—SoHo

Eugene Baguskas—Atmospheric paintings of skies. Through Friday, May 24. (Green Mountain, 135 Greene St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)

Lynda Benglis—Wall pieces in the form of metal knots. Through May 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

William Copley—Paintings and drawings from 1946 to 1972. Through Saturday, May 25. (Onnasch, 139 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Cottingham / Robert Bechtle / Richard Berger—Realist paintings of details of city buildings—neons, Pepsi signs, pool-hall windows, iron fire escapes and the sharp shadows they cast. / Realist paintings of automobiles parked in sterile suburban settings, several with figures and all drowned in California sunshine. / Photographs of the artist's sculptures at the beach, where they look like improbable pieces of flotsam. Through Saturday, May 18. (O.K. Harris, 465 West Broadway.)

Jaime Dearing / Joanna Pousette-Dart / Tony Vanderperk—A three-man show of abstract paintings. Through June 5. (Caldwell, 383 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Harriet Feigenbaum / Charles Seplowin—Representational charcoal drawings. / Sculptures. Starts Saturday, May 18. (Benedek, 380 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Peter Gordon / George Chemeche—Spattered paintings of bold, horizontal stripes, executed in New York in 1973 and 1974, along with six paintings on paper, executed in Japan in 1971, which forecast the later works. / Paintings of stylized flowers, some streaked and some interwoven with figures. Through Wednesday, May 22. (South Houston Gallery, 98 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Marcia Hafif—Monochromatic paintings and pencil drawings. Through Saturday, May 25. (Sonnabend, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Phoebe Helman—Clear Plexiglas boxes containing abstract constructions, plus an enormous black environmental sculpture. Through Saturday, May 25. (Hutchinson, 127 Greene St. Closed Mondays.)

Jaqueth Hutchinson—Abstract steel sculptures. Starts Saturday, May 18. (Emmerich, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Roger Kotoske / Vivian Scott—Sculptures in polyester resin. / Color-field paintings. Through May 31. (Yu, 93 Prince St. Closed Mondays; open Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Dianne Krieger / Bruce Weber—Sculptures made of large sheets of glass. / Photographs. Starts Saturday, May 18. (Razor, 464 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Barry Le Va—Abstract drawings on green paper done in black ink. Through June 1. (Bykert, 484 Broome St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 5.)

Richard Long—Photographs and maps tracing exactly plotted walks this artist took in Ireland, in his native England, and in Peru, sometimes leaving his mark in piles of sticks or stones. Through May 29. (Weber, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Ed Paschke / Judy Altman—Misogynistic-looking paintings of painted women in alluring, or perhaps threatening, attitudes. / "Meet Miss Subways," a deadpan presentation assembled by Ms. Altman of thirty-odd posters celebrating girls selected by John Robert Powers to brighten up the subway scene, together with occasional memorabilia about their later careers. Through Saturday, May 18. (Hundred Acres, 456 West Broadway.)

Jonathan Price / Matthew Feinman—Stencilled "flash cards" of the alphabet ("'A' is for 'apple,'" etc.), with five cards, variously colored, for each letter; also "Word Salad," a plastic bowl filled with Lucite cubes with words written on them, which one is free to toss. / Abstract oils, watercolors, and pastels, most of them delicately colored. Through Thursday, May 23. (Westbroadway, 431 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Harvey Quaytman—Abstract shaped canvases.

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Starts Thursday, May 16. (Cuningham Ward, 94 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Raquel Rabinovich—Abstract paintings and collages. Through Friday, May 24. (Second Story Spring Street Society, 167 Spring St. Closed Mondays.)

Arnulf Rainer—Enlarged photographs of the artist (in a state of considerable nervous tension), which are then drawn over or smeared with paint. Through Saturday, May 25. (Ariadne, 410 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Mel Ramos—Full-size, witty, and skillfully painted takeoffs on celebrated Romantic paintings—Ingres' "Odalisque;" two versions of "Cupid and Psyche," by Gérard and David; and Manet's "Olympia," which itself was a takeoff of Titian's "Venus of Urbino." The artist caricatures these works not by making them grotesque but by prettifying and modernizing the subjects. Olympia, for example, is a heavy-lidded blonde who is suntanned except where her bikini was, and the two Cupids have the artist's own face, with its drooping mustache and abundant hair. Through Saturday, May 25. (Meisel, 141 Prince St. Closed Mondays.)

Robert Rauschenberg and Cy Twombly—Mr. Rauschenberg has added a skirting of gauze to his familiar crinkled-paper studies, and Mr. Twombly continues with his collages of graph paper scribbled on with colored crayon. Through Saturday, May 25. (Castelli, 420 West Broadway. Closed Mondays.)

Alan Shields—Prints and watercolors. Through May 29. (Cooper, 155 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

Barbara Zucker—Plaster and clay sculptures. Through May 29. (A.I.R., 97 Wooster St. Closed Mondays.)

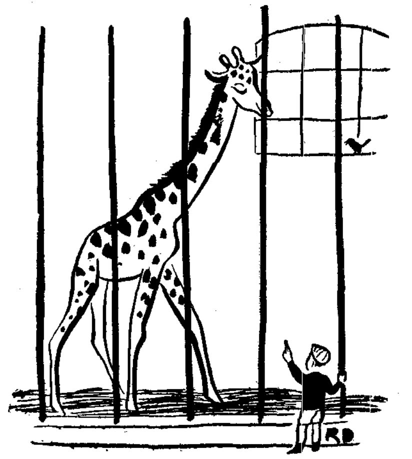
Group Shows—At the **55 mercer street:** Upstate New York artists, plus Conceptual work by Ethlyn Honig. Through May 29. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, noon to 6.)... **hoffman,** 429 West Broadway: A cross-section of contemporary drawing, by twenty-four artists, who range from pure abstractionists to pure realists. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6, and Sundays 1 to 5.)... **landmark,** 469 Broome St.: Drawings by fourteen artists, and abstract paintings on paper by Hugo Weber. Through June 6. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11:30 to 5:30.)

OTHER GALLERIES

John Fudge—Surreal paintings. Through Friday, May 24. (Walker Street Gallery, 46 Walker St., two blocks south of Canal St. Closed Mondays.)

Ruth Gikow—Fifteen large paintings and seven drawings of social protest. Through June 6. (Martin Luther King, Jr., Labor Center, 310 W. 43rd St. Mondays through Fridays, noon to 4, and Monday and Thursday evenings, 6 to 8.)

Jochen Seidel (1924-71)—A double exhibition through Friday, May 24: Paintings from 1966 to 1969 at the Pratt Institute Manhattan Center (46 Park Ave., at 37th St. Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 7; Saturdays, 1 to 5), and two later paintings and a group of his last drawings at Goethe House (1014 Fifth Ave., at 83rd St. Tuesdays through Fridays, 11 to 7.)



Gertrude Shibley / Kitoshi Kawaguchi / Frances Godowsky—Geometric abstractions. / Abstract paintings. / Abstract paintings with one dominant color. Through Friday, May 17. (Phoenix, 542 LaGuardia Pl.)

Group Shows—At the **african-american institute,** 833 United Nations Plaza, First Ave. at 47th St.: Paintings and sculptures by four contemporary African artists. Through Aug. 31.... **new school,** 65 Fifth Ave., at 14th St.: "Three Centuries of French Satire (1614-1914)," an exhibit on loan from the print collection of the Bibliothèque Nationale in Paris. Through May 27. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 8; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 5.)

PHOTOGRAPHY

Ansel Adams—The first museum show here of the seventy-two-year-old master photographer known for his landscapes of the Western wilderness. Through June 30. (Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)... ¶ A retrospective. Through July 13. (Witkin, 243 E. 60th St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 8.)

Richard Avedon—Eight extraordinary photographs of Jacob Israel Avedon, taken by his son between 1967 and 1973. Through June 16. (Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Fritz Henle—Sixty-seven photographs. Starts Thursday, May 16. (New York Cultural Center, 2 Columbus Circle. Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

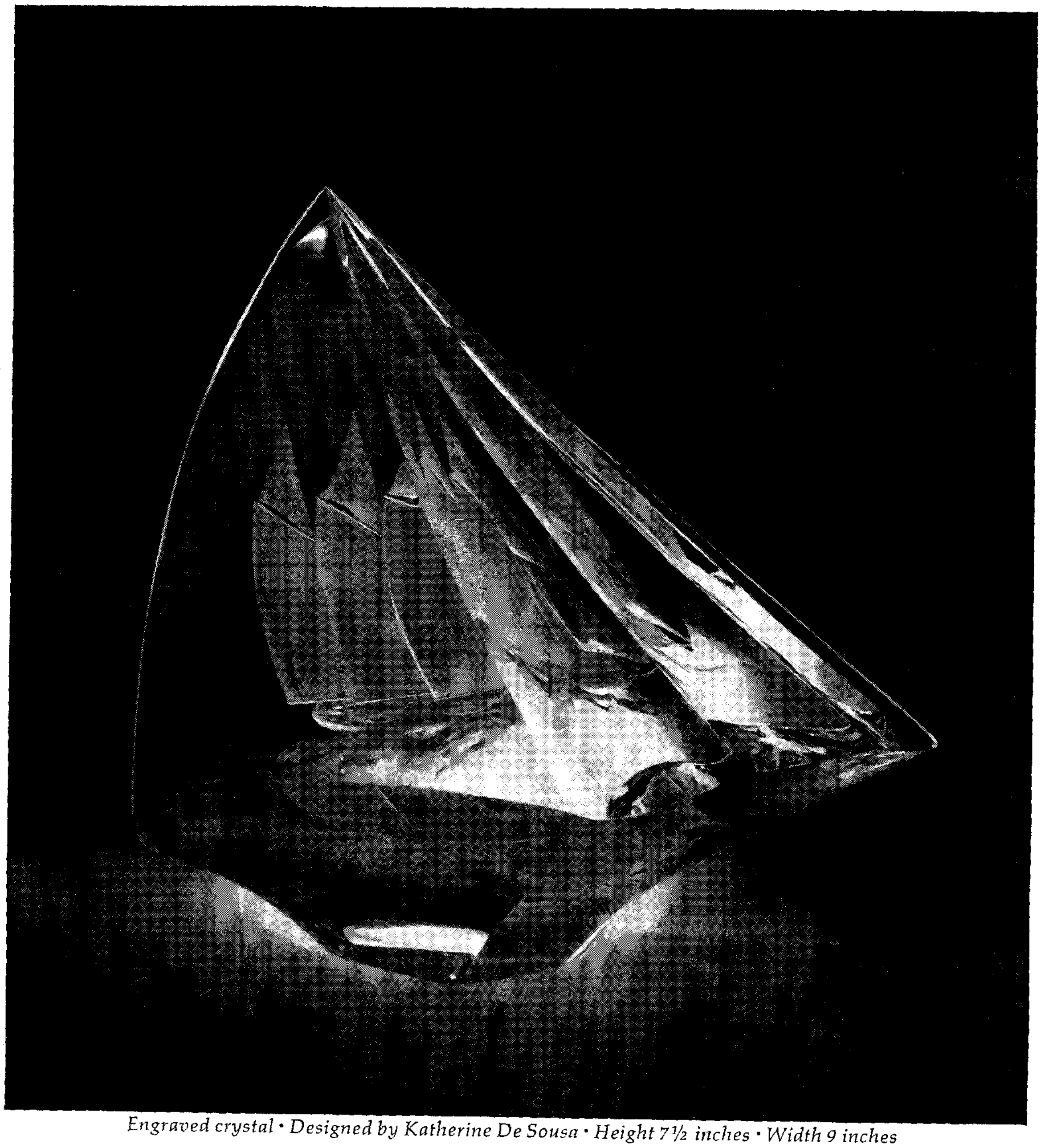
George Hoyningen-Huené—Small, elegant, stylized photographs by an early *Vogue* and *Harper's Bazaar* photographer, taken in the thirties. Through May 31. (Sonnabend, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St. Closed Mondays.)

Rhoda Nathans—Portraits of, among others, Ramsey Clark, Alan Hovhaness, Viveca Lindfors, Marcel Breuer, Norman Cousins, plus photographs taken in Peru, India, Nepal, and New York. Through May 31. (Avanti, 145 E. 72nd St. Tuesdays through Saturdays, 12:30 to 6.)

Man Ray—Over fifty photographs, rayographs, and *cliché-verre* engravings made between 1917 and 1973 by the great Dadaist and pioneer of avant-garde photography, whose achievement has yet to be approached by younger workers in this perhaps no longer workable field. Through June 1. (Iolas, 15 E. 55th St. Closed Mondays.)

Aaron Siskind / John Gutmann—Investigations of natural forms. / Pictures from the thirties, by a photojournalist. Through Saturday, May 25. (Light, 1018 Madison Ave., at 78th St. Closed Mondays.)

Group Shows—At the **jewish museum,** Fifth Ave. at 92nd St.: A large show of photographs of Jerusalem by twenty-one photographers from various countries. Through Sept. 3. (Mondays through Thursdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 11 to 6.)... **kaufmann concert hall,** Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St.: A large exhibition of photographs of famous people who performed, read, or lectured at the Y.M.H.A. between 1934 and 1974, including I. B. Singer, Edith Sitwell, Marianne Moore, Mary McCarthy, Robert Graves, Robert Lowell, Truman Capote, T. S. Eliot, Doris Lessing, Isaac Stern, and Merce Cunningham. Jill Krementz and Rollie McKenna took most of the pictures. Through May 31. (Weekdays, 11 to 4.)... **museum of modern art,** 11 W. 53rd St.: Approximately two hundred prints by fifteen Japanese photographers. Through Sunday, May 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)... **new-york historical society,** 170 Central Park West, at 77th St.: A large show of photographs of lower Manhattan by fourteen photographers. Through May 31. (Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, 1 to 5; Saturdays, 10 to 5.)... **soho photo,** 30 W. 13th St.: Five photographers. Through June 2. (Fridays through Sundays, 1 to 6; Tuesdays, 7:30 p.m. to 9 p.m.)... **son-**



Engraved crystal • Designed by Katherine De Sousa • Height 7½ inches • Width 9 inches

ATLANTIC

Atlantic, a three-masted American schooner, holds the transatlantic record for vessels under sail.

As one of eleven yachts in the Kaiser's Cup Race of 1905, she raced from Sandy Hook, New Jersey, to the Lizard, the southernmost point on England's mainland, in 12 days 4 hours 1 minute 19 seconds.

Atlantic is engraved on a triangular crystal form that has been cut and polished to suggest overlapping, wind-filled sails. Reflections intensify the impression of wind and speed.

STEUBEN GLASS

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

NABEND, 924 Madison Ave., at 73rd St.: A miscellany of photographs by Horst and Cecil Beaton is on view in the gallery's east room. Through May 31. (Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An American chauvinist pig in one of Henry James's international stories ("The Point of View") who has just returned from Europe, which he found vastly inferior to America in everything but its "cathedrals and Titians," disallows even these excuses for Europe's being, since, as he predicts to a compatriot, "We shall have all the Titians by and by, and we shall move over a few cathedrals." The present state of glut in American museums would seem to bear out the "roaring Yankee's" prediction, and yet, oddly enough, the Met's current exhibition of its entire collection of Venetian paintings—gathered together to celebrate the publication of a scholarly illustrated catalogue by Federico Zeri and Elizabeth E. Gardner—is as much an illustration of the gaps in, as the riches of, the museum's Venetian collection. From the museum's single Carpaccio, for example—the grim and archaic "Meditation on the Passion"—one could hardly extrapolate such works as "The Legend of St. Ursula" and "Two Courtesans" (the latter of which Ruskin flatly pronounced to be "the best picture in the world," and which is surely one of the funniest pictures in art), or understand the resurrection by modern art criticism of this painter of the turn of the fifteenth century. On the plus side, there is, among other Renaissance masterpieces, Veronese's great "Mars and Venus United by Love," whose allegorical mysteries are still being plumbed by scholars, and whose tender eroticism and joyfulness in life are accessible to every viewer. On the laughable side, there is Saraceni's "Paradise," which shows a subway crowd of the blessed, hemmed in on all sides by clouds and heavenly choirs and surmounted by a cloud-borne Trinity who are feeling a large gray ball, supposedly representing the universe but looking exactly like the one passed around at the party in the film "Sleeper." Among the Tiepolos in the last room of the exhibition are historical panoramas of such immensity that they command admiration for sheer size. Through July 14. . . . ¶ The complete set of ten tapestries—the "David and Bathsheba" series—from the Cluny Museum, in Paris, four of which were included in the recent tapestry exhibition at the museum. The showing is supplemented by armor, weapons, and furniture of the period from the museum's collection. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ Twelve examples of the American art of quiltmaking of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ "The Tens, The Twenties, The Thirties: Inventive Clothes/1909-1939" is an exhibition of a hundred and fifty dresses from the great days of clothes of Chanel, Poiret, Vionnet, and others. Through May 31. . . . ¶ A hundred and forty paintings, drawings, sculptures, prints, and other objects illustrating the legends of fifty saints. Through Sept. 3. . . . ¶ A small and excellent exhibition of Japanese color prints, tucked away on the second floor of the north wing, under the title "Hidden Treasures of Japanese Art." (Tuesdays, 10 to 8:45; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 4:45.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—Six paintings by Gerald Murphy (all that have survived of the fourteen he did), plus photographs of the Murphys and their friends, and some charming watercolors that Léger did while sailing with the Murphys in 1934. Through Sunday, May 19. . . . ¶ "Printed, Cut, Folded, and Torn," a show of works on paper by Lucio Fontana, Richard Tuttle, and others. Through Sept. 8. . . . ¶ Environmental sculptures by Rafael Ferrer, a Puerto Rican artist. Through May 27. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

GUGGENHEIM MUSEUM, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—More than two hundred sculptures, paintings, and drawings by Alberto Giacometti (1901-66), dealing with his development from early pictorial and Cubist phases through his Surrealist and mature styles. A corollary exhibition includes about a hundred paintings by the artist's father, cousin, and godfather. Through June 23. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9, with no admission charge from 6 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 6; Sundays, noon to 6.)

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WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Two floors of American Pop Art done between 1953 and 1972, including such classics as Oldenburg's "Bedroom Ensemble," Rauschenberg's "Bed," Warhol's "Marilyn Monroe Diptych," and Lichtenstein's "Blam." Through June 16. . . . ¶ A retrospective of paintings by Jacob Lawrence, depicting the black experience in America. Starts Thursday, May 16. . . . ¶ An eighty-five-foot painting of the Brooklyn Bridge by Johan Sellenraad, an artist from Holland. Through Sunday, May 19. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays, noon to 6.)

BROOKLYN MUSEUM, Eastern Parkway—Etchings from the seventeenth century to the mid-twentieth, from the museum's collection. Through June 9. (Wednesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY, Central Park W. at 79th St.—Realistic wood carvings, by Gilbert Maggioni and Grainger McKoy, of shore birds, waders, birds of prey, waterfowl, and gamebirds characteristic of South Carolina's coastal inlets and marshes. Through Thursday, May 23. (Weekdays, 10 to 4:45; Sundays, 11 to 5.)

ASIA HOUSE, 112 E. 64th St.—A loan show of Indian temple hangings of the Krishna cult, executed during the eighteenth, nineteenth, and twentieth centuries in the province of Rajasthan, in Northwest India. Through June 9. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

CHINA HOUSE, 125 E. 65th St.—A loan show of bronze and gilt images and tankas which were used in Tantric Buddhist meditations and rituals. Through Friday, May 24. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 2 to 5.)

FINCH COLLEGE MUSEUM OF ART, 62 E. 78th St.—Large sculptures by Colin Greenly. Through June 16. (Daily, except Mondays, 1 to 5.)

MORGAN LIBRARY, 29 E. 36th St.—Fifty medieval manuscripts acquired by Pierpont Morgan from 1899 until 1913, the year of his death, as well as medieval art objects with which he adorned the west room of the library. Foremost of the latter is the Stavelot Triptych, a reliquary containing six Mosan enamels of the twelfth century. Through July 31. . . . ¶ Forty Rembrandt etchings. The exhibit is noteworthy in that it includes not only a number of celebrated prints but, in a number of instances, different states and differently inked impressions of the same subject. Through July 31. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10:30 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSEUM OF AMERICAN FOLK ART, 49 W. 53rd St.—An exhibition of nineteenth-century stoneware and a few plates of slip-decorated redware, all from New York State. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 10:30 to 5:30.)

MUSEUM OF CONTEMPORARY CRAFTS, 29 W. 53rd St.—Denim jackets and pants decorated with embroidery, appliqué, jewelry, lace, studs, feathers, hair, paintings, and political messages—all entrants in an art contest sponsored by Levi Strauss & Company. Through May 26. (Tuesdays through Saturdays, 11 to 6; Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSEUM OF PRIMITIVE ART, 15 W. 54th St.—Three small exhibitions (of stone carvings, wooden sculptures, bronzes, ceramic vessels, and other objects) illustrating the use of art to invoke the supernatural in New Guinea, Nigeria, and the pre-Columbian Andes. Through Sept. 8. (Wednesdays through Fridays, 11 to 5; Saturdays, noon to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle—A hundred and fifty drawings by Robert Smithson (1938-73), among them studies for Minimal works, nonsites, an airport project, and earthworks. Through June 16. . . . ¶ Renderings of ancient calligraphy in color acrylics on mounted silk or canvas by Chi Watts, who studied calligraphy with private tutors in China and presently resides in New York. Through June 14. . . . ¶ Ten abstract paintings and forty drawings by Alan Fenton. Through June 2. (Daily, except Mondays, 11 to 6.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY, Fifth Ave. at 42nd St.—"Fair and Foul" is the name of an agreeable exhibition of prints on the third floor, all pertaining to (mostly foul) weather. Through Sept. 6. (Weekdays, 9 to 5.)

NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY AT LINCOLN CENTER—More than ninety stage and costume designs by the Russian-born Constructivist Alexandra Exter (1882-1949). Through Aug. 10. (Mondays through Thursdays, 10 to 9; Fridays and Saturdays, 10 to 6.)

STUDIO MUSEUM IN HARLEM, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—Works based on African motifs and mythology: Drawings and etchings by Wendy Wilson, acrylics (incorporating stitchery, beads, and bits of cloth) that portray a number of Masai women by Janet Taylor Pickett, and batiks by Jan Tyler. Through May 31. (Mondays and Wednesdays, 10 to 9; Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 6.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for Avery Fisher Hall at Lincoln Center is TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Alice Tully Hall 362-1911. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

NEW YORK GRAND OPERA COMPANY—Vincent La Selva directing performances of Puccini's "Tosca," with Helena Yurkevicz, soprano; Robert Williams, tenor; and Frank Guarrera, baritone. (Opera Theatre, 270 W. 89th St. Saturday, May 18, at 8:30, and Sunday, May 19, at 5. For tickets, call 595-1161.)

ORCHESTRAS AND CHORUSES

NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC—At Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center—Zubin Mehta conducting the final concerts of the regular season on Thursday, May 16, at 8:30; Friday, May 17, at 2; and Saturday, May 18, at 8:30 (no soloists). . . . ¶ Andre Kostelanetz conducting the opening concerts of a three-week season of "Promenades" that will run through Saturday, June 8. "Curtain Time Promenade" on Wednesday and Thursday, May 22-23, at 8:30 (with David Bar-Illan, piano); and "A Night for Dancing" on Friday and Saturday, May 24-25, at 8:30 (with John Clifford and Gelsey Kirkland, dancers).

BUFFALO PHILHARMONIC ORCHESTRA—Michael Tilson Thomas conducting, with Malcolm Frager, piano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 19, at 8.)

CONTEMPORARY CHAMBER ENSEMBLE—Arthur Weisberg conducting the last in a series of programs of twentieth-century music, this one with Paul Ingraham, French horn. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Wednesday, May 15, at 8.)

SENIOR CONCERT ORCHESTRA OF LOCAL 802—Emil Kahn conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, May 19, at 2:30.)

NEW YORK CHORAL SOCIETY—Robert DeCormier directing the last in a series of concerts, with soloists and a children's choir. (Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center. Friday, May 17, at 8:30.)

RECITALS

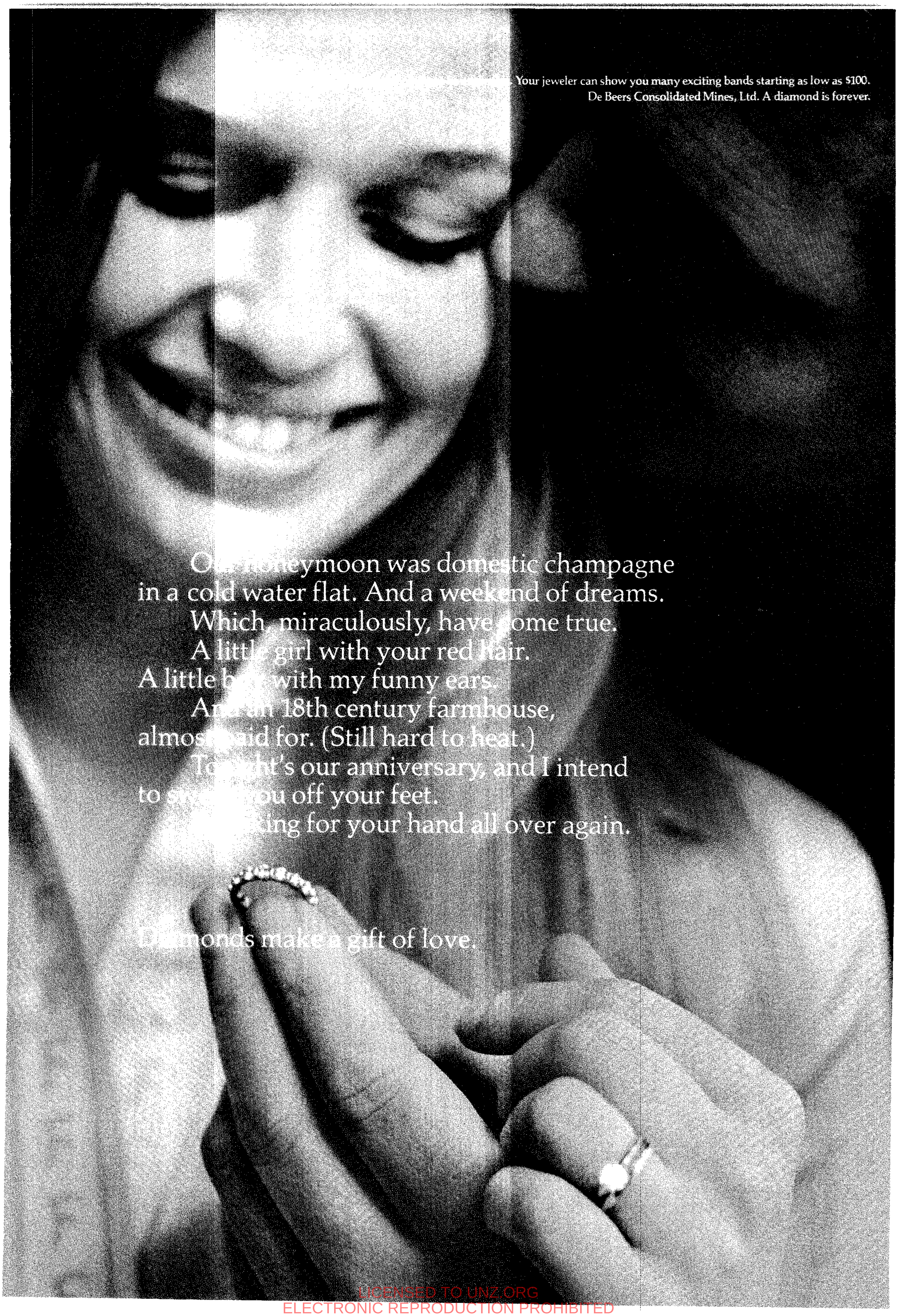
THREE BY THREE—At Carnegie Hall, Wednesday, May 15—Robert Sylvester, cello, at 8. . . . ¶ Phyllis Bryn-Julson, soprano, at 9. . . . ¶ Emanuel Ax, piano, at 10.

NEW SCHOOL CONCERTS—The final concert of the season, dedicated to the memory of John Barrows, Eli Carmen, and Harry Shulman. Performed by Alexander Schneider and Felix Galimir, violin; Michael Tree, viola; John Wummer, flute; Leonard Arner and Ronald Roseman, oboe; and others. (New School, 66 W. 12th St. 675-2700, Ext. 315. Wednesday, May 15, at 9.)

ELSA CHARLSTON AND JOHN COBB—Soprano and piano. (Alice Tully Hall. Thursday, May 16, at 8.)

CONTINUING AVANT-GARDE—The last concert (postponed from April 1) in this season's League of Composers-ISCM series of four, this one with Ronald Anderson, trumpet, and Joan Tower, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, May 17, at 8.)

ITZHAK PERLMAN—Violin. (Hunter College As-



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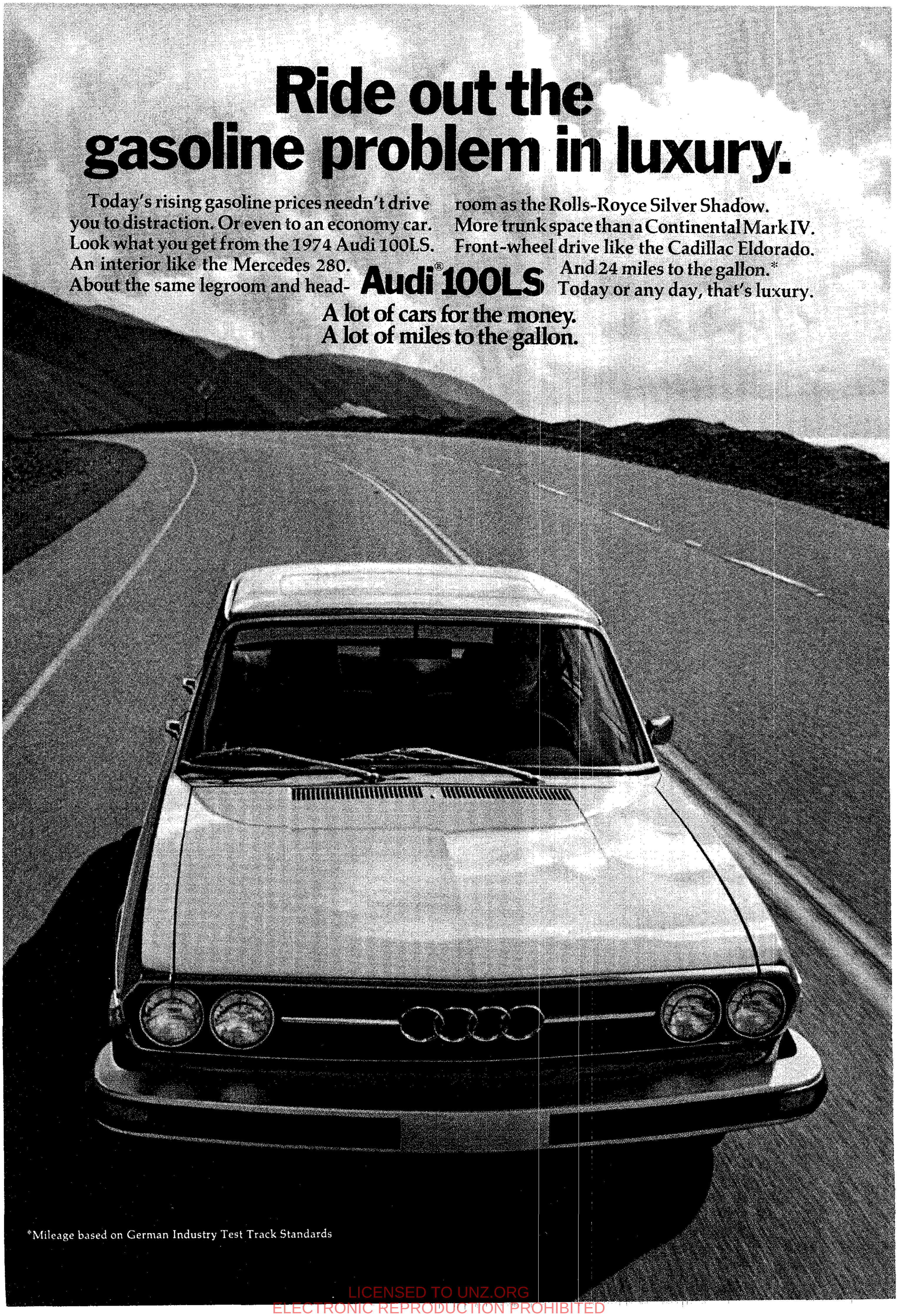
Our honeymoon was domestic champagne
in a cold water flat. And a weekend of dreams.
Which, miraculously, have come true.
A little girl with your red hair.
A little boy with my funny ears.
And an 18th century farmhouse,
almost paid for. (Still hard to heat.)
Tonight's our anniversary, and I intend
to sweep you off your feet.
By asking for your hand all over again.

Diamonds make a gift of love.

# Ride out the gasoline problem in luxury.

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

sembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, May 18, at 8.)

Guarneri Quartet—The last in a series of concerts. (Kaufmann Concert Hall, Y.M.H.A., Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. 427-6000. Saturday, May 18, at 8.)

Baroque String Ensemble—A series of six programs of baroque music by instrumentalists from the University of Georgia. Monday, May 20: "Music of the Viennese Court." . . ¶ Tuesday, May 21: J. S. Bach Sonatas. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 22: "Music in England and France." . . ¶ Thursday, May 23: J. S. Bach's "The Art of the Fugue." . . ¶ Friday, May 24: "Virtuoso Italian Violin Music." . . ¶ Saturday, May 25: J. S. Bach Concertos. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Evenings at 8:30.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Interludes—A varied series of hour-long performances at Town Hall (JU 2-4536)—Wednesday, May 15, at 5:45: **VIOLA FARBER DANCE COMPANY**. . . . ¶ Wednesday, May 22, at 5:45: **HAZEL SCOTT.**

Procol Harum and Leo Kottke—Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Wednesday, May 15, at 8.

Mary Travers—Carnegie Hall. Friday, May 17, at 8.

Renaissance and Fairport Convention—With Sandy Denny. (Academy of Music, 126 E. 14th St. Friday, May 17, at 8 and 11:30. For tickets, call 644-4400.)

Pharoah Sanders and Leon Thomas—Beacon Theatre, Broadway at 74th St. 874-1717. Friday and Saturday, May 17-18, at ten and midnight.

Climax Blues Band, Sutherland Brothers & Quiver, and Papa John Creach & Zulu—Academy of Music. Saturday, May 18, at 8 and 11:30.

Jesse Colin Young and Billy Joel—Carnegie Hall. Monday, May 20, at 8.

Strawbs, R.E.O. Speedwagon, and If—Academy of Music. Friday, May 24, at 8.

Quicksilver—With Al Stewart. (Academy of Music. Friday, May 24, at midnight.)

New York Jazz Repertory Company—The eleventh in a series of concerts, this one a jam session entitled "52nd Street Revisited," with Vic Dickenson, Roy Eldridge, Tiny Grimes, Illinois Jacquet, Joe Newman, Slam Stewart, Maxine Sullivan, and others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, May 25, at 8.)

Commander Cody and His Lost Planet Airmen and Bachman-Turner Overdrive—With the Spencer Davis Group. (Academy of Music. Saturday, May 25, at 8.)

SPORTS

Baseball—At Shea Stadium—**METS**: Vs. Montreal, Friday, May 17, at 8:05; Saturday, May 18, at 2:15; and Sunday, May 19, at 1:15 (doubleheader). . . . ¶ Chicago, Monday through Wednesday, May 20-22, at 8:05, and Thursday, May 23, at 2:15. . . . **YANKEES**: Vs. Detroit, Wednesday, May 15, at 2. . . . ¶ Baltimore, Friday, May 24, at 8, and Saturday, May 25, at 2.

Boxing—Eleven bouts between members of the Irish National Boxing Team and the New York Golden Gloves champions. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Monday, May 20, at 8.)

Crew—Yale-Harvard Regatta. (Cambridge. Saturday, May 18, at 10:15 A.M.)

Racing—At **BELMONT**: Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, June 22. The Carter Handicap, Saturday, May 18, and the Withers, Saturday, May 25. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 10:15 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:15 and 1:15.) . . **GARDEN STATE PARK**, Camden, N.J.: Weekdays, except Tuesdays, at 2; through Monday, May 27. The Camden Handicap, Saturday, May 18, and the Vineland Handicap, Saturday, May 25. . . . **PIMLICO**, Baltimore: The Preakness, Saturday, May 18.

Pro Tennis—World Team Tennis—New York Sets vs. Toronto-Buffalo Royals, Wednesday, May 15. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Boston Lobsters, Friday, May 17. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Baltimore Banners, Monday, May 20. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Minnesota Buckskins, Wednesday, May 22. . . . ¶ New York Sets vs. Houston EZ Riders, Friday, May 24. (Nassau Coliseum, Hempstead Turnpike, Uniondale, L.I. Matches begin at 8. For tickets, call 800 243-6363.)

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY**: Nightly at 8; through Saturday, May 18. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY**, Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Monday, May 20, through Saturday, July 20. . . . **SARATOGA RACEWAY**, Saratoga Springs: Weekdays at 8:15; through Saturday, Nov. 16.

FOR CHILDREN

Operettas—By the Light Opera of Manhattan: "The Gondoliers," Saturday and Sunday, May 18-19, at 4. . . . ¶ "The Mikado," Saturday, May 25, at 4. (Jan Hus Playhouse, 351 E. 74th St. 535-6310.)

Play—The Meri Mini Players presenting "Alliwishes I. Tickle." (Hotel Manhattan Towers, downstairs, 2162 Broadway, at 76th St. Saturday, May 18, at 2:30. For tickets, call 260-4863.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is called "Jupiter Journey." (Mondays through Fridays at 2 and 3:30; Saturdays at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5; and Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

(The New York Parks Department number to call for information about all free entertainment in the city is 472-1003.)

Bicycling—Central Park is currently at its most Impressionist, Pointillist, and Japanese, and bicycling around it on a fine Saturday or Sunday is as close to bliss as one can come in this city of dirt, noise, traffic, ugly buildings, bad air, and museum mismanagement. Whatever Thomas Hoving's problems as a museum director, he deserves the city's permanent gratitude for his idea—conceived during his tenure as Parks Commissioner during the Lindsay administration—of closing the Park to cars on weekends and opening it to cyclists. Hoving's move not only revived biking in New York but rescued the Park from its condition as a preserve for muggers and nursemaids and restored it to its original purpose as the city's pleasure center and escape valve. It brought thousands of people into the Park who never (through fear or because of where they lived) ventured into it, and it achieved, in one simple stroke, the community and true urbanity that all the strenuous efforts of city planners and all the talk about "synergistics" have failed to bring to the city. If there is such a thing as "the real New York," it can be adduced from the sights and sounds and adventures of the Park on weekends. Hoving's detractors in the art world—who are largely well-to-do persons who leave town on weekends—might temper their ire about the lost Rousseaus and van Goghs and coins if they stayed in the city one weekend and experienced the pleasures of the Park that Hoving re-created. The pleasures are immense, and as a token of its gratitude the city should erect a statue of him (contemplating a bust of John Hess, maybe) and place it somewhere prominent and uncontroversial.

Walking Tour—On Sunday, May 19, there will be a conducted tour of Brooklyn Heights, sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York. It meets on the steps of Borough Hall, Brooklyn, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Auctions—At the Sotheby Parke Bernet, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, May 16, at 2; Friday, May 17, at 10:15 and 2; and Saturday, May 18, at 10:15: Russian works of art, from a number of owners. . . . ¶ Saturday, May 18, at 2: French and other Continental furniture, decorations, and rugs; from many collectors. . . . ¶ Tuesday, May 21, at 10:15 and 2: Americana and other books, maps, and autographs, belonging to Louise C. Morgan and others. . . ¶ Wednesday, May 22, at 2: Jewelry, from several owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 18. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 2, and Friday, May 24, at 10:15 and 2: Chinese jades and ceramics and works of art; from various owners. Exhibition starts Saturday, May 18. . . . ¶ Thursday, May 23, at 8: Eighteenth-, nineteenth-, and twentieth-century American paintings by such artists as Whistler, Copley, and Ralph Earl; from a variety of collectors. Exhibition starts Friday, May 17.

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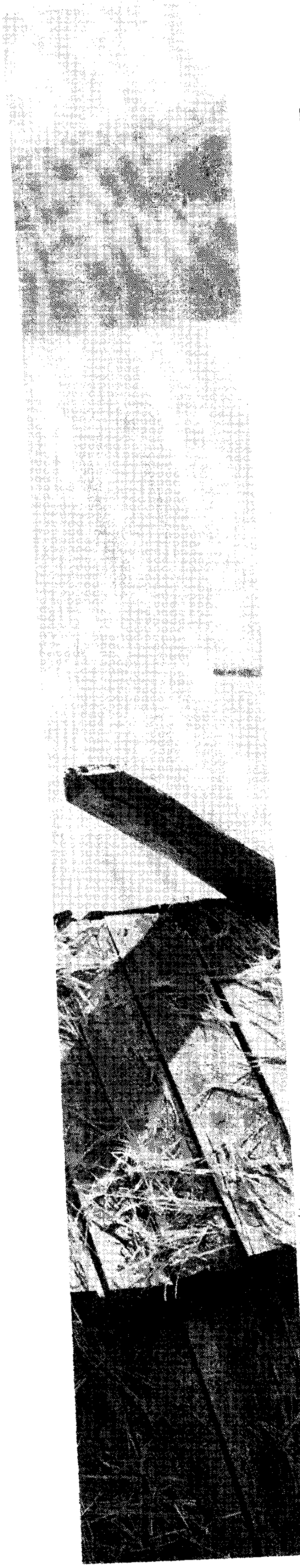

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE MOVIE HOUSES

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23		

THE FILMS PLAYING THE REGULAR MOVIE HOUSES ARE DESCRIBED IN BRIEF IN THE SECTION BELOW

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
"Badlands."

THEATRE 80 ST. MARKS, 80 St. Marks Pl. (254-7400)
Through May 18: "Show Boat" and "Cimarron."
May 19-21: "Fury" and "Tortilla Flat."
From May 22: "Another Thin Man" and "Shadow of the Thin Man."

ST. MARKS CINEMA, 2nd Ave. at 8th. (475-5510)
Through May 21: "Serpico."
From May 22: "The Way We Were" and "Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams."

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
Through May 21: "Rainbow Bridge."
From May 22: To be announced.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through May 21: "Serpico" and "Play It Again, Sam."
From May 22: "The Three Musketeers."

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
"The Sting."

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
Through May 21: "Diamonds Are Forever" and "You Only Live Twice."
From May 22: "The Conversation."

EASTSIDE CINEMA, 3rd Ave. at 55th. (755-3020)
"Diamonds Are Forever" and "You Only Live Twice."

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
Through May 18: "Our Time." (*No evening* performances on Wednesday, May 15.)
From May 19: "Zandy's Bride."

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"Andy Warhol's Frankenstein."

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
"Claudine."

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
"The Exorcist."

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 21: "The Lords of Flatbush."
From May 22: "Daisy Miller."

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
Through May 21: "The Conversation."
From May 22: "The Lords of Flatbush."

EAST 59TH STREET I, 220 E. 59th. (688-1717)
"Blazing Saddles."

EAST 59TH STREET II, 220 E. 59th. (688-0750)
Through May 21: "Walking Tall."
From May 22: "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

CINÉ MALIBU, 235 E. 59th. (759-4630)
To be announced.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"The Exorcist."

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"Going Places."

FIRST AVENUE SCREENING ROOM, 1st Ave. at 61st. (PL 3-5755)
"The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir."

COLUMBIA I, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-1670)
"The Three Musketeers."

COLUMBIA II, 2nd Ave. at 64th. (832-2720)
"The Way We Were."

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
"Two Men of Karamoja."

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
Through May 20: Theatre closed.
From May 21: "The Stoolie."

LOEWS TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (879-1313)
"The Great Gatsby."

72ND STREET EAST, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
Through May 21: "Don't Look Now."
From May 22: "American Graffiti."

JULIET 1, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"The Three Musketeers."

JULIET 2, 3rd Ave. at 83rd. (249-1806)
"Serpico."

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Through May 21: "Blazing Saddles."
From May 22: To be announced.

U. A. EAST, 1st Ave. at 85th. (249-5100)
"The Sting."

LOEWS ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (289-4607)
Through May 21: "The Great Gatsby."
From May 22: "Chosen Survivors."

LOEWS CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Through May 21: "Walking Tall."
From May 22: To be announced.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"Black Eye."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 1, Lexington at 86th. (289-8900)
"Thomasine & Bushrod."

R.K.O. 86TH ST. TWIN 2, Lexington at 86th. (289-8932)
Through May 21: "Foxy Brown."
From May 22: "Thunderbolt and Lightfoot."

WEST SIDE

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through May 21: "The Pedestrian."
From May 22: "Notorious" and "Rebecca."

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
Through May 21: "Sleeper" and "Bananas."
From May 22: "Fantastic Planet" and "Cries and Whispers."

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
Through May 16: "Visions of Eight" and "Marjoe."
May 17-18: "Greaser's Palace" and "Trash."
May 19-20: "César and Rosalie" and "Elvira Madigan."
May 21-22: "The Sorrow and the Pity."
May 23: "The Hellstrom Chronicle" and "Nobody Waved Goodbye."

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
"Thieves Like Us" and "Cops and Robbers."

QUAD CINEMAS 1, 2, 3, and 4, 34 W. 13th. (255-8800)
Through May 21 at one or another of the theatres: "Strangers on a Train" and "Psycho"/"Serpico" and "Bang the Drum Slowly"/"The Last Detail" and "Images"/"American Graffiti."
From May 22: To be announced.

ELGIN, 8th Ave. at 19th. (675-0935)
Through May 21: "El Topo" and "200 Motels."
From May 22: "The Grande Bouffe" and "The Producers."

23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through May 21: "Walking Tall."
From May 22: To be announced.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
"The Three Musketeers."

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (757-3100)
May 15: "Mame."
From May 16: "The Black Windmill."

ZIEGFELD, 141 W. 54th. (765-7600)
Through May 22: Theatre closed.
From May 23 at 8: "That's Entertainment!" (Opening night by invitation only.)

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
"Kazablan."

PLAYBOY, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
Through May 21: "Blazing Saddles."
From May 22: "Wedding in Blood."

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
"Love and Anarchy."

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
May 15 and May 20-22: A program of Czech films, of various lengths, with English subtitles, sometimes accompanied by discussions or lectures. As for the schedule, our best advice is to phone the theatre.
May 16-17: "Harper" and "The Big Sleep."
May 18-19: "The Producers" and "The Twelve Chairs."
From May 23: "The Wild Bunch" and "The Ballad of Cable Hogue."

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"The Exorcist."

PARAMOUNT, B'way at 61st. (247-5070)
Through May 22: "The Great Gatsby."
From May 23: "Serpico" and "Bang the Drum Slowly."

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (877-4040)
Through May 21: "Badlands."
From May 22: To be announced.

REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
Through May 19: "Lady Yankuza" and "The Tattooed Swordswoman."
May 20-21: "Theatre of Life."
May 22: "This Transient Life."
From May 23: "The Ambitious" and "Yojimbo."

EMBASSY 72ND ST., B'way at 72nd. (SC 4-6745)
Through May 21: "Walking Tall" and "Slither."
From May 22: "Blazing Saddles" and "The Public Eye."

BEACON, B'way at 74th. (874-1717)
Through May 21: "Slaughterhouse-Five," "Frenzy," and "Two People."
From May 22: "Cinderella Liberty."

LOEWS 83RD ST., B'way at 83rd. (877-3190)
Through May 21: "Blazing Saddles."
From May 22: "Chosen Survivors."

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through May 21: "Saboteur" and "Psycho."
From May 22: To be announced.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
"The Sting."

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Through May 21: "War and Peace."
From May 22: To be announced.

OLYMPIA, B'way at 107th. (865-8128)
Through May 21: "The Man Who Knew Too Much" and "Murder."
From May 22: To be announced.

NOTE—A few specialist film houses: **BLEECKER ST. CINEMA,** 144 Bleecker St. (674-3210): Movie musicals mostly, and only on weekends. This weekend is nonmusical—Friday through Sunday, May 17-19: "Blackmail" (1928; Anny Ondra and Sara Allgood) and "The Most Dangerous Game" (1932; Joel McCrea and Leslie Banks).... **FILM FORUM,** 256 W. 88th. (362-0503): Films made by independent *cinéastes*. At 8, Thursdays through Sundays.... **PAGODA,** 11 East Broadway. (964-1825): Chinese films, with English subtitles. Daily.

FILM LIBRARIES

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St. (956-7078)—May 15 at 5:30: "That Lady in Ermine" (1948), directed by Ernst Lubitsch and Otto Preminger, with Betty Grable and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.... ¶ May 16 at 5:30: "Sailor's Luck" (1933), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Dunn and Sally Eilers.... ¶ *May 16 at 8:* "The Bowery" *(1933)*, directed by Raoul Walsh, with Wallace Beery and George Raft.... ¶ May 17 at 2: "The Roaring Twenties" (1939), directed by Raoul Walsh, with James Cagney and Humphrey Bogart.... ¶ May 17 at 5:30 and May 18 at noon: A program of early films by Georges Méliès.... ¶ May 18 at 3: "The Bowery" (1933).... ¶ May 18 at 5:30: "Me and My Gal" (1932), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Spencer Tracy and Joan Bennett.... ¶ May 19 at 12:30 and 3: "Zoo in Budapest" (1933), directed by Rowland V. Lee, with Loretta Young and Gene Raymond.... ¶ May 19 at 5:30: "Sailor's Luck" (1933).... ¶ May 20 at 2: "Under Pressure" (1935), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe.... ¶ May 20 at 5:30: "Going Hollywood" (1933), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Marion Davies and Bing Crosby.... ¶ May 21 at 2: "Traffic in Souls" (1913), directed by George Loane Tucker, with Jane Gail and Ethel Grandin.... ¶ May 21 at 5:30: "Under Pressure" (1935).... ¶ May 22 at 5:30: "Traffic in Souls" (1913).... ¶ May 23 at 5:30: "Baby Face Harrington" (1935), directed by Raoul Walsh, with Charles Butterworth and Una Merkel.... ¶ May 23 at 8: "Going Hollywood" (1933). (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the museum after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon. Reservations for the showings at 8 will not be accepted before 5:30. Wednesdays, admission on a first-come, first-served basis.)

NEW YORK CULTURAL CENTER, 2 Columbus Circle. (LT 1-2311)—May 15: "The Devil and the Deep" (1932), directed by Marion Gering, with Tallulah Bankhead and Charles Laughton.... ¶ May 16: "Sidewalks of London" (1938), directed by Tim Whelan, with Charles Laughton and Vivien Leigh.... ¶ May 17: "Indiscreet" (1931), directed by Leo McCarey, with Gloria Swanson.... ¶ May 18-19: "The Hunchback of Notre Dame" (1939), directed by William Dieterle, with Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara.... ¶ May 22: "Jamaica Inn" (1939), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with

Charles Laughton and Maureen O'Hara.... ¶ May 23: "The Paradine Case" (1048), directed by Alfred Hitchcock, with Gregory Peck, Ann Todd, and Charles Laughton. (Showings Wednesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 4 and 6, and Fridays at 5 and 7:30. A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the center after 11 on the day of the showing.)

WHITNEY MUSEUM, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—*Through May 22:* "Erotic Cinema," a program of seven short films.... ¶ Starting May 23: "Looking Forward, Looking Back," a program of five short films. Showings at noon (except Thursdays), 1:30, 3, and 4:30 (plus 6, 7:40, and 9:20 on Tuesday evenings); on May 23 at 2 and 4. Call desk (861-5322) for ticket information.

FILM SOCIETY OF LINCOLN CENTER—The first programs in a thirteen-day festival of Japanese films, with English subtitles. Mondays through Fridays at 6 and 8:30, through May 31. (Japan House, 333 E. 47th St. For information about individual programs and tickets, call 765-5100, Ext. 311.)

IN BRIEF

SEE ABOVE FOR THEATRE ADDRESSES AND TELEPHONE NUMBERS.
THE DATE OF REVIEW IN THESE PAGES IS GIVEN FOR FILMS LESS THAN TWO YEARS OLD.

THE AMBITIOUS (1969)—With Toshiro Mifune, directed by Daisuke Ito. In Japanese. (Regency; starting May 23.)

AMERICAN GRAFFITI—The second feature film by the young George Lucas, about the teen-age world of 1962 in small-town northern California. We again inhabit the post-McCarthy, pre-Vietnam-protest land of drive-ins, old cars dangerously raced, Elvis haircuts, ritual necking. We live through a long night and dawn with the kids, but the next day comes up, and decisions have to be made about taking planes East to college and hiding homesickness. Flashy photography, perhaps more film knowledge than the film can use, but worth seeing. (Reviewed in these pages 8/13/73.) (Quad Cinema; through May 21. ... ¶ 72nd Street East; starting May 22.)

ANDY WARHOL'S FRANKENSTEIN—With Joe Dallesandro, directed by Paul Morrissey. (Trans-Lux East.)

ANOTHER THIN MAN (1939)—The third in the series, and without any new ideas except a bad one: still airily casual, Nick and Nora Charles (William Powell and Myrna Loy) are now the parents of a baby boy. The screenplay (once again by Frances Goodrich and Albert Hackett) tosses shootings and skullduggery and repartee at us before we're ready, and then Nick Charles takes an unconscionable amount of time sorting things out. The plot involves a weekend at the estate of an explosives manufacturer (C. Aubrey Smith) who expects Sheldon Leonard (looking very young and sleek) to kill him. The film is dispiriting, but a lot of amusingly familiar faces turn up, among them Otto Kruger, Ruth Hussey, Virginia Grey, Nat Pendleton, Tom Neal, Marjorie Main, Abner Biberman, and, of course, Asta. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 22.)

BADLANDS—Probably we've all seen those convicted killers in prison documentaries on TV who sound uninvolved and mechanical when they talk about their crimes; Terrence Malick's début picture extends that uninvolvement to the whole culture. Set at the end of the fifties, it's about an emotionless young killer (Martin Sheen) and his fifteen-year-old girl friend (Sissy Spacek), whose killing spree starts in South Dakota. The young lovers are psychologically aberrant and yet just like everybody else; their moral vacuum is spreading over the flat, dead landscape. Malick appears to be saying that mass-culture banality is killing our souls and making everybody affectless, but his detached tone puts the viewer in the ugly position of feeling culturally superior to the people on the screen. An intellectualized movie—shrewd and artful, carefully styled to sustain its low-key view of dissociation. It's like a brilliant student's Ph.D. thesis; the picture is so preconceived that there's nothing left to respond to. (3/18/74) (Art. . . ¶ Cinema Studio; through May 21.)

THE BALLAD OF CABLE HOGUE (1970)—Sam Peckinpah is in a relaxed and playful mood in this rambling comedy Western with Jason Robards (in fine form) as a desert rat who discovers a mudhole and turns water merchant, Stella Stevens as an ambitious whore, and David Warner as a lecherous self-ordained preacher. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 23.)

BANANAS (1971)—Woody Allen directed, wrote (with Mickey Rose), and stars in this agreeable mess, which is slightly about revolution in a banana republic. The first half is often very, very funny. (8th St. Playhouse; through May 21.)

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY—A fictional story, with very good, offhand dialogue by Mark Harris (based on his own novel), about an ace pitcher locked in alliance to a dumb catcher, dying of Hodgkin's disease, whom he once hated for slow-wittedness. Directed by John Hancock, with Michael Moriarty as the pitcher, and Robert De Niro as the doomed catcher. (9/10/73) (Quad Cinema; through May 21. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting May 23.)

THE BIG SLEEP (1946)—Humphrey Bogart is Raymond Chandler's private eye in a fast, tense, amusingly lurid thriller peopled with sophisticated monsters who talk in innuendos. Lauren Bacall and Martha Vickers are a baffling pair of rich, spoiled sisters; the latter sucks her thumb. It hardly matters that the plot gets so complicated that William Faulkner and the other writers of the screenplay had to appeal to Chandler for guidance, and that he couldn't exactly figure it out either. Howard Hawks directed, smashingly. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 16-17.)

BLACK EYE—With Fred Williamson, directed by Jack Arnold. (86th St. East.)

THE BLACK WINDMILL—With Michael Caine and Donald Pleasence, directed by Don Siegel. (Music Hall; starting May 16.)

BLAZING SADDLES—Mel Brooks's comedy of chaos, with a surfeit of chaos and a scarcity of comedy. The story is about a modern black hipster (Cleavon Little) who becomes sheriff in a Western town in the eighteen-sixties; Gene Wilder and Madeline Kahn manage to redeem as much as they can from the film, but most of the cast (including Brooks himself) mug and smirk and shout insults at each other. Brooks's celebrated spontaneous wit isn't in evidence: the old gags here never were very funny; rehashed, they just seem desperate. (2/18/74) (East 59th Street I. . . . ¶ Trans-Lux 85th St., Playboy, and Loews 83rd St.; through May 21. . . . ¶ Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 22.)

CÉSAR AND ROSALIE (1972)—Yves Montand, in a jovial, parodistic performance as a scrap-metal tycoon—a super-confident self-made man who enjoys being No. 1 in work and play. (It's the sort of role Raimu used to play.) César has everything until the love that Rosalie (Romy Schneider) feels for him goes flat; the cause is the wan, elegantly despondent Sami Frey. A fluky, wry situation comedy about a love triangle—faintly absurd but really quite pleasant. Directed by Claude Sautet. In French. (1/13/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; May 19-20.)

CHOSEN SURVIVORS—With Jackie Cooper and Alex Cord, directed by Sutton Roley. (Loews Orpheum, and Loews 83rd St.; starting May 22.)

CIMARRON (1931)—One of Edna Ferber's heartfelt, numbskull treks through the hardships and glories of the American heritage. Swaggering Yancey Cravat (Richard Dix), a gallant braggart afflicted with wanderlust, marries fragile Irene Dunne, and they head out for the Oklahoma land rush. The film covers forty years of their lives—a long, trying saga, especially after Irene Dunne, deserted by her husband, learns to carry on valiantly, editing the local paper in his place and becoming a congresswoman. It would be more fun if the audience could go off to the Cherokee Strip with Richard Dix and forget about the indomitable Irene Dunne. Edna May Oliver and Estelle Taylor enliven some episodes; with George E. Stone, Nance O'Neil, and Roscoe Ates as a stuttering printer. Wesley Ruggles directed; the picture was a huge success and was taken very seriously by a great many people. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 18.)

CINDERELLA LIBERTY—A sordid, messy affair between a Baptist sailor (James Caan) and a beat-out whore (Marsha Mason), combined with a high-minded interracial big-brother story. (Caan can't save Mason, but her little part-black son—Kirk Calloway—stirs his paternal impulses.) The Mark Rydell picture,

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taken from Darryl Ponicsan's novel, wants to jerk tears, but just doesn't have the knack. Some of the acting is fine, but the film is a soggy experience; you feel as if you're wading through it. (1/21/74) (Beacon; starting May 22.)

Claudine—A Harlem love story that would reflect a sophisticated, knowing exhaustion if it concerned whites, but holds stamina, good humor, and cheek in the face of the nearly impossible, because it is played, and mostly made, by blacks. A mother on welfare (Diahann Carroll) with six children is loved by a garbage man called Roop (James Earl Jones), himself supporting three abandoned children. James Earl Jones plays the character with an endearing mixture of romance, cowardice, and natural sexiness about his beautiful but obstinate catch of a girl. There is a wheeling final scene about the white-rules game of welfare, in which the underprivileged are always the losers unless they use craft and a particularly black sort of risk-taking to the limits of anyone's wits. Made by Third World Cinema people, produced by Hannah Weinstein, directed by John Berry, written by Tina and Lester Pine. (4/29/74) (Fine Arts.)

The Conversation—Written and directed by Francis Ford Coppola. The freezing case history of a wiretapping-and-bugging expert, wonderfully played by Gene Hackman as a man with a dropped jaw and an uptight soul, riddled with Catholic guilt and depleted by continual secrecy and self-deception. The expert is a hermetic character who protects his threadbare sanity by allowing himself no sense of consequence. A terrifying picture of a ransacked spirit. (4/15/74) (Coronet; through May 21. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; starting May 22.)

Cops and Robbers—Directed by Aram Avakian from a screenplay by Donald E. Westlake, about two cops (Cliff Gorman, sparkling-toothed and gaunt, and Joe Bologna, who looks dolorous). The cops become robbers, and the senior partner of the Wall Street corporation they rob turns out to be as crafty as they are. So everyone is his opposite. The content is trite; it is the style that upholds the film—one of quixotic admiration for the droll resolve of Manhattan life. (8/27/73) (Greenwich.)

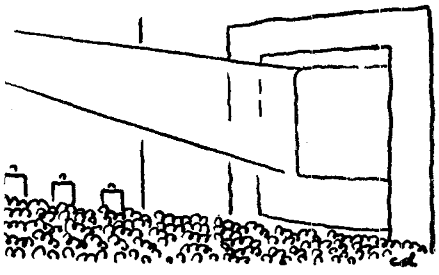
Cries and Whispers (1972)—Ingmar Bergman's dream play is set in a manor house at the turn of the century where a spinster in her late thirties (Harriet Andersson) is dying. Her two sisters (Ingrid Thulin and Liv Ullmann) have come to attend her, and they watch and wait, along with a peasant servant (Kari Sylwan). The movie is built out of a series of emotionally charged images that express inner stress, and Bergman handles them with the fluidity of a master. Superbly photographed by Sven Nykvist in a style suggesting Edvard Munch, the film is smooth and hypnotic; it has oracular power and the pull of a dream. Yet there's a nineteenth-century dullness at the heart of it. Each sister represents a different aspect of woman—woman viewed as the Other—and the film mingles didacticism with erotic mystery. In Swedish. (1/6/73) (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 22.)

Daisy Miller—With Cybill Shepherd, directed by Peter Bogdanovich. (Baronet; starting May 22.)

Diamonds Are Forever (1971)—Tired Bond picture that is often noisy when it means to be exciting. It lacks elegance and visual opulence, but it's got Sean Connery. His Bond is less lecherous now and less foppish—and he's better this way: Bond the mock hero has become the one stable, unalienated fantasy hero of modern movies. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 21.)

Don't Look Now—A Daphne du Maurier story of the occult, treated in the intricate manner of Borges. Julie Christie and Donald Sutherland work together wonderfully as parents whose drowned daughter may or may not be sending them messages. The meanings are on a simple Hitchcock level, but it's the fanciest, most carefully assembled enigma yet put on the screen. Nicholas Roeg is a chillingly chic director; the picture represents the new high-fashion gothic sensibility. (12/24/73) (72nd Street East; through May 21.)

Elvira Madigan (1967)—Thommy Berggren gives a skillful, sensitive performance as the handsome young cavalry officer who falls fatally in love with a circus girl (Pia Degermark, who is so exquisitely fresh she doesn't need to act) in Bo Widerberg's lushly beautiful movie about romantic insanity. The lovers, who live only for each other, cut themselves off from society, and prefer to die rather than risk growing apart. In Swedish. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 19-20.)



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The Exorcist—The demonic possession of a child, treated with shallow seriousness. The picture is designed to scare people, and it does so by mechanical means: levitations, swivelling heads, vomit being spewed in priests' faces. A viewer can become glumly anesthetized by the brackish color and the senseless ugliness of the conception; neither the producer-writer, William Peter Blatty, nor the director, William Friedkin, shows any feeling for the little girl's helplessness and suffering, or for her mother's. It is religious people who should be most offended by this movie. It would be sheer insanity to take children. (1/7/74) (Plaza, Cinema I, and Paris.)

Fantastic Planet—A French-Czech animated science-fiction feature, directed by René Laloux, with original art work by Roland Topor. In French. (8th St. Playhouse; starting May 22.)

Foxy Brown—With Pam Grier and Peter Brown, directed by Jack Hill. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; through May 21.)

Frenzy (1972)—Hitchcock working in England for the first time since the remake of "The Man Who Knew Too Much." A story about a fruit merchant from Covent Garden and a sacked barman, both suspected of a series of rapes and necktie murders, which are made less gruesome by Hitchcock's belief that there is all the difference in the world between surprise and suspense. This is Hitch in his old form, working with a first-rate cast of British actors virtually unknown outside their own country (including Barry Foster, Jon Finch, Anna Massey, and Barbara Leigh-Hunt). Vivien Merchant is detective Alec McCowen's wife, full of feminine intuition. (6/24/72) (Beacon; through May 21.)

Fury (1936)—When this melodrama about an orgy of mob violence against an innocent man—it was Fritz Lang's first American movie—opened in London, Graham Greene said in his review that it was "the only film I know to which I have wanted to attach the epithet of 'great.'" Though Americans may rate it high, they are unlikely to go that far. Spencer Tracy (as the victim) and Sylvia Sidney are very fine, and the picture has so much vitality that it's easy to make allowances for the tacky ending, which doesn't jibe with Lang's sensibility and style. But the sensibility and style are themselves hurdles. The schematic view of fate, the lighting and design, the stylized movements of the lynchers all relate to the theatrical wing of the German Expressionist movement; Lang brings a heavy battery of advanced stagecraft to the small-town American Southern setting. Joseph L. Mankiewicz produced; Norman Krasna did the story; Bartlett Cormack and Lang did the screenplay. With Edward Ellis, Walter Brennan, Bruce Cabot, and Walter Abel. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 19-21.)

Going Places—With Gérard Depardieu and Miou-Miou, directed by Bertrand Blier. In French. (Reviewed in this issue.) (Cinema II.)

The Grande Bouffe—Slang for the big blowout, the grand guzzle. A funny, grim parable about the well-off and Rubens-like of the world. Members of a hermetic houseparty, and ruined by having no sense of consequence, they set out joyfully to eat themselves to death. With Marcello Mastroianni, Michel Piccoli, Ugo Tognazzi, and Philippe Noiret. Directed by Marco Ferreri. In French. (9/24/73) (Elgin; starting May 22.)

Greaser's Palace (1972)—Robert Downey wrote and directed this comic extravaganza, which is very, very slow and more humorous than exactly funny. None of Downey's earlier cock-a-hoop, lazily satiric style. Pity. (8/5/72) (5th Ave. Cinema; May 17-18.)

The Great Gatsby—F. Scott Fitzgerald's short masterpiece turned into a slow, stately, two-and-a-half-hour movie, directed by Jack Clayton and photographed by Douglas Slocombe. Overuse of tracking shots, redundant dialogue, and too many Charlestons did the mysterious lengthening trick. Daisy is finely played as a creature of beautiful, aerial selfishness and apparent simplicity by Mia Farrow, with a voice that whispers like a bird on the lawn in the Fitzgerald Long Island summer. Her best performance so far. The first-person narrative is transformed into voice-over comment by the character of the observant Nick (Sam Waterston, a good actor, wonderfully picked by Clayton); but the first-person technique works better in novels than in the movies. The small-part casting is first-rate. So is the sensibility. One mostly misses Scott Fitzgerald's terseness. Bruce Dern as Tom Buchanan is very good, Robert Redford as the pining, mysteriously rich Gatsby is a bit Ivy League. Script by Francis Ford Coppola. (4/1/74) (Loews Tower East. . . . ¶ Loews Orpheum; through May 21. . . . ¶ Paramount; through May 22. Sundays through Thursdays at 8, and Fridays and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10:30. Reserved performances—not seats—only.)

Harper (1966)—Paul Newman in a bungled attempt to recapture the Bogart private-eye world of "The Big Sleep." Shelley Winters gives the picture artificial respiration for a few minutes, but it soon relapses. The big-name cast includes Julie Harris, Lauren Bacall, Janet Leigh, and Arthur Hill. Jack Smight directed; William Goldman adapted it from Ross Macdonald's "The Moving Target." Despite the film's ignominious lack of sophistication and style, it was a box-office hit. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 16-17.)

The Hellstrom Chronicle (1971)—A fictional scientist with a sensationally muddleheaded line in doomy rhetoric stalks about talking about the approach of Armageddon-by-insect. The insects are documentarily photographed in huge closeup, very classily. "Science fact," the film says about itself. But plus a lot of bilge. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 23.)

Images (1972)—A classy schizo (Susannah York) duplicates herself, confuses the living with the dead, and can't tell her husband (René Auberjonois) from her lovers (Marcel Bozzuffi, Hugh Millais). A hollow puzzle movie, and trashy, but it is seductively shot and edited, and has some inventive moments. Written and directed by Robert Altman; made in Ireland. (12/23/72) (Quad Cinema; through May 21.)

Kazablan—An Israeli musical, in English, directed by Menahem Golan. (Festival.)

Lady Yakuza (1972)—With Junko Fuji and Ken Takakura, directed by Kozabura Yoshimura. In Japanese. (Regency; through May 19.)

The Last Detail—About three seamen. Dissipated sentimentalist Jack Nicholson and Otis Young are dispatched to take a morose eighteen-year-old (Randy Quaid) from the brig in Norfolk, Virginia, to the naval prison in Portsmouth, New Hampshire. The movie is the record of their dallying, beer-soaked journey and of their self-discoveries en route. It is distinguished by the fine performances of Nicholson and Quaid, and by well-orchestrated profane dialogue, but visually it is relentlessly lower-depths gloomy, and the material, though often very funny, is programmed to wrench your heart. It's about the blasted lives of people who discover their humanity too late. Hal Ashby directed; adapted from Darryl Ponicsan's book by Robert Towne. (2/11/74) (Quad Cinema; through May 21.)

The Little Theatre of Jean Renoir (1969)—A series of three sketches, each beginning on a magic-looking, red-swagged toy stage. The film was written and made by Renoir himself, with the director looming quizzically over the stage at the beginning of each episode as a sort of compere. The congenial, saddened, majestically revived temperament of the last story, which is about an old husband coping with a young wife and her young lover (a vet-*cum*-handyman), has the nature of Renoir's "Rules of the Game." Jeanne Moreau appears in a brief outburst of Belle Epoque soprano singing. She is cinched into a wasp-waist dress and, with unstoppable and obstreperous romanticism, carols away about the death of love, the high-flown emotions displayed by this unexpected comedian being notably out of style with the words she is singing. In French. (5/6/74) (First Avenue Screening Room.)

The Lords of Flatbush—Directed by Stephen F. Verona and Martin Davidson. (Baronet; through May 21. . . . ¶ Coronet; starting May 22.)

Love and Anarchy—With Giancarlo Giannini, directed by Lina Wertmuller. In Italian. (Little Carnegie.)

Mame—A slapstick musical so terrible it isn't boring; you can get fixated staring at it and wondering what exactly Lucille Ball thought she was doing. At the end, there's a reprise of the various scenes the viewer has just witnessed of the star hugging people; this may be the first hug collage in movie history and—if God is good—the last. Gene Saks directed; Onna White choreographed. (3/11/74) (Music Hall; May 15.)

The Man Who Knew Too Much (1935)—Hitchcock remade this thriller about a kidnapping and an attempted political assassination in color in 1955, starring James Stewart and Doris Day; this first version, which features Leslie Banks, Edna Best, Pierre Fresnay, and Peter Lorre (it was Lorre's début in English-language films), has Hitchcock's ingenuity and flair and his sneaky wit. The best scenes—especially an assassination attempt at Royal Albert Hall—are stunning, but he seems sloppily indifferent about the unconvincing material in between the tricks and jokes—a fault that persisted in the later, stodgier version. Nova Pilbeam plays the kidnapped child. (Olympia; through May 21.)

Marjoe (1972)—An interesting *cinéma-vérité* film, by Howard Smith and Sarah Kernochan, about a kid brought up from the age of three to be a revivalist preacher though his heart is really in rock singing. The film takes some surprising turns, and it works sometimes, with an amiable outspokenness and humor. (8/5/72) (5th Ave. Cinema; through May 16.)

Murder (1930)—A rarely seen, handsomely designed early Hitchcock whodunit set among theatre people; not in the class of his mid-thirties work, but with inventive tricks. Herbert Marshall (in his first talking picture) is a fancy big-time actor serving on a jury; convinced of the innocence of the young actress (Norah Baring) who is on trial for murder, he tries to solve the case in order to save her life. There are some snobbish bits that appear to be ridicule of the "lower orders"—apparently, these are the unfortunate results of attempts at improvisation. Hitchcock experimented with a stream-of-consciousness monologue, and there's a tricky sequence in which Marshall listens to "Tristan" on the radio while he shaves. The actual murderer turns out to be a transvestite—"daring" at the time, but all too familiar a scapegoat now. (Olympia; through May 21.)

Nobody Waved Goodbye (1965)—A marvellous Canadian movie, written and directed by Don Owen, about a charming boy (Peter Kastner) determined to go bad. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 23.)

Notorious (1946)—Alfred Hitchcock's amatory thriller stars Ingrid Bergman as the daughter of a Nazi, a shady lady who trades secrets and all sorts of things with American agent Cary Grant. The suspense is terrific: will suspicious, passive Grant succeed in making Bergman seduce him, or will he take over? The honor of the American male is saved by a hairbreadth, but Bergman is literally ravishing in what is probably her sexiest performance. With Claude Rains, Louis Calhern, Madame Konstantin; script by Ben Hecht. Great trash, great fun. (Waverly; starting May 22.)

Our Time—From an overprotected script by Jane C. Stanton, aged twenty-six, about a swanky girls' boarding school full of incredibly euphemistic and ignorant seventeen-year-olds who whisper about sex as though it were some kind of strictly forbidden Sanskrit. License ends in disaster, and so this story of 1955, which was certainly meant to be a piece of lyrical/tragical propaganda for legal abortion, finishes up meaning hellfire for those who, in the film's words, "go all the way." Directed by Peter Hyams, with a beauty named Pamela Sue Martin as Abby, born lucky, and Betsy Slade as Muffy, a plain Jane whose plastic barrettes define something about her hopelessness about herself. (Sutton; through May 18. No evening performances on Wednesday, May 15.)

The Pedestrian—Maximilian Schell takes this year's Stanley Kramer Prize for a Movie on the Theme of War Guilt Which Confuses More Issues Than It Raises. The protagonist (Gustav Rudolf Sellner) is a powerful industrialist who is exposed as a Second World War Lieutenant Calley, responsible for the massacre of an entire Greek village. In writer-director Schell's hazy reasoning, however, the industrialist shouldn't really feel bad; nobody in particular is guilty, because everybody is guilty. The film has been praised in this country as if it were a deep probe into serious issues; no doubt, it can be praised in Germany as a very comforting view. Schell loves fanciness and abstractions and imprecision; this film is about so many things that it's finally not about anything. Sellner has a strong presence and holds the camera; Schell turns up in a minor role, and so does the English director Peter Hall. In one clumsily gratuitous sequence, Peggy Ashcroft, Elisabeth Bergner, and Françoise Rosay appear, along with several other famous actresses, and are shamefully wasted. In German. (Waverly; through May 21.)

Play It Again, Sam (1972)—Woody Allen incarnating the spirit of Neurotic Love in a funny picture made from his own Broadway hit. Allen plays a Bogart nut, and most of the film is about hapless girl-chasing. Herbert Ross directs in a style of suitable loose-limbed laconicism. (5/13/72) (Gramercy; through May 21.)

The Producers (1968)—Satire of the theatre, with Zero Mostel as a producer who sells twenty-five thousand per cent of a play, intending to produce a flop so that he won't have to pay the backers anything. Some of it is very funny, but Mel Brooks, who wrote and directed, doesn't develop the ideas. With Dick Shawn and Gene Wilder, whose whining, strangled-voice bit is almost a shtick of genius. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 18-19. . . . ¶ Elgin; starting May 22.)

Psycho (1960)—The Hitchcock thriller with Janet Leigh getting stabbed in the shower and Anthony Perkins with a fly on his nose. (Quad Cinema, and New Yorker; through May 21.)

The Public Eye (1972)—Mia Farrow plays the winsome California wife of a stodgy London accountant (Michael Jayston) who sets a private detective onto watching his young bride. She is actually nothing more than dead bored and youthfully mystical, raptly getting up early to watch the sun rise. Topol plays the private detective, a whimsical and very noticeable creature all in white, who never stops eating yogurt and cracking aphorisms. Directed by Carol Reed, who made a ghastly mistake to come anywhere near the tripping, spineless falsity of Peter Shaffer's script, based on his own stage play. (7/29/72) (Embassy 72nd St.; starting May 22.)

Rainbow Bridge—Directed by Chuck Wein. (Cinema Village; through May 21.)

Rebecca (1940)—Magnificent romantic-gothic corn, full of Alfred Hitchcock's humor and inventiveness. It features one of Laurence Olivier's rare poor performances, but even when he's bad he's more fascinating than most actors. With Joan Fontaine, giving one of her rare good performances, and Judith Anderson (as Mrs. Danvers), George Sanders, Florence Bates—all three in superb form. From Daphne du Maurier's novel. Academy Award as best picture of 1940. (Waverly; starting May 22.)

Saboteur (1942)—A mixed-up and overloaded American spy thriller by Alfred Hitchcock, with the unengaging Robert Cummings in the lead (and an unappealing cast featuring Priscilla Lane and Otto Kruger). Nothing holds together, but there are still enough scary sequences to make the picture entertaining. (New Yorker; through May 21.)

Serpico—Al Pacino as Frank Serpico, the New York City policeman whose incorruptibility alienated him from his fellow-officers and turned him into a messianic hippie freak. The theme is richly comic, and the film is great fun, but it sacrifices Serpico's story—one of the rare hopeful stories of our time—for a cynical, downbeat finish. Norman Wexler (who wrote "Joe") is responsible for most of the rude, hip humor; Sidney Lumet directed, sloppily but effectively. (12/17/73) (Juliet 2. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema, Gramercy, and

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

Quad Cinema; through May 21. . . . ¶ Paramount; starting May 23.)

Shadow of the Thin Man (1941)—Hardly even a shadow; Myrna Loy, William Powell, and Asta go through their paces for the fourth time, but the jauntiness is gone. This one is about a murder involving race-track crooks, and the only thing that gives it any distinction is the cast. The most amazing people keep turning up: Stella Adler as a gambler's blond floozy, Barry Nelson as a muckraking reporter, Joseph Anthony, Donna Reed, Sam Levene, Louise Beavers, Alan Baxter, and many others. Too bad Harry Kurnitz, who wrote the story, didn't give them more to do; W. S. Van Dyke directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; starting May 22.)

Show Boat (1936)—Despite (or is it perhaps because of?) the Edna Ferber plot, with its heartbreaks and coincidences, this classic musical melodrama with the Jerome Kern songs is hard to resist in any of its many versions. This one from Universal (which is far superior to the 1951 M-G-M version) features Irene Dunne and Allan Jones, but its greatest attractions are Paul Robeson as Joe and the marvellous Julie of Helen Morgan. James Whale directed, and the cast includes Charles Winninger, Helen Westley, Hattie McDaniel, and Donald Cook. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; through May 18.)

Slaughterhouse-Five (1972)—George Roy Hill's film of the Kurt Vonnegut, Jr., college classic, with Michael Sacks as the boy assistant chaplain in Dresden in the Second World War. Filmed mostly in Prague (there being no Dresden left), and photographed by Miroslav Ondříček, the wonderful Czech photographer who has worked with Miloš Forman, Ivan Passer, and Lindsay Anderson. The flattened despair of the film sometimes seems a show-off form of cool, but the picture is beautifully cast and acted. (Beacon; through May 21.)

Sleeper—A modern slapstick-comedy classic, directed by and starring Woody Allen. Set two hundred years in the future, it's the most stable and sustained of his films, with a clean visual style and an elegant design. It's a very even work, with no thudding bad lines and no low stretches, but it doesn't have the loose, manic highs of some of his other films. You laugh all the way through and come out smiling and perfectly happy, but you're not driven crazy—not really turned on the way his messier moves can turn you on. With Diane Keaton. (12/31/73) (8th St. Playhouse; through May 21.)

Slither (1973)—The first feature by the advertising ace Howard Zieff is a suspense comedy with a prickly, fleahopping humor—a sort of fractured hipsterism. As the thick-witted hero looking for the fortune promised him by an embezzler, James Caan demonstrates some of the best double takes in modern movies. The plot is tired, and the picture never delivers on its promise, but the gags are sneaky and offbeat, and the cast is full of crazies. With Peter Boyle, Louise Lasser, Allen Garfield, Richard B. Shull, and Sally Kellerman, as a speed freak. From an original script by W. D. Richter. (3/10/73) (Embassy 72nd St.; through May 21.)

The Sorrow and the Pity (1970)—Magnificent documentary epic on the German Occupation of France. A study in the psychology of history, directed by Marcel Ophuls. Four and a half hours. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 21-22.)

The Sting—Paul Newman, Robert Redford, and director George Roy Hill trying to recapture the box-office glow of "Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid." This time, the happy twosome are cardsharps and swindlers of the thirties; the mood isn't as coyly lyrical as before—the first blush of their romance has faded. It's a visually claustrophobic, mechanically plotted movie that's meant to be a roguishly charming entertainment, and many people probably consider it just that. With Robert Shaw as the stiff-necked menace. (12/31/73) (Murray Hill, U. A. East, and Symphony.)

The Stoolie—With Jackie Mason, directed by John Avildsen. (68th St. Playhouse; starting May 21.)

Strangers on a Train (1951)—Robert Walker, in brilliant, perverse form, as dear, degenerate Bruno, and Farley Granger as Guy, the tennis player, in Hitchcock's liveliest American thriller, which—thanks to the elegant Raymond Chandler dialogue—is also his most malicious. (Quad Cinema; through May 21.)

Summer Wishes, Winter Dreams—Dun-colored earnestness about a middle-aged Manhattan housewife's coldness, unfulfillment, and regrets; Joanne Woodward is less lively than in her other suffering-women roles. The screenwriter, Stewart Stern, following the structure of "Wild Strawberries," tries to equate the American woman's supposed incapacity for love with the whole American screwup of recent years but never shows the connection. Gilbert Cates directed. (12/10/73) (St. Marks Cinema; starting May 22.)

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The Tattooed Swordswoman (1972)—With Meiko Kaji, directed by Teyou Ishii. In Japanese. (Regency; through May 19.)

That's Entertainment!—Excerpts from M-G-M musicals from 1929 to 1958. Written and directed by Jack Haley, Jr. (Ziegfeld; starting May 23 at 8.)

Theatre of Life (1972)—With Muga Takewaki, directed by Tai Kato. In Japanese. (Regency; May 20-21.)

Thieves Like Us—From the first, pearly-green long shot, Robert Altman finds a sureness of tone and never loses it. This story of young lovers in the thirties is the closest to flawless of his films. Made in Mississippi, "Thieves Like Us" is so sensuous and lucid that it is as if William Faulkner and the young Jean Renoir had collaborated. Keith Carradine is the boy who escapes from prison with two bank robbers (John Schuck and Bert Remsen), and Shelley Duvall is the girl he meets. Adapted from a neglected 1937 novel by Edward Anderson, which also served as the basis of the 1948 Nicholas Ray picture "They Live by Night." (2/4/74) (Greenwich.)

This Transient Life (1970)—A film, directed by Akio Jissoji, that reflects a Japanese desire to return to a more nationalistic society. With Eiji Okada (the hero of "Hiroshima, Mon Amour"). In Japanese. (Regency; May 22.)

Thomasine & Bushrod—With Max Julien and Vonetta McGee, directed by Gordon Parks, Jr. (R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 1.)

The Three Musketeers—As in Roger Planchon's anarchic stage production at his famous Lyons theatre, in France, Dumas's novel is kicked around in Richard Lester's film. Charlton Heston plays Richelieu in a becoming false nose, Jean-Pierre Cassel is a clothes-cluttered Louis XIII, Spike Milligan, in a nightshirt and a stock cap, trails around muttering Goon Show-type jokes of unseating common sense. David Watkins did the overarranged but striking photography. The dozens of stars, deliberately cast against type, also include Oliver Reed, Raquel Welch, Faye Dunaway, Frank Finlay, Geraldine Chaplin, Richard Chamberlain, and Michael York. (4/8/74) (Columbia I, Juliet 1, and Guild. . . . ¶ Gramercy; starting May 22.)

Thunderbolt and Lightfoot—With Clint Eastwood, directed by Michael Cimino. (East 59th Street II, and R.K.O. 86th St. Twin 2; starting May 22.)

El Topo (1971)—A spaghetti Western in the style of Luis Buñuel, and tinsel all the way. The writer-director-star, Alexandro Jodorowsky, plays with symbols and ideas and enigmas so promiscuously that the confusion may be mistaken for depth. He has some feeling for pace and for sadistic comedy, but the principal appeal of the movie is as a violent fantasy—like head comics. (Elgin; through May 21.)

Tortilla Flat (1942)—A good-natured and engaging minor novel by Steinbeck, turned into a good-natured and engaging (though corny and quaint and picturesque) film at M-G-M. Spencer Tracy, John Garfield, Frank Morgan, and an unusually animated Hedy Lamarr are among the wine-drinking *paisanos* of Monterey, California. Tracy is a bit too magisterially broad-shouldered, and there's more than enough of Morgan's saintly delusions (he has a vision of St. Francis of Assisi and rounds up the stray dogs of the locality), but the picture has considerable charm. It says something about M-G-M's attitude toward *paisanos* that it was made in sepia; Victor Fleming directed. (Theatre 80 St. Marks; May 19-21.)

Trash (1970)—Absurdist porno-comedy about an impotent junkie (Joe Dallesandro) who drags himself around while various women try to arouse him. His sort-of-wife is played by a goofy female impersonator, Holly Woodlawn, who acts up a storm, but most of the time the picture is as enervated and limp as its hero. Directed by Paul Morrissey. (5th Ave. Cinema; May 17-18.)

The Twelve Chairs (1970)—Mel Brooks shows his affection for the innocent nuttiness of earlier periods of comedy in this story about three men (Frank Langella, Dom DeLuise, Ron Moody) searching for a fortune hidden in a chair, but the whole enterprise is rather forlorn. Not bad, really—just so-so. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; May 18-19.)

200 Motels (1971)—With Frank Zappa and the Mothers of Invention. (Elgin; through May 21.)

Two Men of Karamoja—A documentary directed by Eugene S. Jones. (Beekman.)

Two People (1973)—It's meant to be a sensitive modern love story, but it's impersonal and inexpressive and has no interest, except for some handsome travelogue footage of Morocco by Henri Decae. Peter Fonda and Lindsay Wagner are the lovers—he an American who deserted in Vietnam and she a model. Robert Wise directed, from a script by Richard De Roy. (3/24/73) (Beacon; through May 21.)

Visions of Eight—The Munich Olympics as seen by Kon Ichikawa, Arthur Penn, Mai Zetterling, Miloš Forman, Claude Lelouch, Juri Ozerov, Michael Pfleghar, John Schlesinger. There is a contradiction inherent in the Olympics, with their piety about internationalism and the fact of their furious nationalism. The film unwittingly drives it home by lacing together eight films that mostly serve to stress national clichés in the local outlook of the directors. (8/20/73) (5th Ave. Cinema; through May 16.)

Walking Tall—A rabble-rousing movie that appeals to a deep-seated belief in simple, swift, Biblical justice; the visceral impact of the film makes one know how crowds must feel when they're being swayed by demagogues. Joe Don Baker gives a powerful performance as the crusading Tennessee sheriff Buford Pusser—there *is* a Buford Pusser, and he's out promoting the movie—but it's a tall tale: a fiction derived from early Westerns. The director, Phil Karlson, is brutally effective; he makes the battle of virtuous force against organized evil seem primordial. With Elizabeth Hartman as Mrs. Pusser. (2/25/74) (East 59th Street II, Loews Ciné, 23rd St. Cinema, and Embassy 72nd St.; through May 21.)

War and Peace (1968)—Sergei Bondarchuk's six-hour-plus movie, here cut to half its length, and dubbed at that. A dancer (Lubmilla Savelyeva), not an actress, is brilliantly cast to play Natasha. Bondarchuk himself plays Pierre. (Thalia; through May 21.)

The Way We Were—Robert Redford is a straw-haired jock from Virginia who wants to have a good time, and Barbra Streisand is a frizzy-haired Communist who's always sure she's right. The picture has some atrocious sequences set in Hollywood during the blacklisting troubles, but the romantic star chemistry of Redford and Streisand turns a half-terrible movie into hit entertainment—maybe even memorable entertainment. Sydney Pollack directed; from Arthur Laurents' novel. (10/15/73) (Columbia II. . . . ¶ St. Marks Cinema; starting May 22.)

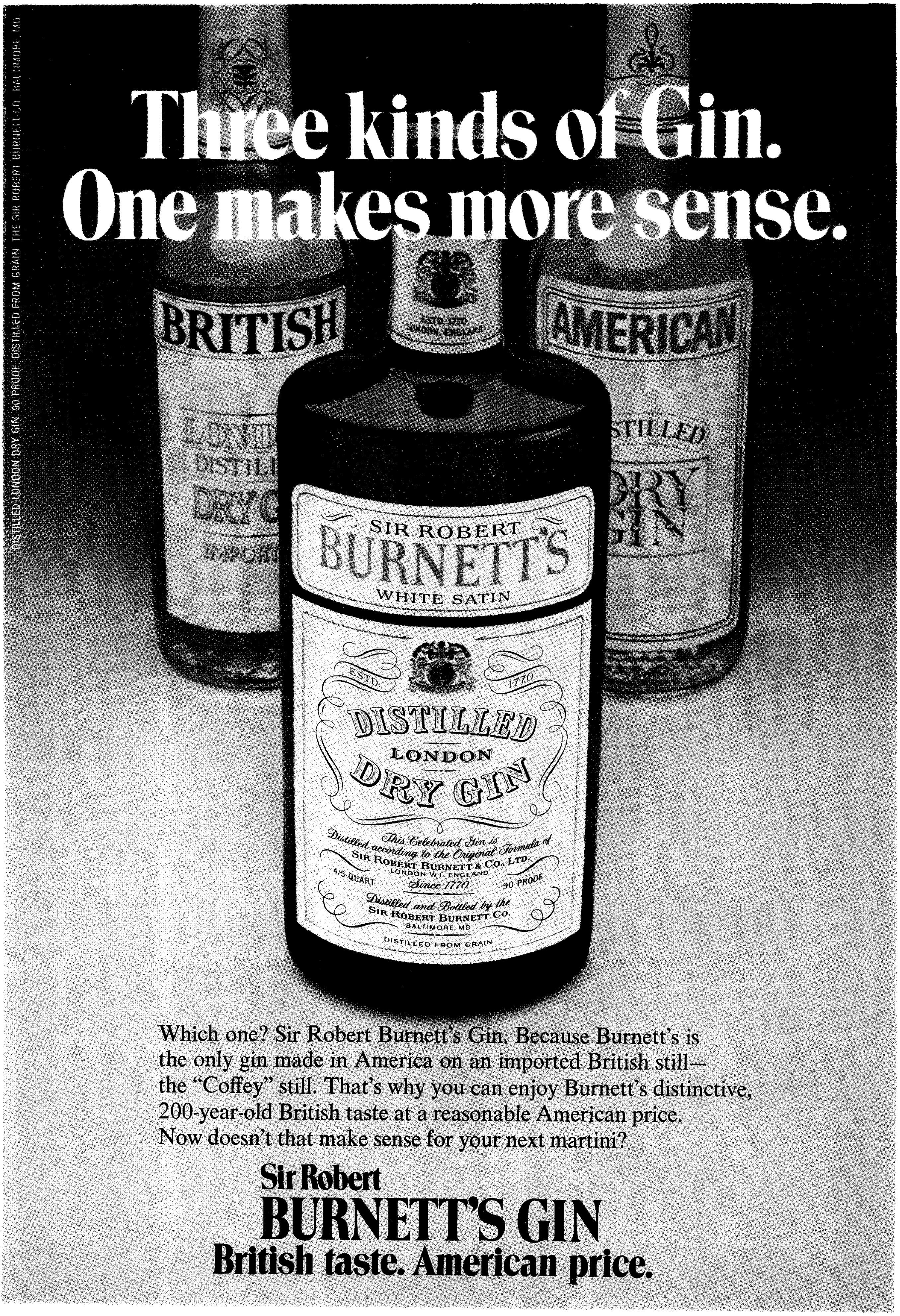
Wedding in Blood—With Stéphane Audran and Michel Piccoli, directed by Claude Chabrol. In French. (Playboy; starting May 22.)

The Wild Bunch (1969)—A brilliant, explosive, ultimately incoherent Western by Sam Peckinpah, set in the Texas and Mexico of 1913. The cast includes William Holden, Ernest Borgnine, and Robert Ryan. (Carnegie Hall Cinema; starting May 23.)

Yojimbo (1962)—Akira Kurosawa's boisterous, exuberant comedy-satire about violence, with Toshiro Mifune as the sword for hire. One of the rare Japanese films that is both great and funny to Westerners. In Japanese. (Regency; starting May 23.)

You Only Live Twice (1967)—Perhaps the best of the Sean Connery-James Bond pictures. Here, his power-mad adversary is Donald Pleasence, who has classy quarters in a volcano, and the harem is Japanese. Lewis Gilbert directed. (Eastside Cinema. . . . ¶ 34th St. East; through May 21.)

Zandy's Bride—With Gene Hackman and Liv Ullmann, directed by Jan Troell. (Sutton; starting May 19.)



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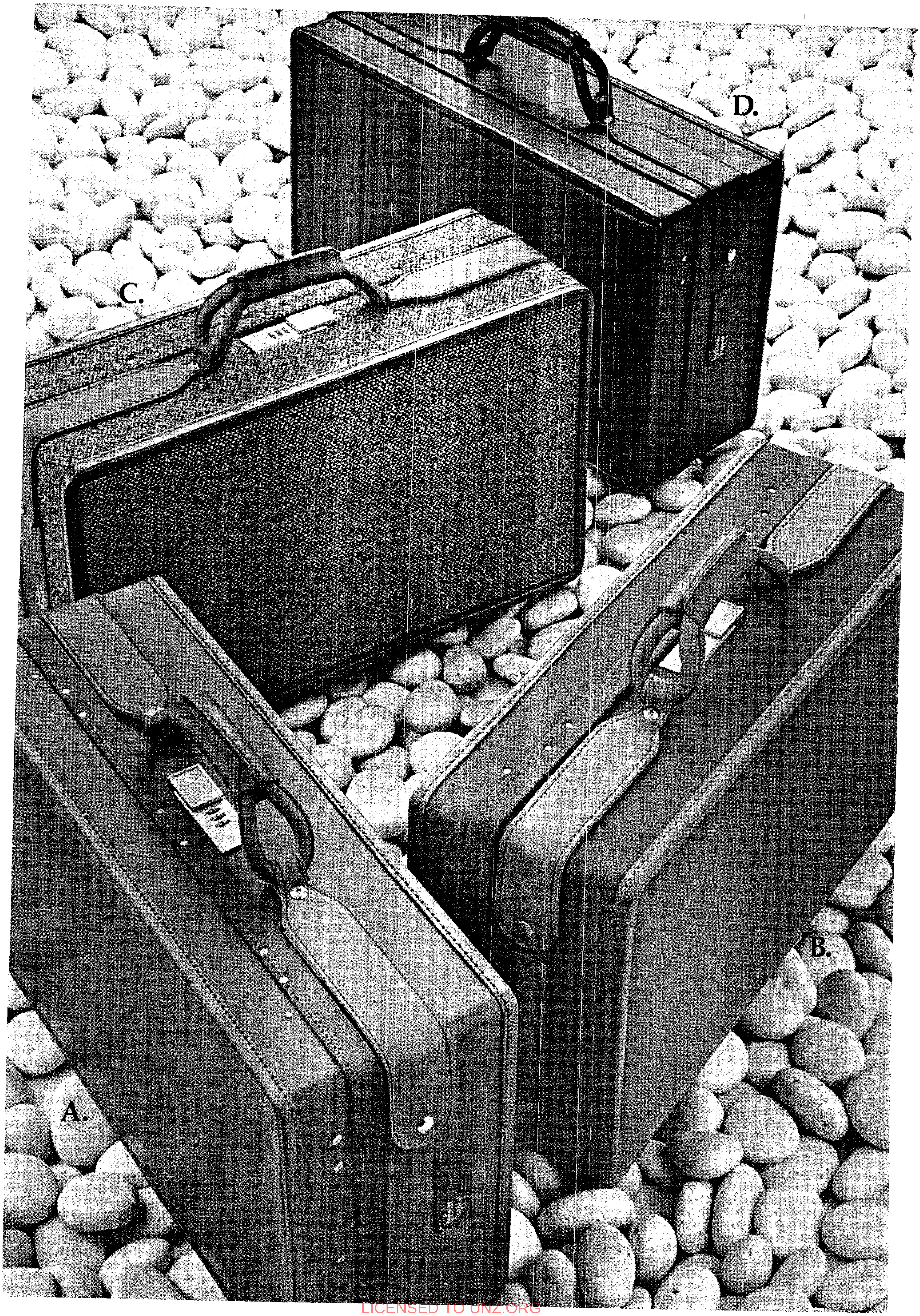
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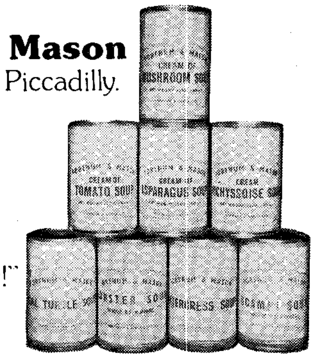

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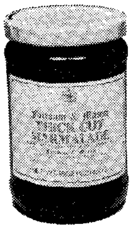

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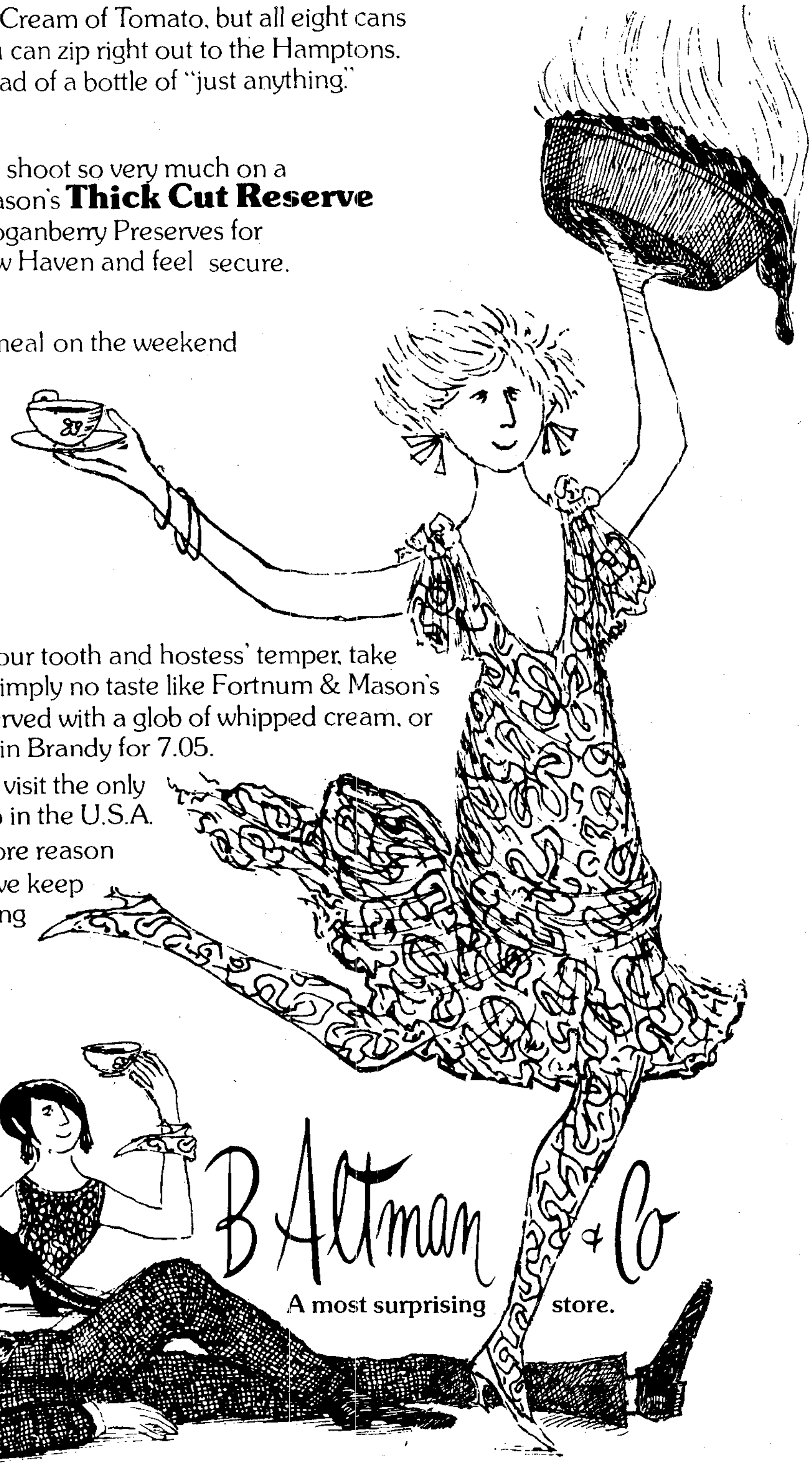

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THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

LAST week, people were reading the edited transcripts of the tape recordings made by President Nixon. We asked a number of them to tell us their reactions.

ALFRED M. LANDON, former governor of Kansas; Republican candidate for President, 1936:

The House Judiciary Committee started its hearings today, and I welcome their prompt attention to the question of the impeachment of the President. As far as my personal opinion of the transcripts is concerned, the most important point is that in all the tapes the conversations were apparently about the options that were open in dealing with the public-relations aspects and about how to avoid further disclosures. There is a complete absence of any positive and forceful policy by the President to clean out down to the bone, an absence of any concern to bring the malefactors to justice. The responsibility of the Republican Party in this situation is the same as the responsibility of the Democrat Party, or any other political party, for that matter. It's not a partisan question, and, so far, in the proceedings of the Judiciary Committee, while there has been some evidence of partisanship, on the whole partisanship has been most satisfactorily absent. The proceedings have to be carried out in a most thorough way.

WILLIAM SCRANTON, former Republican governor of Pennsylvania:

I am just very, very sad. It bothers me that people in the country would get the impression that people in government all talk and behave this way. Even the language. But chiefly the amorality. I have not seen anything like it in my experience of politics. In any brass-tacks, gutsy conference in business or education or politics that I have been involved with, there may have been some immorality, but rarely amorality. In the whole two-thirds of the transcripts that I have read there is rarely a consideration of morality. The priorities of a person in public office should be first the people he or she represents, then the party, then the administration of the office he or she holds, and then the individual. Here the priorities are reversed. The individual is first, next the office, next the party, and last the people. It makes me very sad.

WILLIAM G. MILLIKEN, Republican governor of Michigan:

I fail to find in those transcripts the overwhelming proof of the President's innocence that we were promised. In the best light, all that can be said is that the transcripts of the tapes contain many ambiguities. Leaving aside the question of the President's guilt or innocence, the transcripts of the tapes can only have a depressing effect on those who read them. We search in vain for any discussion of what is good public policy. We search in vain for the kind of moral tone that is needed to restore public confidence in government and our political system. We search in vain for any discussion of how the true facts of Watergate and related abuses of power can be uncovered and brought to public light. But, in fairness to the President, it should be emphasized that these transcripts are but excerpts from the Presidency. Obviously, any final accounting of his Presidency needs to be considered in the context of the overall record of his Administration in domestic and foreign affairs. But the fact is that these transcripts could serve as a frightening model of political cynicism and pragmatism carried to the ultimate extreme. It is a distasteful brew of suspicion, distrust, and cynicism unworthy of any public official.

DAVID W. HIRST, historian; associate editor of the papers of Woodrow Wilson:

I have no doubt that Wilson would have been horrified by the whole episode. It's a far, far cry from the kind of integrity that he stood for. Wilson could be petty and vindictive, and he had personality defects and so on, but nothing in his career was remotely comparable to the amorality and apparent criminality that are displayed in the Nixon transcripts. Wilson was acutely aware of the dangers of unstable government in a time of crisis. During the 1916 campaign, Wilson proposed in a letter that if the Republican candidate, Charles Evans Hughes, were to win the election, Wilson would immediately appoint him Secretary of State. Both Wilson and his Vice-President would then resign, assuring Hughes of a quick succession to the Presidency. But I am at a loss to find anything with which to compare Nixon's approach to the office.

RUSSELL KIRK, historian:

Did President Nixon deliberately obstruct justice in the Watergate affair? That is the legitimate concern of Congress in the matter of the tapes. As far as I can judge from a reading of the transcripts, he did not. So the tapes do not supply grounds for impeachment. Did he participate in an attempt to cover up details of the Watergate folly? It seems to me that he did so, in the sense that he did not wish to have the public scandal grow even bigger. But in comparable circumstances any President of the United States would have attempted to hush up the matter so far as possible—with the possible exceptions of Presidents Washington and Hoover, and I have my doubts even about Hoover. President Kennedy, for instance, refrained from offering any public explanation of the American government's involvement in the overthrow of President Diem, in Vietnam. Much of the public was not aware of that involvement until the Pentagon Papers were published. Doubtless, President Kennedy was vexed that the action against Diem had been accomplished by his subordinates, and just so, doubtless, President Nixon regretted the zeal of his subordinates at Watergate. But the transcripts do not reveal any positive obstruction of justice by him in the attempted coverup. As for the expletives in the transcripts, I am not so shocked as some of my journalistic colleagues profess to be. It has been my experience that a good many people holding elective office sometimes say "hell" and "damn" in private conversations. I have found that even members of the Washington press corps sometimes use expletives. So on a few occasions did President Washington, while President Lincoln was a famous teller of dirty stories. If we begin impeaching Presidents because they curse occasionally, perhaps the likeliest candidate for 1976 is Mrs. Margaret Chase Smith.

William E. Leuchtenburg, historian, Columbia University; author of books about Franklin Roosevelt and the New Deal:

In 1933, Roosevelt set up something called the National Emergency Council, and stenographic records of its meetings were kept. The council was basically a way of bypassing the Cabinet, although a few Cabinet members were among the dozen or fifteen men who came to the meetings. There is some pretty hard-nosed discussion—for example, about Huey Long and the distribution of patronage. At one point, Roosevelt says, "Don't put anybody in and don't keep anybody that is working for Huey Long or his crowd! That is a hundred per cent!" Roosevelt comes off as a tough guy, but it is all within a programmatic context. That's what's missing in the Nixon conversations, quite apart from the fact that they're talking about the commission of very serious crimes, such as subornation of perjury and obstruction of justice. For the first twenty-four hours after Nixon's speech, I was inclined to feel that people were huffing and puffing a little too much about this. After all, people don't sit around talking about their credos, and if you tape any sort of conversation in everyday life, it probably won't be very edifying. That amount of grace ought to be accorded to Nixon. But after reading the transcripts and thinking about them for a few days, I no longer feel so generous. It sounds kind of Pecksniffian to talk about morality, but this sounds more like transcripts of that gangsters' meeting in Apalachin a few years ago than the conversation of a man in the office that was held by Theodore Roosevelt, Woodrow Wilson, and Franklin Roosevelt. There was always a crassness about Nixon, going back to his attack on Helen Gahagan Douglas as the "pink lady" and the way he used the Communist issue against Jerry Voorhis and Adlai Stevenson. Yet nothing prepared me for this. There is such a quality of moral emptiness. That remark of Dean's— Nixon has been talking about using police agencies against his so-called enemies, and Dean says, "What an exciting prospect!" I can't think of any kind of historical parallel for that, thank God.

Eugene Genovese, historian, University of Rochester:

It's a busy time in the academic year, and I have a weak stomach, but I have read the transcripts. One of the things that sadden me is that I haven't any doubt that this is the way things are done in governments—this ruthlessness, this consciencelessness. But that doesn't mean I take the matter lightly. I feel cynical about the expressions of outrage now being heard, but, on the other hand, I myself am outraged. The real problem is not just that they got caught, that they were slobs, but that they failed to show that minimal respect for the decency and sensibility of the American people which sets limits to the ruthlessness, and even dirtiness, that may be intrinsic to ruling a world power. While the President may be taking the rap for what many of his predecessors have also done, it's possible that the carelessness and excesses of his Administration may lead to greater vigilance and concern, which will minimize the dirty side of government, at least for a while. One thing I would hope to see coming out of this, though I'm not optimistic about it, would be a curbing of political police powers in the country. I'm afraid that the concentration on impeachment may very well push these considerations, which in my view are more important, aside. I would rather have Nixon stay in office and have the F.B.I., the C.I.A., and the Law Enforcement Assistance Administration subjected to close public scrutiny than have Nixon impeached without a serious investigation of at least the illegal acts of the political police. Those that are legal are bad enough.

C. Vann Woodward, historian, Yale University:

Apart from the criminality that occurred, and the grounds for impeachment, which seem to be implicit in what was said, what the transcripts added, for me, was a moral dimension—a sort of sliminess, a low-grade quality of mind, the prevalence of which I had suspected and which has now been amply confirmed. These transcripts are something quite new in history. There is nothing I can compare them to. Normally, we must depend on diaries, memoirs, letters, official records. It's possible that U. S. Grant talked this way in private, but I doubt it. It's possible that Harding talked this way, but, again, I doubt it. I think it will mean a kind of history we haven't had before, a kind that may be unique for the future as well as for the past. These transcripts have evidently been laundered, but what's there is appalling. It fills me with a kind of horror.

Arthur Schlesinger, Jr., historian, City University of New York; special assistant to President Kennedy:

What struck me first was the squalor of the Nixon White House. Nixon was always proud of his historic firsts, and this beats all his predecessors in sleaziness. One hears a lot of realistic talk about people and circumstances around any politician, although I don't think it is usually done with such banality. When political problems came up in Kennedy's time, you would have a tough, realistic examination—a lot of swearing and so forth—but I can't imagine Kennedy's toughest advisers trying to cover up crimes. In the case of the Nixon crowd, the substance of the predicament seems irrelevant to the solution of the predicament. I don't think that you can separate the tone from what they were talking about. They were so infatuated with the ability of the President to get away with anything that it didn't occur to them to look where they were going, or to discuss substance. There was a mood of Presidential invincibility.

Lewis Mumford, historian and philosopher:

By trying to conceal the ugly facts about his conduct, he has completely exposed himself. He has committed moral suicide in public.

Willis Lamb, physicist, Yale University:

I've read parts of the transcripts. I think that Nixon should not have released them. It smacks of eavesdropping, and tapes shouldn't be used in any court proceedings. It's impossible to be an executive and have what goes on in the executive office made available to outsiders. Basically, I believe more in the separation of powers than in having the tapes made public. I didn't like Nixon after reading the transcripts any better than I did before. He has disappointed me since the days when he won over Jerry Voorhis and Helen Gahagan Douglas. But impeachment is a political matter, and in this case I think it might set a very dangerous precedent. The problem is we wouldn't have three coequal branches of government after a successful impeachment of this kind. The transcripts indicate that Nixon was contemplating hush-money payments and things of that sort. That sounds bad, but an executive might have to consider all sorts of possibilities—even of dubious legality. Any talking people do is not criminal. What they *do* may be. Congress has a perfectly good way to deal with Nixon—impeach him. But my feeling is that the case against him isn't strong enough to warrant such a step.

LUIS ALVAREZ, physicist, University of California at Berkeley:

It's terribly embarrassing to read what was going on, but I don't think anyone I know was terribly surprised. I've read everything that's been printed out here but not the complete transcripts. I'm not very happy. I think the executive branch has ground to a halt, except for Henry Kissinger. I would agree with Senator Scott when he says that the transcripts portray a shabby, disgusting, immoral performance. Any thoughtful American would say that. The academic community has been anti-Nixon for a very long time. I voted for the President, after having voted against him three times before, and served on P-SAC (the President's Scientific Advisory Committee) for about four months, until he fired us all in January of '73. I'm glad at the moment that he *did* fire us, because it would be very embarrassing at the present time to be part of the Administration. The lines of communication between the President and the scientific community have been severed—in physics this has been true for a very, very long time. I would guess that it's a year and a half since the President has talked to any scientist except H. Guyford Stever, the head of the National Science Foundation and now his science adviser. We don't have any way of getting ideas to the President, and it's obvious from the transcripts that a great many other people in and out of government were having the same type of problem.

WILLIAM H. STEIN, biochemist, Rockefeller University:

I don't feel that my views should be given more weight than those of any other decent citizen. Because of a physical disability, I have been unable to read the transcripts, but I have had parts of them read to me, I have heard excerpts over television, and I have discussed them with a number of people. Having followed Nixon's career since the late nineteen-forties, I'm surprised not at the amorality of the situation but at the ineptitude with which it was handled. Then, the idea that the edited transcripts would somehow exonerate the President has proved to be completely erroneous. Fundamentally, it's the ineptitude that amazes me. I expected a more accurate recognition of public opinion than Nixon and his advisers appear to have had. I don't know whether it was bad advice or bad judgment on the part of the President, but it was misjudgment, period. I can only add that this country owes a deep and lasting debt of gratitude to the Washington *Post* for getting the Watergate facts before the public.

ALBERT SZENT-GYÖRGYI, biochemist, Marine Biological Laboratory, Woods Hole:

I haven't read the complete transcripts, but I'm deeply disgusted. This Administration has made out of the innermost sanctuary of the nation a criminal conspiracy. The country can say, "We find it all right, because that's what the Administration wants," or the country can say, "We find it to be a criminal conspiracy, and we kick out the conspirators." My deep worry is the question of peace; we have enough bombs in place on both sides to wipe out mankind, and it's important to have moral, responsible people in control of them. The whole question of peace and war is a moral question. If you have a relapse into a more primitive social status, intellectually—as Nixon has led us to have—the future becomes problematical. This country is like a ship, with the captain responsible for whatever happens. Nixon has got to be the best-informed man in the country. Therefore, to say he knew nothing of Watergate is nonsense. If he gets away with this, it only means that he was too clever. He's in dirt up to his neck. So to think for a minute that he was *not* informed is absurd.

JOSEPH A. CALIFANO, JR., attorney; special assistant to President Johnson:

I've read about half the transcripts, and the contrast with the Johnson White House is enormous. I think it's an utterly amoral discussion. Initially, I thought that the transcripts were terribly diffuse and really non-decision-oriented. I now think, as I've read more of them, that in the context of what they were talking about what appear to be relatively fuzzy directives from Nixon in the cold type of the transcripts were, indeed, quite clear directives to these people. That they knew exactly what he wanted them to do. Let me give you an example. By the time I had served in the White House for a year, in daily contact with the President on pending legislative programs, I knew exactly what he wanted done with respect to any number of programs—how much to give in a compromise or what to do with this or that. Or when I was in conversation with the President, in forty seconds a major issue could be resolved, because we'd been through it before and we were now down to the crunch on it. If you've been over a major bill before you send it to Congress, and then argue and dicker with a congressional committee for months, you come down to the final compromise. At that point, I could have a conversation with the President that could last less than a minute and I'd know exactly what he wanted done on this specific provision. And I get a very strong sense of that kind of thing now out of those transcripts. It really is a group of amoral people saving their own skins. There is no concern about the Presidency, no sincere concern about national security, no concern about the impact of this on the whole operation of government, no sensitivity to the lack of confidence in the government. It's just appalling to think of a man sitting in that office like a godfather—that's the way it sounds. As a lawyer, I find that the level of the legal discussion was, really, adolescent. They grossly misjudged even the public-relations part; their judgment was absolutely terrible. I think they were dominated by the sense that they could get away with the big lie. They still are. It is almost as though it is irrelevant to Nixon what is printed in newspapers and magazines. He thinks that the people will believe what he tells them on TV, and that the fallout subsequent to that will never catch up with his television message. Right now, he must be consumed with simple survival—that overrides everything. It's not really comparable to anything that happened to Johnson. My own feeling is that Nixon is not going to resign; he's going to, basically, hang in there in the hope of getting thirty-four senators. The only way he would resign would be if he were convinced that he could not get thirty-four senators. Because then that would be the lesser of two evils, as he saw them. But if he can get thirty-four senators, his perception would be that "I'll just be another

President like Andrew Johnson, who was impeached but not convicted. And they'll remember a couple of other things about my Administration." Whereas if he quits he'll be the only President in the history of the country who ever quit. That's how I think he must see it. Look at that speech, and that incredible brief by St. Clair. The transcripts were held back until about two hours before the evening news shows, so they got not only the morning papers but the afternoon papers as well with his version. I think, very frankly, that the very same type of conversations that were going on in the Oval Office, as released through those transcripts, are still going on today. It's the same idea. He's pursuing the same tactics. Everything he's doing is to get more time. Because the longer he stays in office the stronger the argument becomes: Why put the country through this kind of ordeal?

George Reedy, dean of the College of Journalism, Marquette University; press secretary to President Johnson:

About like everyone else, I guess, I'm shocked by the tone of the transcripts. It's so damned *un-Presidential*. I don't mean the profanity—Lyndon Johnson was not altogether genteel in his expressions—I mean the aimless shuffling around, the constant seeking of reassurance from assistants, the total obliviousness to the moral issues involved. Most politicians, even at their worst, make some obeisance to moral issues. The President supposedly knew nothing about the activities of CREEP, but I have yet to find any outburst of moral outrage in these transcripts. The President's view seems to have been: "Well, it was done, and the only problem is that you've been caught." You get the feeling he wouldn't have seen anything wrong with it if nobody had been caught. You don't expect Fourth of July speeches in private conversation. You don't expect a man to wrap himself in the flag when he's talking with two or three trusted intimates. What you *do* expect is: "What the hell were you doing? What the hell were you idiots up to? Didn't you know that was illegal and un-Constitutional? Didn't you know it was against everything I stand for?" Not some generalized moral pronouncement, just something like that. Lyndon Johnson and I did not part friends, but I'm convinced he would not, and did not, turn police agencies loose on people just because they opposed him politically. Within the White House, he didn't like disagreement any better than Nixon does. I don't suppose any of us likes disagreement; it's just that most of us can't get away with excluding it from our lives. If Nixon survives impeachment, it's going to be impossible for him to run the country. Running the country depends on more than just the authority of the institution. There has to be at least a residual willingness of the people to follow the President's leadership, and I think that's going to be terribly difficult after this.

Emmet John Hughes, professor of politics, Rutgers University; administrative assistant to President Eisenhower:

When I listened to Nixon's speech the evening before the transcripts were released, I had the strong feeling that what would be disclosed would turn out to be extremely damaging, because the moral density of this President and his advisers had reached the point where they were unable to distinguish not only between right and wrong but between helpful and unhelpful. What I've read since confirms that feeling. Beyond initial shock, the single word that first came to mind as I read these transcripts was "vulgarity"—vulgarity of thought and vulgarity of conscience, though perhaps one can't say "vulgarity of conscience" when conscience is simply absent. What were the adjectives Hugh Scott used—"shabby," "disgusting," "immoral"? Well, the first adjective that suggested itself to me was "vulgar," and the second was "craven." In terms of contrasts with Eisenhower, or, I suppose, with any other President—and those contrasts are stunning—one of the oddest and, for me, most unexpected revelations was the audacity and impudence with which Nixon's assistants talked to a President of the United States. Finally, when you're *all* through, the most striking thing is not what is said but what is left unsaid; namely, any consideration of the general good of the country or the serious life of the Presidency. The transcripts show what one knew already—that Nixon lives in a world completely made up of ad-hoc situations: ad-hoc problems, ad-hoc crises, ad-hoc solutions. The sovereign question is: How do we get from today to tomorrow? The record now before the people makes one so sick that it almost chokes off anger.

Edward J. Bloustein, president of Rutgers University:

I find myself a little troubled that I and a lot of other people are looking at the transcripts as part of a detective story—who "done" it and how it was done—when there are much larger issues involved, issues there is a distinct danger we'll lose sight of. This isn't a whodunit but a question of whether there was a gross abuse of Constitutional prerogatives and obligations. And the seductive character of the mystery story shouldn't take us from the larger question. My second impression is that the more you read the clearer it becomes that the tapes are needed, that the transcripts aren't enough, and that the particular transcripts being used are grossly inadequate to make judgments from. Third is the arrogance of power involved in his saying what is and what is not relevant to the House inquiry. That is, in a sense, a greater Constitutional affront than anything else he has done. The obligation is in the House committee, and he can't limit that by determining what is and what is not relevant. On the very narrow issue of who "done" it, from some evidence I see in the transcripts there is a good prima-facie case he done it and is in complicity. I don't think it reaches a standard of proof beyond a reasonable doubt, but it certainly reaches the prima-facie standard used by grand juries. I also see a plus. This may help finally to demythologize the Presidency. Why is everybody astounded that he is a human being? If this helps the American people see that this is just a guy who got elected, maybe the myth of the Imperial Presidency will partly be overcome.

Henry Ford, chairman of the board of the Ford Motor Company:

I think Senator Scott's remarks were rather apt.

George Meany, president of the A.F.L.-C.I.O.:

Mr. Nixon has decided to take his case to the court of public opinion. Our verdict is that he has disgraced the office of the Presidency. The transcripts show him involved in the payment of hush money, the obstruction of justice, and the misprision of felony. The transcripts are sickening. The longer this man remains in the White House the more shame he will bring upon himself.

Lucy Wilson Benson, former president of the League of Women Voters of the United States:

The transcripts show that the President is oblivious to the responsibilities that attach to the use of power. He has no understanding of, or respect, or even a passing thought, for the obligations of a President to the people. And as for the tone of the discussions that took place in the Oval Office, I can only say it is unbelievable. If the tone were not so ludicrous, one would be tempted to say it was criminal.

JOHN CAIRNS, president of the Ripon Society:

The transcripts confirmed what most people had speculated—simply that the President, if he didn't know about the break-in in advance, certainly knew what was happening afterward. He regularly failed to express any indignation, failed to look at the problem from a moral point of view. I had hoped it would clear the air, but any hope was dissipated after an hour of reading. His gamble failed, and he unquestionably lessened his image in the public eye. I would like to hear the tapes, because I think reading gives one an opportunity to put interpretations on things which may not be fair, but the general lack of concern for the people he is supposed to represent is a trait I find all too frequently in politicians of both parties. His complete self-interest dominates. The guys who are expressing indignation now are doing the same thing all the time, and they don't realize what they are doing. In my experience, one finds the same thing right up through the scale, although much less at the local level, because local politicians necessarily have much more contact with the people. But once you get up into the state legislative level it becomes worse, and so on up as the politician gets farther away from the people. Nixon just took it to its logical conclusion.

CLAIRE RANDALL, general secretary of the National Council of Churches:

I must speak personally, because the National Council has not taken any position on the transcripts. I would say, then, that the transcripts suggest that it is urgent that the Judiciary Committee move ahead in their work. The transcripts leave a great deal to be desired. They certainly don't seem to exonerate the President. Clearly, it would be better if the tapes themselves had been released, for what has come out leaves one with even stronger doubts than before about the President's conduct. It tends, in fact, to confirm some of our worst fears. For the President to be setting himself above the law is not the best thing for the nation. It makes it sound as if he had something to hide. If he is not hiding anything, then it would be better if the tapes themselves were released.

ROY WILKINS, executive director of the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People:

I haven't read all of the transcripts, but I made up my mind some time ago about Mr. Nixon—it is my conviction that the man has to go.

JAMES GAVIN, chairman of the board of Arthur D. Little; retired lieutenant general of the United States Army:

I have found the transcripts absolutely fascinating. The question that occurs to me is: Why in the world would this man release them? They amount to a terrible indictment of him. I came to the conclusion that he had to release something so awful that people would feel he had gone all the way, while, on analysis, there was nothing clearly indictable in them, so that it might save him from impeachment. But I don't see how people could read this without feeling horribly betrayed.

WILLIAM WESTMORELAND, retired general of the United States Army:

I was rather disappointed in some of the revelations that emerged from these transcripts. The impeachment proceeding is progressing in accordance with provisions of the Constitution, and it would be presumptuous of me at this time to pass judgment on whether the President is guilty or not guilty. With respect to resignation, which has been discussed over many months, my feeling is that it is a matter that the President has to decide in his own conscience—he must do what is best for the country. It is not my intention to make my personal reactions public at this time. I will say that there has been some reaction here to the language of the transcripts, and I must say that I was quite disappointed to be made aware of the type of language that was used in these private meetings. The transcripts are not a burning issue in South Carolina. This thing has been with us so long that people are saturated with it and they just hope it will go away.

ROBERT HEILBRONER, economist, New School for Social Research:

What the outcome of these revelations will be is anyone's guess. I'm hopeful they may serve a curative purpose. I don't think that most Americans want their government run by small-time sharpies. More important, the transcripts may give rise not only to a widespread sense of disgust but also to one of shame. This is, after all, the Administration that we have elected and reëlected, and what is now revealed to public scrutiny is nothing other than what we should have expected from the sleazy morality of the Administration in its formal appearances. If there was ever a chance for a democracy to examine its own standards, this is it. What remains to be seen is whether these standards are only an aberration, which will now be put behind us, or a level to which we have descended from which it will be hard to rise.

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, economist, Harvard University; Ambassador to India under President Kennedy:

I've been in and out of Washington for the last twenty-five years and I've never heard talk like this. Of course, I've never had that much to do with the managerial side of politics. My surprise was the lawyers. In my experience, the lawyers told you what you couldn't do. In the New Deal-Fair Deal days, lawyers were the conscience of the Administration. But in the transcripts the officers of the court tell how to manage the crime. Maybe I was less surprised than most people because I've been involved with Nixon and always thought he was like this, although I did think he was smarter. I was an observer, but an involved one, in the Hiss case (I knew Hiss slightly and most of the players), and then was with Stevenson in '52 and '56 and Kennedy in '60, so Nixon has always been around. I didn't think he was so meandering, so unable to make decisions, but my general reaction to the transcripts was: There is the Nixon I have always known. The transcripts do a useful job of demystifying the Presidency. It has always been my feeling that the bureaucracy runs the United States government. The President is needed for changing course, giving initiative, the large design, but that is about all. It really isn't as important a job as we make it out to be. It's just that there is a deep monarchical instinct in the American Republic, and the President and the people around him have to fill that expectation by pretending to be extremely busy and important. They aren't that busy, and the transcripts prove it. Nixon was able to spend a whole year talking about the coverup. Only once or twice did they even ask what time it was. They would have been so much further ahead if they had read a few mysteries. As any mystery reader knows, in any story the likelihood of exposure is increased geometrically with the number of people who know. Their problem was impossible, as they should have known. Also, in the United States, the people who uncover wickedness get more money than those who are wicked. This, too, was their nemesis. And, last, I was struck by the contemptuous feeling behind the release of the transcripts—that people couldn't, or wouldn't, read them.

James A. Farley, former chairman of the Democratic National Committee:

Last September, I said it was a sad and sordid story, and I have no reason to change my opinion.

John Gardner, chairman of Common Cause:

The impact is going to be very great on the American people. My own feeling is that the movement of public opinion in this case has been very powerful and consistent. The erosion of the President's position has been remarkably steady over two years. I think that the chief impact of the transcripts on that opinion is that they lay bare the totally manipulative quality of the men in the White House, and the almost total absence of moral tone.

Norman Mailer, author:

Quick thoughts: Nixon's crime is his inability to rise above admiration for the corporation. Throughout the transcripts, he is acting like the good, tough, even-minded, cool-tempered, and tastefully foulmouthed president of a huge corporation—an automobile man, let us say, who has just discovered that his good assistants have somehow, God knows how, allowed more than a trace of tin to get into the molybdenum. Now they have the choice of calling back one hundred thousand cars with faulty bearings or letting a few pile up at the traffic lights. The press and the politicians scream that he has no moral values. He has no more and no less sense of value than any big corporation president in the land. Who, after all, polluted America in the first place? Now we're having an Aztec ceremony to clean up the mess. We won't be happy until we cut Richard Nixon's heart out and hold it high on the summit of the Presidential pyramid while an ooh goes up from the crowd. But his crime, moral insensitivity, is the one with which he began, prospered, lost, despaired, and finally succeeded in the passion of Richard Nixon. Good old American moral inanition. Was Lyndon Johnson less disgusting in Vietnam, or Jack Kennedy less cynical in some of the conversations he had—doubtless had—about the little workings of the C.I.A.? Poor Nixon. He makes the peace with Russia and China by pitching the political equivalent of a shutout on his own right-wing Murderers' Row (which no Democrat ever had the nerve to do). Then he slips on the dugout steps. One could pity him, if not for having been shamed by his presence as the Uriah Heep of the Indo-Chinese war—all those years when one had to listen to Nixon speak of the enemy as he ordered the carnage and bombardment. For that, Nixon will never be forgiven, but these are schizophrenic years—the separate parts of ourselves hardly communicate—and so one is even tempted to admire the final release of these unreleasable transcripts. What a boon to historians, what a blow to ambiguity. How much easier it might have been for Nixon to resign and cry foul for the rest of his life, thereby to muddy the last washes of Watergate. Instead, he takes the gamble, he rages "against the dying of the light." Yet as he takes this last desperate step, he nonetheless repeats the theme of his life—he cannot take the step with all of himself in the same place. Expletive deleted. He lacks the simple New York smart to keep the obscenities in. All his life he has been trying to tell us he is a man, a real man, and we keep replying he ain't. A real man knows how to swear. Now he finally has the stuff to show it. Better, he flings himself on the final court of public opinion. Yet we still do not know if he even swears well. He could have had the bars of America laughing with his prejudices, saying, Hey, the guy is no good and he can prove it, but he's one funny guy, he'll make you laugh. Instead, our Richard squirts deodorant at the smell in the room, and we all feel the pall. I'm beginning to think he is doomed. The stubbornest man in America, and doomed. With all his congealed and unadmitted boldness, with all his transcendent hypocrisy (the gas of his false pieties enters the very spirit of anti-matter), still he has always been, in the final crisis, the fool of small-town caution. So, in the grand boiling of the pots of American opinion, our National Yardbird goes into the broth without his feathers, and all salts withheld. We will be a great nation on the day we come to see that his ability to poach in his own juice is the American disease of us all. For the flavor of his moral invention, as he cooks himself, is saccharin, preservative, and gobs of super-burger. Bile in the stomach, canker on the tongue, and woe in the pit. What if his horror is the same as ours when we say at 3 A.M. *we are not so bad as they think we are*, and writhe in the thought that God may not agree? Let someone say, at any rate, that if ever a human was obliged to drink the cup of his own excretions, then the last or the next-to-last of the classic American Presidents has been that man. What a curiosity is our Democracy, what a mystery. No novelist unwinds a narrative so well.

Chesterfield Smith, president of the American Bar Association:

The partial transcripts of the White House Watergate tapes recently released by President Nixon are dumbfounding. At best, the transcripts reveal amazing and astonishing thought processes at the White House. Certainly they have demonstrated to my satisfaction that the type of moral leadership I personally expected from President Nixon and his close associates was totally lacking. It seems to me that anyone who reads them, no matter what his prior inclinations, must conclude that the conversations revealed are both unbecoming and unseemly to the high officials who uttered them. I suppose that the one dominant conclusion that I reached was that during the pertinent period involved in the transcripts there was an all-encompassing moral vacuum enveloping the President of the United States and those of his advisers whose discussions are partially revealed there. The transcripts are, of course, not the best evidence. Only the tapes themselves meet that evidentiary standard. It seems obvious to me that the House Judiciary Committee must continue to press for full compliance with its subpoena. Watergate and its sordid aftermath can only be put finally behind when the average American comes to believe that no additional incriminating evidence is being withheld by the President. Unfortunately for President Nixon, the release of the partial transcripts of the taped conversations created exactly the opposite reaction.

Orville Schell, president of the New York Bar Association:

The recorded Presidential conversations submitted by Nixon shocked and concern me more than I ever believed possible. They must be read by every American. Even though edited, not only do they admit an ugly, corrupt, amoral, and unprincipled Administration but they also show how close we came to losing those basic principles we all believe should govern us. As a people, we owe it to ourselves, to the past, and to the future to get all the facts, so that we may properly and without delay carry out the Constitutional process of impeachment. Then, with full knowledge of what actually did happen, we must establish safeguards to see that it does not happen again.

PIPE ALL HANDS—CHIMERAS DEAD AHEAD!

WHERE did one learn for the first time that Indian rajas often gave dinner parties on the Riviera at which liqueurs were distributed to the guests in solid-gold toy trains speeding over silver tracks? That Anna Held's damask complexion resulted from bathing daily in forty quarts of asses' milk? That the eye of the common fly, if magnified to the size of a soup plate, resembled the telescope atop Mount Wilson Observatory? Well, the answer to these rhetorical questions is yet another—where else but in Hearst's *American Weekly*, whose pages, teeming with the latest society scandals and oddities of science, exercised a profound educational influence on my generation? Yes, and it was in those very pages, moreover, that I was spellbound by Professor Hugo Münsterberg and his fantastic experiment at the Harvard Law School.

Hugo Münsterberg was a psychologist internationally celebrated except on Elmwood Avenue, in Providence, where I read about him at the age of twelve. In the course of lecturing a class of future lawyers on the unreliability of eyewitness evidence, he prepared a demonstration. A young man would rush in, he explained, quaking in terror as a pursuer hard on his heels pointed an object at him. There would be a brief dialogue between them, followed by action. The lights would then be extinguished for a moment and then turned on again, and the class would be asked to write down what had ensued. The events described thereupon took place. The first youth, as he ran, agonizedly called out, "Don't shoot!" The other, who was extending a banana, shouted, "You betrayed my sister! Boom!" Down went the presumptive seducer, the room blacked out, and the spectators fell to work recording their impressions.

The results were noteworthy. Eleven in the class stated that the avenger had borne a revolver, five that he was brandishing a dagger or dirk, and three that the weapon was a serrated bread knife. Four were unable to describe the weapon, though one recalled seeing a flash of yellow. The witnesses' accounts of the verbal exchange were equally confused. Some had distinctly heard the phrase "You brute!," others "You're afraid of my sister!," still others merely a string of profanity. Not one of the twenty-three, the Professor summarized, accurately reported what had occurred, despite having been briefed beforehand, so it was patent how little credence should be given such evidence in a courtroom.

The foregoing nugget of jurisprudence would have vanished irretrievably into limbo were it not for an article I came across a while ago in a regional publication called *On the Sound*. The writer, one Rudolph Chelminski, had set himself the formidable task of describing La Belle Simone, a ten-million-dollar yacht owned by William Levitt, the building tycoon. Apart from such luxuries as a marble spiral staircase, a shower with gold spigots, a leather-panelled elevator, a master stateroom with mirrored ceiling and a bulkhead cunningly devised to swing open at the touch of a button, the vessel, in its owner's words, was more or less a replica of his home on Long Island: "For instance, you know how in hotels there's the third tap for ice water? Well, we put that in here. What I did was to use my house-building experience." All in all, it justified his quietly prideful confidence to Chelminski: "I like to call it my Taj Mahal." Granted that Mumtaz Mahal's tomb contains no third tap for ice water and Levitt in his photographs appears less soulful than Shah Jahan; but otherwise the sentiment is dashing and incontestable.

The specific paragraph that waylaid me, though, dealt with the scene confronting the writer when he boarded the craft. It ran: "The gangway has a pleasing springboard effect to the tread. As we make the first yard a white-jacketed figure with black hair tied up in a coquettish ponytail bars passage to the poop deck. This is Dr. Greenberg, the ship's physician, who is identifiable by the badge on his chest. 'Dr. Greenberg,' it says. Dr. Greenberg is a young interne in surgery spending the season aboard for a lark. His ponytail attests to progressive ideas, but he still orders visitors to remove their shoes (parquet decks) and follows one pace behind to make sure they do not lift any ashtrays."

The instant I read that, I pricked up my ears—there was something radically wrong here. Why should Levitt, a chap affluent enough to spend millions on a vessel, engage a mere interne as ship's doctor? After all, the well-being of the two persons he loved most—his wife, Simone, and himself—was at stake, and either might be felled by a spar or snuffed out in a twinkling by *Salmonella enteritidis*. No, it was unthinkable that people chronicled as buying their wine from Alexis Lichine and their frillies from Irene Galitzine would scrimp on their medico. But hold on; the thought struck me abruptly—perhaps Chelminski had been deceived. Perhaps, overcome by excitement at beholding so fabulous a craft, he had fallen into the precise psychological state of those Harvard students of yesteryear and was reporting what he *thought* he saw rather than the actuality.

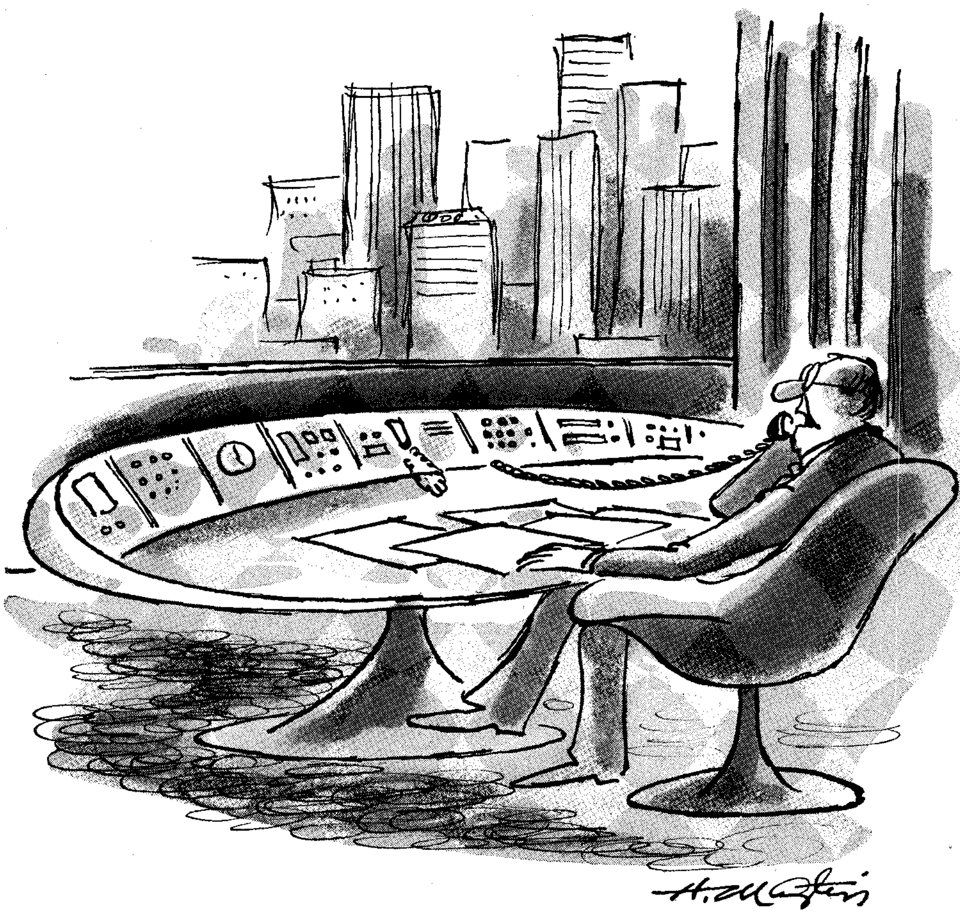
It was a fascinating speculation, and, filling my pipe with shag from a rug at hand, I tried to reconstruct the true course of events. The element that promised to be most fruitful, I decided, was Dr. Greenberg's onus to prevent ashtrays from being stolen. Surely so inconsiderable a theft would never perturb anyone, unless—and here an intriguing hypothesis began to take shape—it chanced to be immensely valuable, a collector's dream. Suppose, then, for the sake of argument, that of a sunny spring morning in London Levitt has issued from Claridge's (where he doubtless stays) and is being driven officeward in his Rolls. Infused with energy by the fine weather, he alights near Shepherd's Market and orders the chauffeur to follow in the car. (The rich often do this, as is well known.) Suddenly, through the dusty window of a small antique shop, he espies a priceless ashtray of mutton-fat jade among the Toby jugs, Staffordshireware poodles, and other bric-a-brac. Entering, he asks an old man in a yarmulke behind the counter where he acquired it.

"This?" The merchant fingers his cap. "Why, in a yarmulke store. Where else?"

"No, no—the ashtray," comes the impatient reply.

"Oh, that I bought from a lascar newly arrived on a ship laden with rich silken stuffs, with ivory, apes, and peacocks from fabled Samarkand and Ind."

"Hmm," Levitt comments skeptical-



"Miss Stouffer, I'm closing up shop for the day. Will you check me out? Shredder off. Automatic conversation-monitor off. Phonemate off. Executive-dictation unit off. Electric stapler off. . . ."

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ly. "Was he swarthy? All lascars have to be swarthy."

Assured that the seller's swarth was beyond cavil, Levitt purchases the ashtray and leaves—only to be held up at knife point by the chauffeur, who is not a chauffeur at all but the accomplice of the lascar, the real chauffeur being trussed up as neatly as a fowl back at Claridge's. Thanks to a vigilant police constable, however, the miscreant is collared and removed to the bridewell, there to receive his just deserts. Levitt, shrewdly foreseeing that his treasure will be a target for light-fingered guests aboard his yacht, hires a robust butcher from Smithfield Market to guard it; and it is he whom, clad in white coat and apron, Chelminski erroneously took for a surgical interne.

At this point, a lesser investigator might have succumbed to self-congratulation on his astuteness. Fortunately, I am not prone to hubris, and, heeding the Malay proverb "*Banyak djalan*"—which is to say, there are many roads or solutions to an enigma—I reëxamined Chelminski's words for another rationale to Greenberg's identity. Straightaway, I was rewarded with another theory. It lurked behind the phrase "he still orders visitors to remove their shoes (parquet decks)." Implicit therein is the assumption that the mere touch of a visitor's shoe might profane La Belle Simone's decks. Very well—what religion makes the removal of shoes mandatory on entry to hallowed places? Why, Buddhism, to be sure, and instantly the whole thing becomes crystal clear. Unknown to his business associates and even his intimates, Levitt has embraced that faith, and what more natural than that he should hire a zealot—in this case, a Burmese dacoit—to watch over his saltwater home? It all fits in—the crisp white jacket, the black hair exotically coiffed. . . . Had Chelminski bothered to glance down, he could not have failed to notice the *longyi*, the characteristic sarong worn by all Burmans, but he was too dazzled by his surroundings. Just because the badge pinned to the fellow's chest said "Dr. Greenberg," the poor innocent swallowed the bait and took him for Greenberg. Still, knowing what we do about Burmese dacoity, it was lucky for him that he didn't press the matter, else he might have had his weasand slit from ear to ear.

In my triumph at having evolved two cogent interpretations of the scene at the gangway, I fell into an error committed by even the most skilled of logicians: I assumed that a third was impossible. It was not until I had painstakingly reread the entire paragraph word by word that I detected the reason. In spite of the repeated use of the masculine pronoun to describe the interne, his ponytail was pointedly characterized as "coquettish." Was this a slip of the pen, or—far more significant—a clue to the real sex of the *soi-disant* "Dr. Greenberg"? But of *course,* I exploded as the truth dawned on me. The white-coated guardian of La Belle Simone wasn't a male at all—she was Consuelo Münsterberg, by an incredible coincidence a great-granddaughter of the renowned psychologist himself! A junior at Vassar, she and Peaches Yaroslav, the two brightest students in their class, have been neck-and-neck rivals for the post of editor of the influential *Vassar Economic Review*, the palm to be awarded to the author of its most stimulating editorial. Consuelo has chosen for her subject "Henry George and the Single Tax," and who better qualified than Levitt to be interviewed on this abstruse subject? Bewitchingly garbed in a laboratory coat inherited from her famed ancestor, the intrepid creature had smuggled herself aboard the yacht and lurked on the poop, primed to charm her unsuspecting quarry. Small wonder, then, that Chelminski, already mommixed by the floating palace he had set foot on, should fall prey to Consuelo's dimples and misinterpret what he saw. Who are we to criticize him? A man would have to be made of stone.

The first mauve flush of daylight had streaked the eastern sky over Sarasota as I concluded my reflections, and, watching Old Sol gild the distant roofs on Siesta Key, I experienced a thrill of pride that I had brought these two young people together. Would Consuelo and Chelminski find happiness with each other? Would Levitt, mayhap touched to the core by their devotion, in a supreme act of self-abnegation relinquish his yacht to them—marble staircase, gold spigots, the whole caboodle? A suspicious drop of moisture very akin to a tear splashed on my wrist, sentimental idiot that I am, and, obedient to another old maxim, "Sufficient unto the day are the rhetorical questions thereof," I stole away to my bed.

—S. J. PERELMAN

THE BLAMELESS TRIANGLE

WIRRE GEDANKEN was a small Elfin Kingdom, never of any importance and now extinct. In the Austrian section of Countess Morphy's "Recipes of All Nations," *Wirre Gedanken* (translated "Troubled Thoughts") designates a kind of fried bun; but there does not seem to be any historical connection. The Castle of Wirre Gedanken was situated in a gloomy crevice of the Harz Mountains. As it lay beneath one of the main routes to the Walpurgisnacht Festival on the Brocken, the excited screamings and hallooings of witches and warlocks flying overhead was a recurrent nuisance and a recurrent subject of conversation. There was also the plight of the marmots to be deplored. The great bonfires burned so hotly that the snow melted and seeped into the marmot burrows, prematurely wakening the harmless little animals to die of hunger and pneumonia. So Queen Balsamine declared. Compassion for marmots was the soft spot in a character otherwise so irritable and arbitrary that Balsamine survives in English folklore of the nineteenth century as the Red Queen. The castle resounded with the weeping of maidservants, the moaning of bower-women, the howls of pages under the lash. The Headsman was always at the ready—though in fact few executions took place, as Balsamine's attention was constantly diverted to a new offender and the Headsman went in fear of being blamed for striking off the wrong head. He drew a large salary and liked his comforts.

One day in early spring the Queen was bitten by a mouse.

The upshot was totally unforeseen. Exhausted by the cares of sovereignty, Balsamine decided to go for a rest cure to Bad Nixenbach, the fashionable elfin health resort. The greater part of the court went with her, for she did not wish to travel like a nobody. Those she discarded remained at Wirre Gedanken, with a small staff and on the equivalent of board wages.

The discards were named Ludo, Moor, Tinkel, Nimmerlein, and Banian. Ludo was her Consort. Moor, Tinkel, and Nimmerlein had been at various times Royal Favorites. All had proved disappointments and were now middle-aged. Banian was young and slender, and had been chosen to make one of her party till at the last moment he became a disappointment by coming out in an anxiety rash.

For the first days after Balsamine's departure the unwonted quiet kept them awake all night. But by degrees they gained confidence and began to converse. Banian, being young, was the first to speak. His anxiety rash had disappeared, and he remarked on the beauty of the spring. "The boy chirps," commented Moor to Nimmerlein. Nimmerlein replied that Banian's mind needed stimulating. The next day he asked him if he thought marmots were happy. If so, why? If not, why not? In either case, what reasons had he for thinking so? Etc. Stimulated by this Socratic scrabbling, Banian objected that he was not a marmot. At this, the others joined in. Would he like to be a marmot? How was he so sure he was not a marmot? What is it in man which distinguishes him from marmots? Banian was half out with the marmot's capacity to sleep throughout the winter when they all fell on him with the capacities of reason and speculation. By nightfall Banian had learned a quantity of new words and longed to use them.

One of the words was "prolegomena." Another was "symposium." "Shall we have another little symposium?" Ludo would ask—tenderly, as though offering daisies to a lamb. It was delightful to be able to talk so freely, at such leisure, without fear of rebuke or contradiction or decapitation. They all felt this, but Ludo felt it most, for he was the longest sufferer among them.

"I wish we could make a regular thing of it," he said. "Nothing formal. Just to meet and exchange ideas."

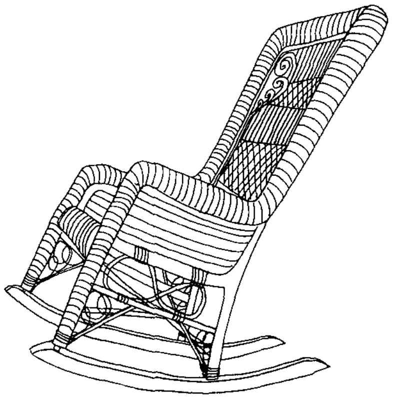
Moor said such meetings might be taken for plotting.

"Well, just to meet and meditate together."

"What about?" asked Nimmerlein.

Anticipating Goethe, Ludo replied, "Goodness, and truth, and the beautiful."

"Then we shall soon be at each other's throats," said Tinkel, who in his youth had invisibly attended a conclave of bishops.

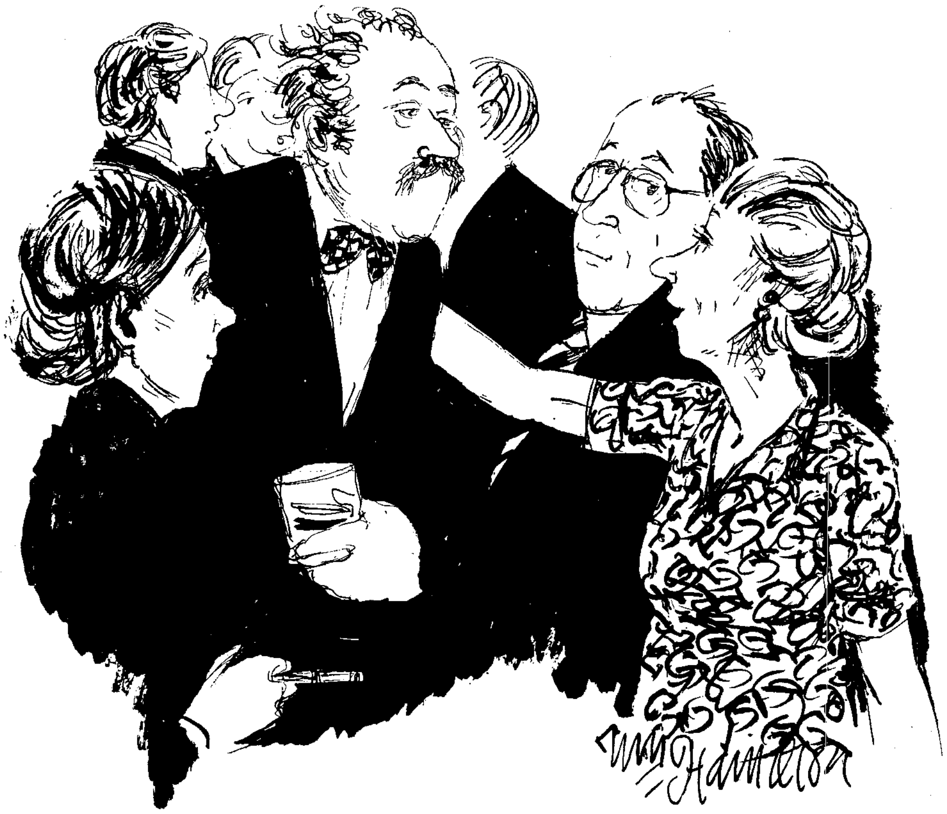


Banian said that if they just meditated, in time they might hit on something to meditate about.

The wish to meditate took hold on them. In the mortal world there were whole religious communities who devoted their lives to meditation. But even in monasteries, the travelled Tinkel objected, there is dissension, and far too much singing. They wanted something quieter. Discussing what it was they wanted, they found that what they essentially and unanimously wanted was to get away from Wirre Gedanken. Where to, and what to meditate on, would resolve itself later. Not to know where they were going, Moor pointed out, was a positive advantage. One cannot be fetched back from the indeterminate. The chance of being found by accident would be at least a hundred to one, increasing according to the square of the distance they travelled. To insure the indeterminate, they must leave as unobtrusively as possible. Before dawn, said Banian. With only a valet apiece, added Ludo. And leave packing till the night before, said Nimmerlein.

As one strips an artichoke, they simplified their departure till they reduced it to the anonymity of leaving by air, sans valets, and each carrying the barest necessities in a small portmanteau. Tinkel was the only one of them who had any experience of flying. Fairies in the Almanach are strictly brought up not to use their wings, which is servile and infra dig. Tinkel, however, though as well imbedded in the Almanach as the rest of them, had resorted to flying during his *Wanderjahr*, sacrificing dignity to the pursuit of learning. He assured them that it was really quite easy and that they would find themselves doing it by nature, once they had made the leap. It was just a question of unfolding one's wings—a brief effort but no more than dragonflies accomplish when they begin their dragonfly life. He took them to the lake to study dragonflies, and into a meadow to make experimental flights. It took them much longer to decide what they would take in their portmanteaux, but at last this was settled, and on a May morning they took off from the tallest tower of the castle and headed southeast, Tinkel in the lead.

A fairy's wings are small but constructed for a very high velocity. During the experimental flights across the meadow only about thirty per cent of full velocity had been attained. As the Wirre Gedanken party gathered speed,



"Speaking of breaking down stereotypes, Whitney, how about marching out to the kitchen and cracking those lobsters?"

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they began to feel dizzy and rather sick. They saw the landscape reel and tumble beneath them, and felt it would be impossible to alight on it. This was followed by a feeling that it would be impossible to fly on much longer. When Tinkel guided them down onto an upland meadow, they alighted clumsily but painlessly, and sat staring about them like children awakening in a strange bed. They ate some sausage, and fell asleep. Waking several hours later, they felt too stiff and exhausted to fly further, and spent the night in a haystack.

To Banian, opening his morning eyes on Nimmerlein sparkling with dew, the haystack seemed the very place they wanted, and he prepared himself for days and days of meditation. But his elders meant to fly on. Not till the afternoon of the third day did they find a shelter which fitted their requirements. It was a disused chapel on a lonely hillside with a brook near by. It had a sound tiled roof and narrow windows, many of them still glazed. It was dirty and cluttered with Christian odds and ends, but among the litter were some moth-eaten altar and pulpit cushions, a pitcher, and a useful font. A furry bell rope hung from a single bell. Tidied up, and cleared of its cobwebs, the chapel would make a very adequate place to meditate in.

They had unpacked their portmanteaux and were allotting cushions when they heard voices and the twang of zithers. A band of gypsy musicians was coming up the track in a very accustomed manner. In a very accustomed manner they crowded into the chapel, propped their instruments against the wall, gave the bell rope a friendly tweak, collected the cushions, and settled themselves on and around the altar. The men lit up their pipes. Some of the women unpacked baskets and brought out loaves of bread, cooked chickens, salami, and flasks of wine, while others laid and kindled a wood fire. As the fire gathered heart, an iron pot was placed on it.

The fairies watched all this in impotent despair. Court life at Wirre Gedanken had unfitted them for self-assertion. At Wirre Gedanken their tribulations had been blunted by large and regular meals. Now they were extremely hungry, for the last remains of their sausage had been honorably shared among them at breakfast. The lid was lifted from the iron pot and its contents stirred. An invigorating smell arose. Before the lid had been replaced, Banian snatched out a carrot and flew off, licking his scorched fingers. Meanwhile the loaves had been sliced, the cold chickens dismembered. Hovering invisible above the altar, Ludo, Moor, Tinkel, Nimmerlein, and Banian shared the gypsies' meal. Under the circumstances, the ordinary conventions of polite table manners were hard to keep up. At first, they helped themselves to undistributed bits—fragments which would not be missed. Before long, they were filching from the very hands of their hosts. A small irate gypsy turned on his neighbor, accusing him of snatching a drumstick from between his jaws. Anything in a fairy's possession partakes of his invisibility, so while the two men wrangled, Nimmerlein smiled down on them with his mouth full, gently waving the drumstick. When it was stripped, he placed it behind the accused man's ear, where its coquettish appearance was seen as an insult by the accuser. Knives were drawn, a general quarrel seemed imminent, till the lid was lifted from the iron pot, the pot lifted from the fire. Here the gypsies had less to contend with, for their fingers were thicker-skinned. The fairies withdrew to finish up the salami and the wine. Seeing their hosts guzzling so complacently, they began to pinch them—at first playfully, then with intention and a plan of campaign. Pinched here, nipped there, attacked on all sides, the gypsies snatched up their belongings and made off, followed by Moor, who hurled himself on the percussion player and stole his triangle.

"What's that for?" asked Banian, who was daily growing less respectful. "Are you going to play on it?"

Moor replied that tomorrow they would begin to meditate on it.

Ludo's mother had been pietistic, and there was a sort of Christian proverb he remembered her quoting, to the effect that one must pass through many tribulations to enter the Kingdom of Heaven. They had certainly been through tribulations—hunger and thirst, going unshaved, sleeping in a haystack, evicting gypsies (a rather vulgar affair, he had not altogether enjoyed it). But now they would enter the realm of meditation.

Moor attached the triangle to a bough of a wild cherry tree. It glittered in the morning sun. He said, "Observe it," and they did so. After a pause, Moor continued, "You will have observed that it has three sides, and that each side is of equal length. In other words, it is an equilateral triangle. What ideas spring to our minds? Equality. Therefore, serenity. Indifference to time and place. Again, serenity. Total reversibility. Whichever way up, it is always the same. Again, serenity. Indisputability. It cannot be confuted. Serenity, again. Positive abstraction. It is passionless, purposeless, involuntary, inexpressive. No blame can be attached to it. It exists by being itself; or, in philosophic terms, it is the *Ding an sich*. In a word, serenity." To illustrate his words, Moor moved the triangle one point round, and stepped back, saying, "You see? Serenity."

Tinkel had been showing dissatisfaction. Now he remarked, "That's all very well, my good Moor. But why pick on a triangle? A square would do as well. With all this three-sidedness, we shall be meditating on the Trinity before we know what's what. And where's your serenity then?"

A rather acrimonious discussion followed, during which Nimmerlein was vehemently partisan about the circle. It was allayed by Ludo saying that of all Christian views of the Godhead, which in any case did not concern them, the Trinity was surely the least offensive; and that as Moor had so cleverly got the triangle they had best stick to it.

THE Brotherhood of the Blameless Triangle, as they decided to call themselves, fell into a regular pattern of life. In the morning, Moor expounded, going deeper and deeper into the inexhaustible charms of equilaterality, listing other triangular possibilities only to reject them, and promising that later on he would delight his companions with the twelfth root of two. After their midday meal, they meditated. At sundown, an *Abendmusik* on the triangle and the bell was performed by Banian and Nimmerlein. For sustenance they depended on the bosom of Nature, except for bread, which Nature does not naturally supply, and wine, cheese, and butter, where Nature has to be processed. They discovered there was a village shop within easy flying distance. Approaching it, Nimmerlein put on visibility and entered with a friendly "Good day." The first purchases were paid for in mortal currency. Every Elfin Kingdom keeps a gold reserve. The coffers of Wirre Gedanken were exceptionally well filled, and Tinkel had sensibly brought away a quantity of specie in his portmanteau. Fairy gold, as everybody knows, is only operative in Elfin; received by mortals, it turns into withered leaves by the morrow. Having established creditability by his first payment, Nimmerlein bought on account. For the rest, the bosom of Nature supplied watercress, wild garlic, thyme, and quantities of hares and rabbits. As Banian was the nimblest flier among them, he was huntsman. He also skinned and paunched. Once or twice they found a lost lamb. Nimmerlein cooked. The font made an admirable wine cooler. As none of them had ever had to shave himself, they let their beards grow, and looked increasingly unworldly—except for Banian, whose beard, being new, unthwarted, and silky, looked pastoral.

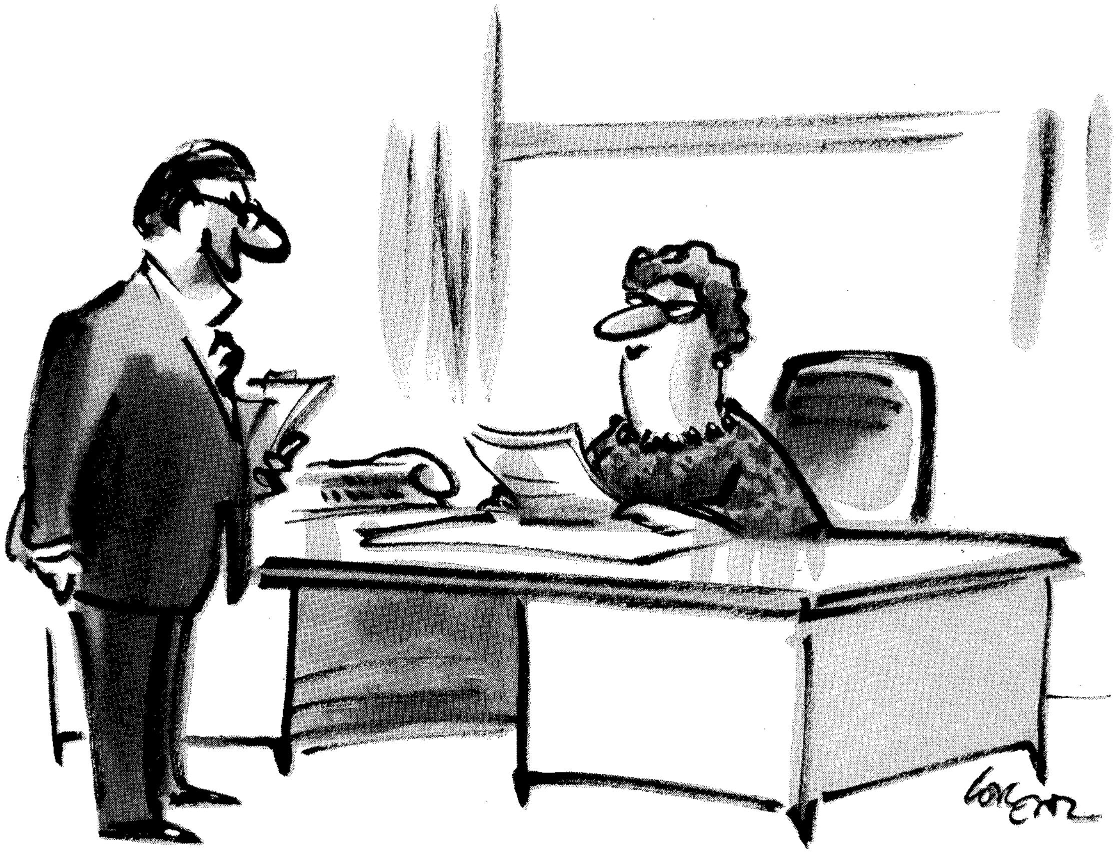
After that little set-to about the Trinity, Moor was anxious to avoid touching on any extra-geometrical aspect of geometry. The square had passed without remark; he managed to throw a veil over the rhomboid. The hexagon followed. By now, it was past midsummer; the stork's nest on the chapel roof had brisk young birds in it, and the Brotherhood sat in the chapel for coolness' sake. Moor was deducing the hexagon from the triangle when Ludo, hitherto his most silent and enlightened listener, interrupted with beehives. Moor assented in parenthesis (he hoped it was in parenthesis) that bees are a model community. But the breach had been made. In rushed materialism, saying, What about wasps? Moor disliked wasps and had never studied their architecture. Searching his memory, all he could recall was a gooseberry bush with a shapeless object, rather like an old grey sock, hanging in it. Living in nongeometrical surroundings, he said, wasps were necessarily disorganized and inharmonious. He was hoping to get back to the symmetry of the hexagon when Nimmerlein exclaimed, "There's a man coming up the hill. He's dressed in black and he's got a boy with him."

Ludo said that if the man came into the chapel to shelter from the heat it would be uncivil to molest him.

The man in black toiling toward them was a priest, the boy was his acolyte. The gypsies' account of how they had been driven out of the chapel had spread through the countryside. Disused chapels are often taken over by demons. The good man was coming to exorcise them.

He entered the chapel. The boy staggered in after him. The bag, holding the appropriate accessories, was heavy.

The priest wiped the sweat from his tonsure, took a piece of chalk from the pocket of his soutane, and drew a



"I just want you to know, R.B., how much I admire the way you out-maneuvered Allied on that takeover without losing your femininity."

pentagram on the floor. Standing within it, he began to command and conjure Satan and his demons to go away.

For a man so out of breath he spoke loudly and well. Where his memory failed him (exorcism is a long ritual) the acolyte, holding the service book, prompted him, as well as speaking the responses. The fairies watched the performance with mild amusement, even a certain tenderness. The poor old man had come a long way, in great heat, to recite an interminable deal of Latin, all with good intentions and to no purpose. Ludo whispered to Moor, "Do you think we ought to tip him?"

The exorcist paused. His expression was that of a workman who has made a good job of it and is about to put on the finishing touches. He turned to the acolyte, who produced a large bottle, uncorked it, and poured water into a bowl. He then handed the exorcist a sizable whisk. The exorcist dipped the whisk in the water and sprinkled the acolyte, who murmured a few words of thanks; he then proceeded to sprinkle everything in sight. His gestures grew larger and more commanding, he charged the whisk ever more amply, he was plainly enjoying himself. Though it was only holy water, the fairies tried to keep out of its way. Banian sneezed. Hearing the sneeze, the exorcist whisked vehemently in its direction. Banian dodged, but Tinkel received a full charge of salt and water in the eye. He seized the exorcist and began to shake him. The exorcist gasped out something to the effect that Satan had no power, and Tinkel went on shaking him. The exorcist turned blue in the face, his eyes protruded, his tongue hung out, he went limp as a rag doll. When Tinkel loosed him, he slumped to the floor, hiccupped convulsively, and died. The acolyte fled, screaming.

It was felt that Tinkel had gone rather too far, even for a convinced rationalist.

As a corpse, the priest seemed much larger. It was a problem how to dispose of him. The hillside was smooth as an apple, not a pit or gully in it. They had a scruple about dumping him in the brook, where his corruption would poison the water. Cremation was out of the question; it was hard enough to find sufficient fuel to cook on. So they must dig a grave. Spades would be needed, and could be bought in the village; but, if the acolyte were gossiping, buying spades might look suspicious. Five pairs of willing hands, said Moor, should be enough to scrape a hole. He was too sanguine. They rose at dawn to scrape. By midday their nails were worn to the quick and the hole was negligible. They looked at their chapel, so calm till this mortal incursion. It would always be dear to their hearts, but they must leave it. A quick farewell is best. They packed and by dusk they were gone.

THEY flew by the stars, which during their stay had disconcertingly shifted position. In any case, they were uncertain where to go. Nimmerlein wanted a respite from cooking; they all felt the need for a spell of civilized comfort: to be visible guests in a reputable inn would have suited them nicely, if it had not been for the currency question. Apart from the first down payment at the village shop their mortal capital was intact. They could not hope to keep up such economy at an inn. There was an Elfin Kingdom in Styria which Tinkel favored. Its Queen, so he had heard, was high-flown and romantic, the very person to welcome an anonymous band of brothers—for as such, Ludo insisted, they must travel. Their shabbiness and shagginess could be accounted for by explaining they were carrying out a geological survey, a survey so confidential that their incognito did not allow them attendants. A fortnight at Dreiviertelstein, soft beds, mountain air, manicure, would benefit them all. They had repudiated court life but not its amenities. Ludo refused to be benefitted. Sooner or later, he said, the cat would be out of the bag. There would be a reference to Wirre Gedanken; one or the other of them would inadvertently address him as Your Royal Highness. Balsamine had cousins in every court. They would be traced; he would be done for. Like all meek characters, Ludo had a will of iron. They gave in.

ODE TO MY DESK

My desk! You're a mess, and no mistake.
Your trains never run on time,
No one will drain your marshes,
You have no equestrian statues.
From time to time your cigarette lighter
Opens by itself and flames for nothing.
The lark in the "Oxford Dictionary
of English Etymology," edited by C. T. Onions,
Occasionally escapes to sing its ancestry
Of laverocks, while *alouette des champs*
From "Harrap's New Shorter French and English"
Sings much the same tune.
Papers, letters from America and Poland,
Pens, postage stamps, credit cards,
Bank statements—you have a street
For everything, but they're all
Sleeping around, in the wrong streets,
A clandestine traffic of documents.
Benevolent anarchist whom I lean on,
I sit with you all day, writing
And not writing, rummaging your secrets,
Opening your empty boxes of Pioneer matches,
Looking in your six possessive drawers
For lost assortments: the lock of hair,
An embarrassing letter, and the reply
Already written, which I will never send,
Which you have taken into your benign timbers.
But nothing is lost to you.
You know where everything is;
You guide me; we have that understanding.
Desk! I celebrate the happy life
My abdication of tidiness has given you!
I promise, as you ask, never to organize you.
Now you must promise never to organize me.

—DOUGLAS DUNN

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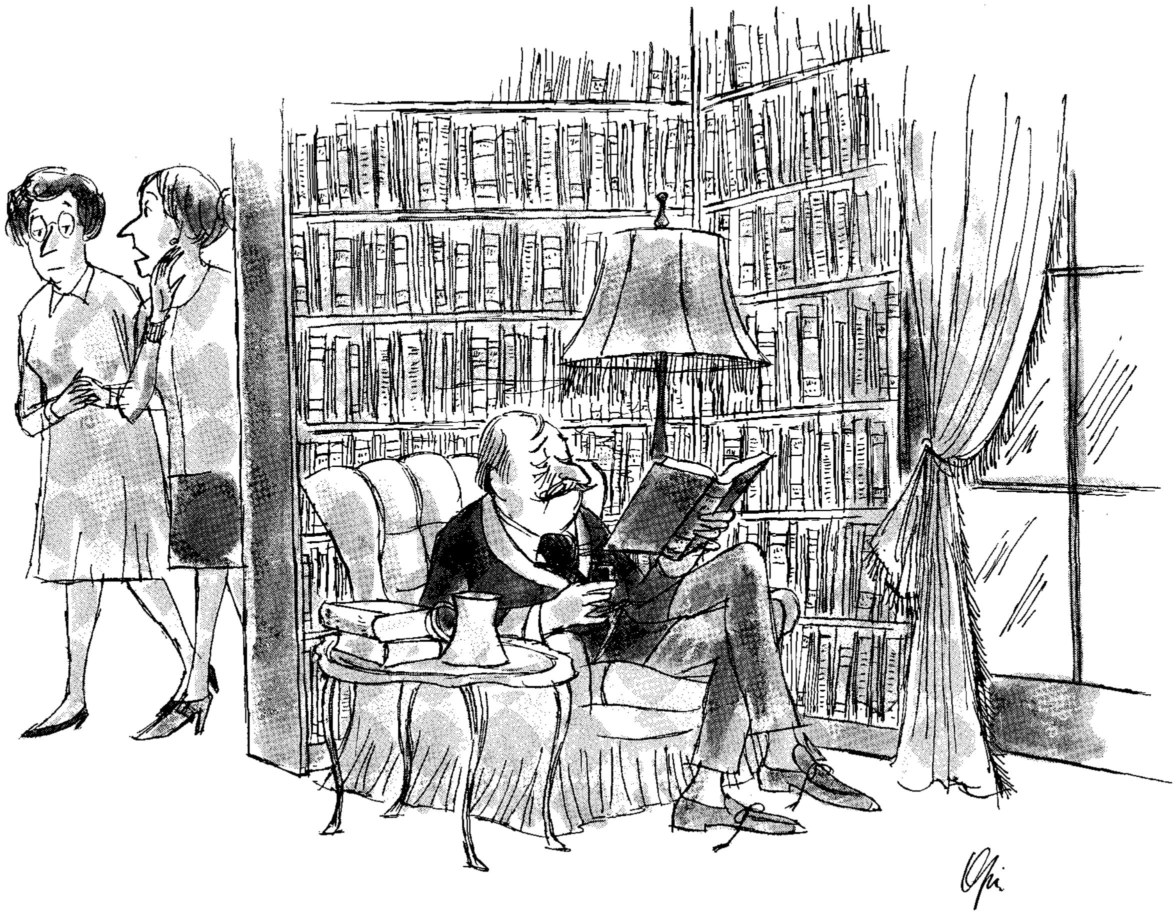

"It all started with that trial subscription to the T.L.S. *Then came that Nigel Nicolson book, the smoking jacket and pipe, the pint of bitter, and, bingo, little West Tenth Street has become Bloomsbury."*

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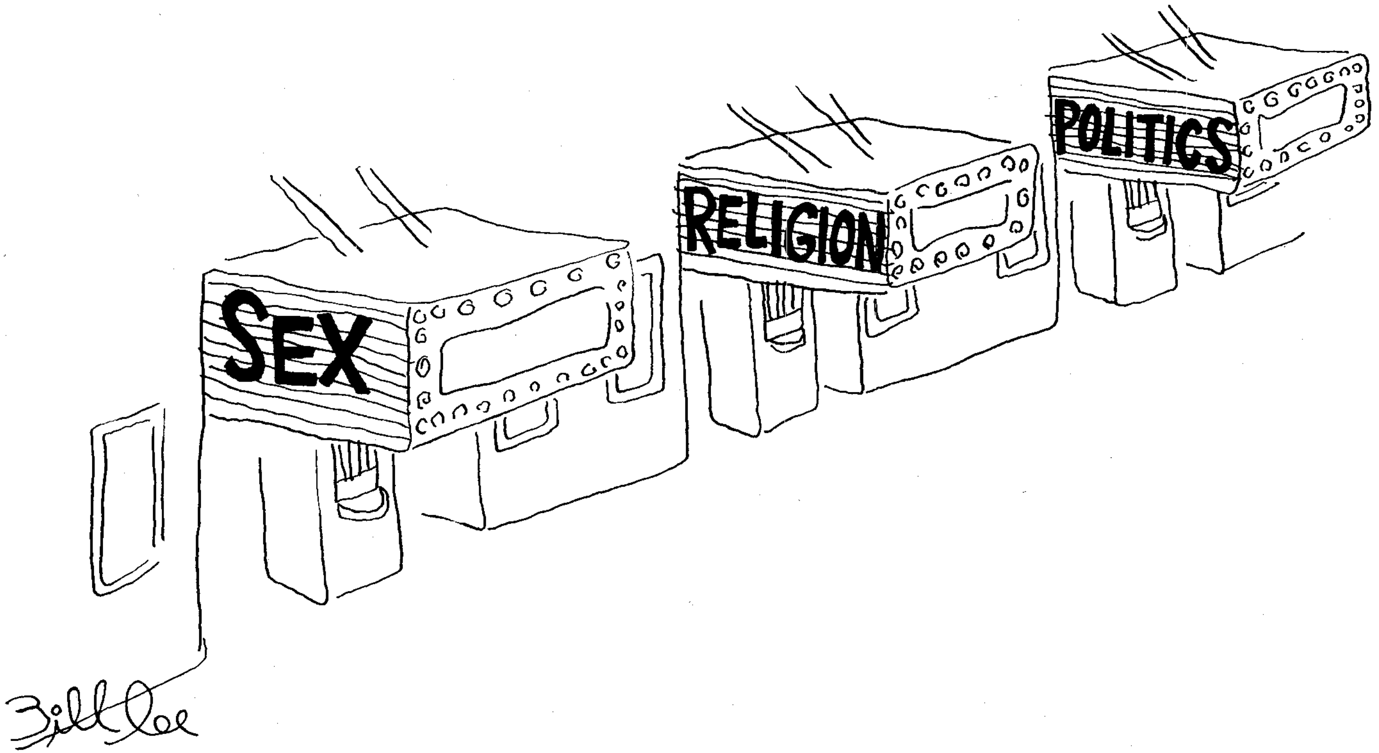
From Vienna, where they stayed at a cheap inn in the suburbs, they followed the course of the Danube, alighting whenever the landscape below looked promising. Sometimes the landscape was obliterated by smoke and they heard cannon fire. Once, alighting in a park, they found a burned-out mansion and a row of impaled cadavers tottering on a fence. Still following the Danube, they flew on and saw the countryside grow calm, well tilled, prosperous, colored by the blue-green of poppy fields. To the south, they saw a mountain range. Among the foothills at its base was a small white building, too tall for a farm, too plain and unencumbered to be a church or castle. Descending, they saw it had pillars and a pediment. In place of their disused chapel they had found a forsaken temple. As they mounted the steps, a large snake reared its head and looked at them with a flat glittering eye, but did not move away. "A temple to Aesculapius!" said Tinkel. Even Tinkel's clever voice was awed.

They sat down and began rubbing their legs to restore circulation, impaired by so many days of flying. Before them stretched a vast undulating landscape of tillage, punctuated by lines of cypresses. The air was clear as crystal; every detail was distinct and in perfect perspective: it was as though they were looking at an enormous chessboard. Bands of women were at work in the fields. They moved slowly and sang in mournful voices. Here and there plumes of bluish smoke rose from heaps of smoldering trash or low-roofed dwellings. In the middle distance the roofs gathered together into a little town. Water was led through the fields in chessboard channels, with willows and mulberries growing alongside. The clank of a wind pump came at long intervals. Here was the serenity, the dry serenity Moor had promised them in his first talk on the triangle, a serenity which had evaded them till now. The sun touched the horizon and a distant yelling broke the silence. The air was so clear that they could see the minute shape of a man gesticulating from the top of a slender tower. A prisoner, they supposed, calling for help. The women working in the fields paid no attention and presently he gave up. Dusk gathered, the noises of dusk arose: croaking frogs, cicadas, nightingales, then an owl. It was too dark to unpack. They pillowed their heads on their portmanteaux and fell asleep. Sunrise woke them. The prisoner on the tower was renewing his yells, poor creature! When they had heard him yelling for several days, always at the same pitch and always at the rise and set of sun, they concluded he was clockwork.

They breakfasted on figs and goat's milk. They found the milk in a bowl on the steps, and drank it gratefully, without much considering whether the snake had a prior claim to it. Old Sofia, coming for her bowl, noticed it had been licked clean. The next morning she brought a larger bowl; and when that, too, had been licked clean she brought her largest bowl, with so much milk in it that they could leave some for the snake. She came so furtively that all they knew of her was the milk. Many years before, her daughter had lain dying of marsh fever. In desperation, Sofia remembered a proscribed belief, and went to the temple to implore the holy serpent. He listened, and she had been grateful ever since—though privily; for the local church was oppressed and therefore without mercy for backsliders. One morning, having heard the God in his empty temple playing a wind instrument, she brought a loaf of rye bread and two eggs.

The loaf was very welcome to the Brotherhood of the Blameless Triangle, who till now had depended for grain on what they could glean out of the stubble. Eggs were easier, for hens lay astray. They found provisioning harder in this bounteous landscape than on the bare hillside, though that, said Moor, was because they had not got into the way of it. For himself, he was looking forward to cheroots: a tobacco crop was being harvested; he had joined the harvesters and had leaves drying on the temple floor. Other crops were rye, maize, poppies, to-



matoes, and pumpkins. Workers were busy in the fields, with overseers among them, and at night the overseers kept watch, sitting in raised seats, each with a dog beside him. Invisibility could make light of such obstacles; but since that misadventure with the exorcist they had lost their innocence and stole halfheartedly, hampered by recollection of public opinion. Nimmerlein flew back from the town saying it was no pleasure to shop there. The shopkeepers were a glum lot, and insisted on being paid on the nail, though other customers, with knives in their waistcloths and chewing sweetmeats, took the best of everything and swaggered away with never a word of payment. They were gendarmes, he supposed; for he had seen them marching ahead of a fat yellow person in a chariot, who wore a jewelled turban and joggled a boy on his knee. It was all a sad contrast to the village shop, so friendly and obliging, and he saw no hope of establishing an account.

But they were too happy to dwell on these hardships. It was a dreamy, complacent happiness, as if they breathed it in from the warm poppy fields. The triangle hung from a beam, Banian played a flute he had nicked from an overseer, Moor rustled his dry leaves, and in the mornings there was the milk.

It was still rich autumn when the cranes came flying from the north. They flew in vast flocks, one flock following another, clamoring as if they were riding on broomsticks to a Walpurgisnacht. A few days later, it began to rain.

It rained for a week—a steady, drenching rain that washed the color from the fields. When it left off, the sky was a different blue and the mountains seemed to have closed in on the plain. And there was no more milk. The snake had died, weakened by malnutrition, and Sofia had come on the body, which Tinkel had thrown into some bushes. Hearing her wailing, they hoped it wasn't wolves. They missed the milk badly, the more so since the weather had grown bitterly cold. Men came into the fields with teams of oxen, plowing in the remains of the summer's crops. They wore sheepskin coats and cloth leggings. Nimmerlein was sent to the town to buy winter outfits. He went against his will, and returned saying that five sheepskin coats would be more than he could carry and that the shopman refused to believe that five coats were wanted by one man, though he had held up five fingers. They must go in a body.

At the entrance to the town they put on visibility. It made them no warmer, and impaired their self-esteem. They had grown accustomed to looking like tramps, but not to being looked at as such. Their shoes were down at heel, their knuckles dirty, their noses red. They walked on dejectedly till a familiar sound put heart into them. It was the note of a triangle, briskly dominating a band of drums and bagpipes. Round the corner came the band, and after the band a mounted escort and a chariot. The habit of court life mastered them; they drew themselves up and stood in a row, bowing to the fat yellow man who lounged in the chariot. He still had the boy on his knee but held him inattentively. Seeing them, he sat up and stared sharply. They effaced themselves in the crowd and went on to the outfitters. When they learned the price of the sheepskin coats they were appalled. If they had not already put them on, they might have refused to buy. But the warmth, and even the smell of mutton fat, was so restorative that they paid down the money and left the shop, looking like everyone else in the street. Outside the gates, they put their coats on back to front, so as to free their wings, and flew back to the temple.

No milk, no resources, no leggings (leggings were too expensive—but they were beginning to feel the lack of them, for the temple was drafty), no spiders (to supply the example of perseverance when all seems lost), a handful of horse beans, and a frost-bitten pumpkin: it was a stern moment. Nimmerlein emptied the purse. There was even less in it than they supposed, for the outfitter had passed them a bad coin. The four seniors exchanged glances. Moor looked at Ludo. Ludo nodded. With a heavy sigh, Moor said, "Let us reconsider the triangle. So far we have considered it in passivity, and found it serene. Let us now consider it as an active principle, possessing Will and Notion. Let us suppose, for instance, that such a triangle wished, for reasons we need not go into, to lodge itself in a square. Which part of itself would it direct to that end? A side, or one of its equilateral angles? Surely, it would be the latter?"

There was a hum of assent. Moor continued, "Let us further suppose that one of these angles, departing from equilaterality, were slightly prominent, slenderer and therefore more insinuating. Have we any reason to doubt but that this would be the angle our hypothetical triangle would choose for its purpose—and rightly so?"

They agreed that there could be no possible doubt of this. Ludo quoted another of his mother's pious proverbs, this one in the form of a distich:

The Littling do not disallow
A pebble laid Goliath low.

Banian saw them looking at him and realized that something was expected of him. He said, hesitatingly, "Like a gimlet?"

"Exactly!" they said with enthusiasm, and Tinkel got up and patted him on the back.

"Going back to Moor's original triangle," said Nimmerlein. "The passive, serene one. If I remember rightly, it was perfect whichever way up it was. You couldn't accuse it of inversion."

"No blame could be attached to it," said Moor.

Tinkel remarked he had seen a lot of it in England. After a pause he exclaimed, "Strike while the iron is hot!"

All this time, Banian had been reconsidering the triangle. He was now slightly hypnotized, and the warmth of his sheepskin enveloped him like his featherbed at Wirre Gedanken. He woke to learn it was more or less settled that he should prostitute himself to the fat yellow man.

"That I won't!" he cried. "I'd die, rather. And why should I?"

"For the general good," said Ludo.

"To improve our living conditions," said Tinkel.

"To make yourself useful, for once," said Nimmerlein.

This stung Banian. "Make myself useful? And when haven't I made myself useful? Who was huntsman? And water carrier? Who swept the floors and paunched the rabbits and polished the triangle?"

"No more paunching rabbits," said Nimmerlein artfully.

"Listen to reason, Banian," said Moor. "The facts are irrefutable. We have no money to speak of and nothing to eat but horse beans, for the pumpkin is already decayed. We, too, are decayed. We have lost our youthful charms. We exemplify the Law of Diminishing Returns. You, on the other hand, are in the flower of your youth. You are desirable and have only to make yourself desired—for he is obviously tired of that boy. And numerically we are four to one."

"Do not think us harsh," added Ludo. "We are all very fond of you; we have your best interests at heart. It proves how carefully we have preserved your innocence that you should be making all this fuss. Submit, dear Banian, submit! We all have to submit at some time or other. You will find it a great deal easier to submit to a man than to a woman, I can assure you."

"But to that revolting old suet pudding—"

"He may have beauties of the mind. My mother used to say—"

"And I don't know a word of his beastly language—"

"The language of love is international."

As Ludo spoke, a man wearing splendid boots came up the steps. With the instinct of a well-trained servant he instantly recognized Ludo as the head of the party, bowed deeply, and handed him a letter on pink paper, gilt-edged. The letter was written in Turkish, Sclavonian, and bad French—the language of diplomacy. It ran:

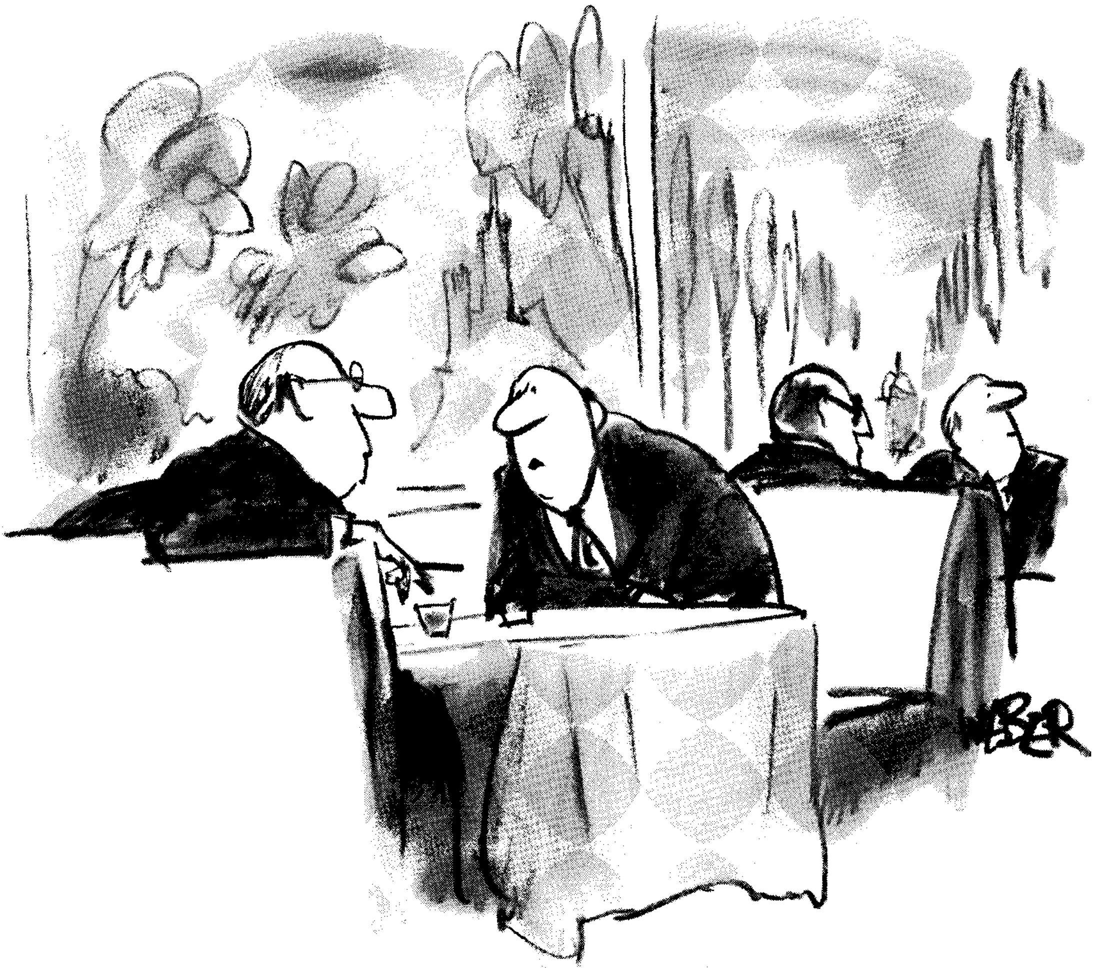
MESSIEURS,

Our holy religion enjoins us to show hospitality to strangers. Yielding with pleasure to the Heavenly requirements, I do myself the gratification to invite you all to spend the winter under my roof.

A conveyance awaits. Peace!

MUSTAFA IBRAHIM BEY
Provincial Governor

DUSK was falling as they mounted the steps of the Residence. After a clatter of drawing bolts, unhooking



"After my gall-bladder operation, I said to myself, 'Whoa, man, what are you doing with your life?' So I sold my blue chips, and put it all into Treasury bills."

chains, and turning keys, the door was opened. The Provincial Governor stood just inside. His expression was coyly expectant, he wore white kid gloves and held a bunch of red roses. As he gave each of them a rose the door was rebolted, rechained, and relocked. "Please don't think you have come to a jail," he said. "But there are nasty people about, and how sad I would be if our first night were disturbed. Tranquillity! Don't you love tranquillity? I pursue it of all things."

They agreed that they pursued tranquillity; they also agreed it was hard to attain. Agreement followed agreement. He so quickly put them at their ease that after supper (which except for lacking wine was delicious) Tinkel asked him how he knew where to find them. "A little bird told me," he replied. Coffee was served. Iced water accompanied it. Conversation continued, but less briskly. Banian fidgeted and looked constrained; so, too, did the Provincial Governor. A silence fell, broken by the Provincial Governor saying, "I am about to make a strange request. I hope you won't think me too forward." Ludo, Moor, Tinkel, and Nimmerlein implied that they couldn't dream of thinking it, and looked tutorially at Banian. "I am a poet," continued the Provincial Governor. "I expand myself in poetry. What a seraglio is to some, my poems are to me. But like a seraglio they are secluded. No one listens to them. May I read you one of my poems?" Without waiting for assent, he clapped his hands. A servant brought in a large basket filled with scrolls. "Naturally I compose them in Turkish." He picked a scroll, and began to read aloud. His voice was rich and commanding. He read slowly, waving his hand to mark the stresses, and pausing at frequent intervals, as though to inhale some particular beauty. "Now I will read it in French."

The reading in French took even longer, as he had to break off and complain of the inadequacy of the French language. The poem seemed to be mainly about camels eating green sprouts in a wilderness and finding spiritual assurance by chewing the cud. As an expression of his intentions toward Banian it was too recondite to hit its mark. Banian gazed at the ceiling and twiddled his thumbs.

"Do read it again," said Ludo.

The request was complied with, in both languages. More poems were read, with more disquisitions. Moor sat bolt upright in a condition of fixed wakefulness; the others listened with their limbs relaxed and their eyes closed. At midnight the Provincial Governor explained that he must tear himself away in order to sign some mandates, and they were shown to their bedrooms. In the morning, new suits were laid out for them. Later in the day, the shoemaker came to measure them for slippers. Their sheepskin coats were removed without comment and replaced by sables.

Though to the eye of the flesh Mustafa Ibrahim was a repulsively ugly little man, and in the eyes of History a tyrant, he was an excellent host. During the day he only appeared at mealtimes. After supper there were poetry readings. These began with Mustafa politely asking his guests if they had written any poetry during the day. As they had not, he read his own.

RIVER

1

We muddled everything, then left off
speaking. Water revised our walk and,
squatting there, we stopped thinking.
We looked at the stones that its pockets
had left on the beach. How rich
everything is! Beyond us the fish
played for keeps in the current.

2

Then there was fire that night—a cluster
of it. Cold winds staged maneuvers in the
woods behind us, the stars held the trees
steady, the fire danced on the calm face
of the water. How much of what we once
gave up returned to us! As we slept,
the tide of our lives flowed back, was
why we slept so late and woke up unafraid.

3

Morning, the city in our bellies growled.
We nursed the sore where hunger long ago
had bit us, sucked on berries, drank
the long silver sword of the water.
My body went chill on the stone,
as the stone.

4

When the sun was just so high, when the
sun took over, the trees fell asleep
in the midday, the birds kept close
to the nest, the dream of the day
was the arch we went through. I don't
recall our heads were bowed.

5

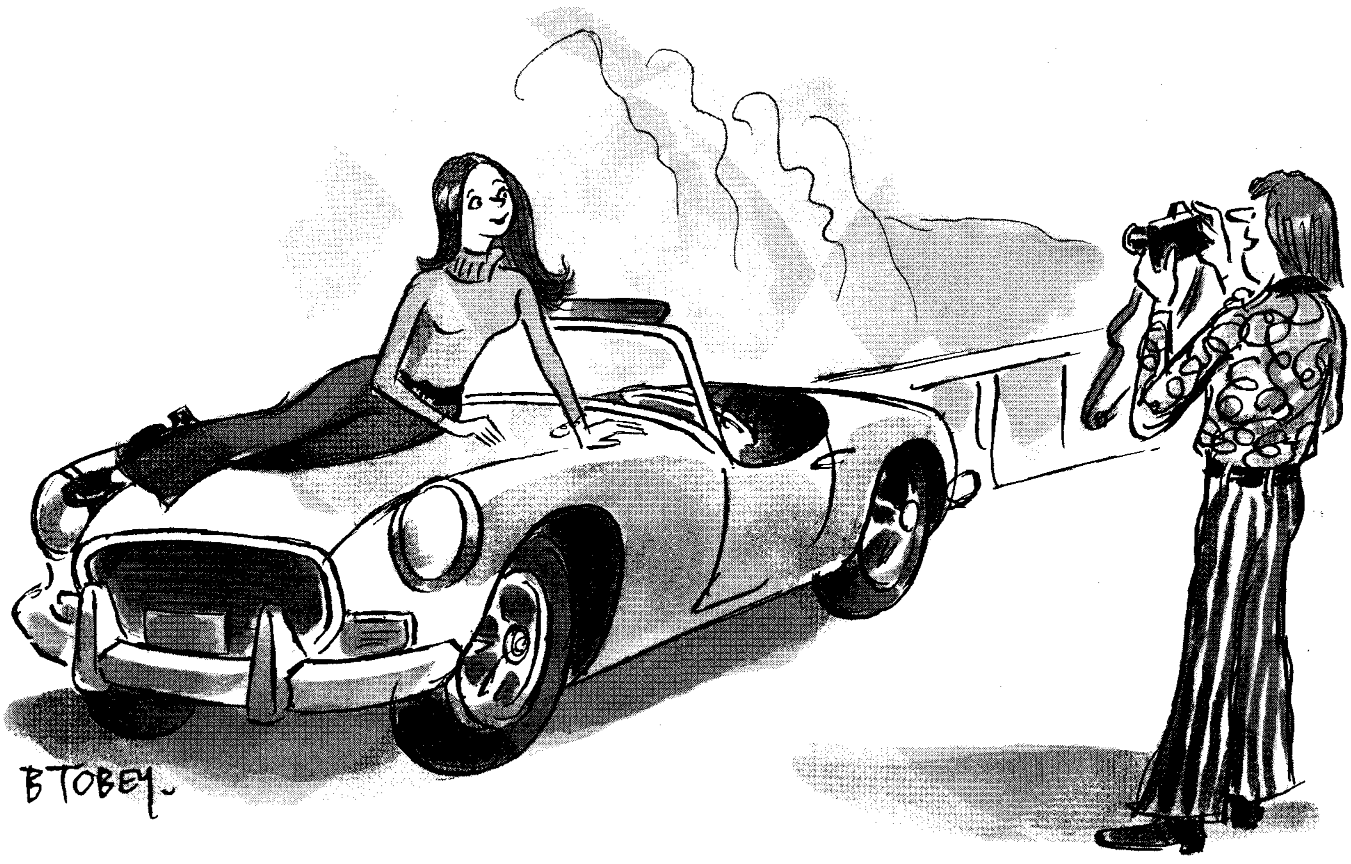
The wind did not come down to us
from the trees all day.

6

On water later traces of small things
fled at our approach. The glass that
held the leaf rolled off to shoreward,
the deep of the river made us tall.
There in the boat in the river's deepest
place, we stood high off the ground
by the grace of water. And if there
was a song I heard it, I heard everything.

—GREG KUZMA

• •



"O.K., Barbara. Now one of just the car."

• •

Ludo had been blooded to poetry at his mother's knee. Though the manner of Mustafa's poetry was unlike that of his mother's favorite authors, he recognized a similarity of mood. Mustafa, expressing his desire to penetrate the Ineffable, was bolder in metaphor than they; but the gist was much the same: they were alike lovesick for an *au-delà*. As the winter advanced, there was rioting; Mustafa would break off, not to inhale a beauty or point out a technical nicety but to listen to a volley of shooting in the streets. He listened with critical attention, and when the insurgents had been taught their lesson he returned to his poems like a dove returning to her nest. Ludo could not avoid remembering Balsamine's tenderness for marmots. It did not alter his feelings about Balsamine, but it oddly increased his affection for Mustafa.

Twice a week Mustafa drove in an open carriage through the streets. He now held an Armenian acrobat on his knee. Watching such a departure, Tinkel remarked that an assassination would be awkward for them. "I'd be thankful!" exclaimed Banian. "No more poetry!" He deeply resented the Armenian.

One of Mustafa's little birds had told him all he wished to know about his guests—where they came from, who they were, what they were. At the height of his rapture at having secured an audience, he had thought of having their wings torn out. Common sense prevailed; none of them showed the slightest inclination to fly away, so why go to extremes? Perhaps they would feel a migratory instinct later on. Meanwhile his little birds kept him up to date with the latest news. One day he came out of his office with a grave face and told Ludo that Queen Balsamine was dead. He feared this meant he must lose his dear, his sympathetic hearers. Arrangements for their return to Wirre Gedanken were already in train, their mourning outfits getting ready—to ease their departure was the least he could do. "If you start at sunrise tomorrow, you will be in excellent time for the obsequies. Now I will leave you to your grief."

Ludo lay awake all night, listening to the heartless excitement of the others as they ran from room to room, seeing that nothing had been overlooked by the packers, and chattering about their dear Homeland.

At sunrise, Mustafa stood at the head of the steps, amid mountains of luggage. Speeches were made, hopes of a later meeting expressed. He looked even uglier in the light of sunrise and increasingly fat as the luggage was gradually removed. "Pillage" . . . "booty" . . . the words dinned in Ludo's mind. He turned from his travelling companions and ran back up the steps.

"Provincial Governor, Your Excellency, I will never forget your hospitality. Thanks to you, for the first time in my life I have lived without fearing or scheming. I can scarcely tear myself away."

"Then how foolish to tear," said Mustafa. "Delight me by staying. My life is monotonous. I divide it between being a slave to duty and a slave to pleasure. What I need is a friend, a disinterested European friend, the real article. Stay and be that friend. Drive on!" he cried to the cavalcade. As it drove off, taking Ludo's luggage with it, Ludo and the Provincial Governor waved, then went in, arm in arm. Ludo gave up flying, forgot his past, and learned Turkish. They lived together till Mustafa's death, after which Ludo moved to Venice, where he wrote Mustafa's biography, now considered to lack prejudice.

—SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

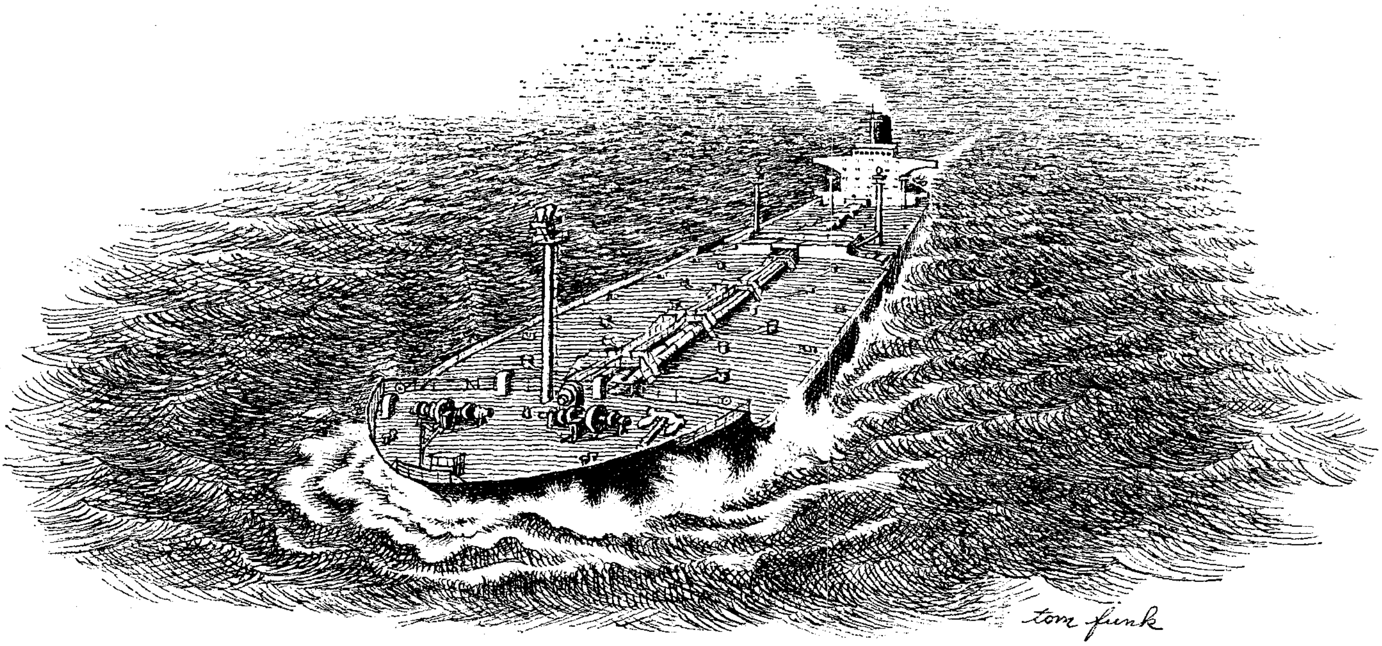
•

During his first year in Washington, Helms gained a reputation as a staunch, and frequently zealous, champion of conservative causes. He clings tentatively to issues.—*Charlotte (N. C.) Observer.*

In short, a born politician.

PROFILES

SUPERTANKERS—II



SUPERTANKERS are the biggest self-propelled vehicles ever built by man, and also the most dangerous. A fully laden 200,000-ton oil tanker has aboard as much potential thermal energy as a two-megaton hydrogen bomb, and to most people the ships seem dangerous because of their inflammable cargo. But an experienced sailor feels quite safe when he is on a tanker brimming with oil. If its cargo tanks aren't breached and remain securely sealed, flames could actually sweep a laden tanker and gut its living and work areas without touching off the cargo. A notable instance was the spectacular collision between the 77,648-ton Pacific Glory and the 100,108-ton Allegro off the Isle of Wight in October, 1970; the Pacific Glory was torn by engine-room explosions and ravaged by a fire that destroyed her superstructure and spread across the surrounding sea, yet she kept nearly all of her cargo of crude oil intact, and it eventually reached its destination in Europe.

What explodes is not the oil but the vapor given off by it. This is hydrocarbon vapor, which has a very low flash point; it will burn or explode at temperatures as low as forty degrees below zero. It lies in dense possession of the tanks after the oil cargo has been discharged, and tankers are most dangerous to their crews when they are empty, travelling in ballast. The hydrocarbon vapor is not easily controlled or got rid of. It is so potent that mere puddles of oil can generate a hazardous atmosphere, and an empty supertanker has a great deal more than puddles inside her hull. After the cargo has been discharged, pools of thick residue lie at the bottom, where the main pumps can't reach, like dregs in a gigantic cup, and the walls of the tanks are covered by a thin layer of an oil-wax mixture. If a film one millimetre thick covered all the steelwork in the tanks of a 200,000-tonner, it could amount to some two thousand tons; normally, tank cleaning retrieves at least twelve hundred tons of oil. (Tanks have to be cleaned not only to free them from the dangers of vapors but also to prevent the buildup of sludge and to allow maintenance of valves and fittings.) Until the tanks are cleaned, all of the residue continues to exude vapor, which can be touched off by the faintest spark, the risk naturally being greatest when any sort of activity occurs in or near the tanks. Cleaning itself involves innumerable possibilities of sparking the vapor and blowing the ship apart. The tanks are sealed and fiercely hosed by high-pressure water jets. Like immense garden sprays, they spurt water with an eccentric motion, flinging lumps of water the size of buckets against every surface, crevice, beam, and strut. It takes about eight hours for these jets to clean one of the main central tanks.

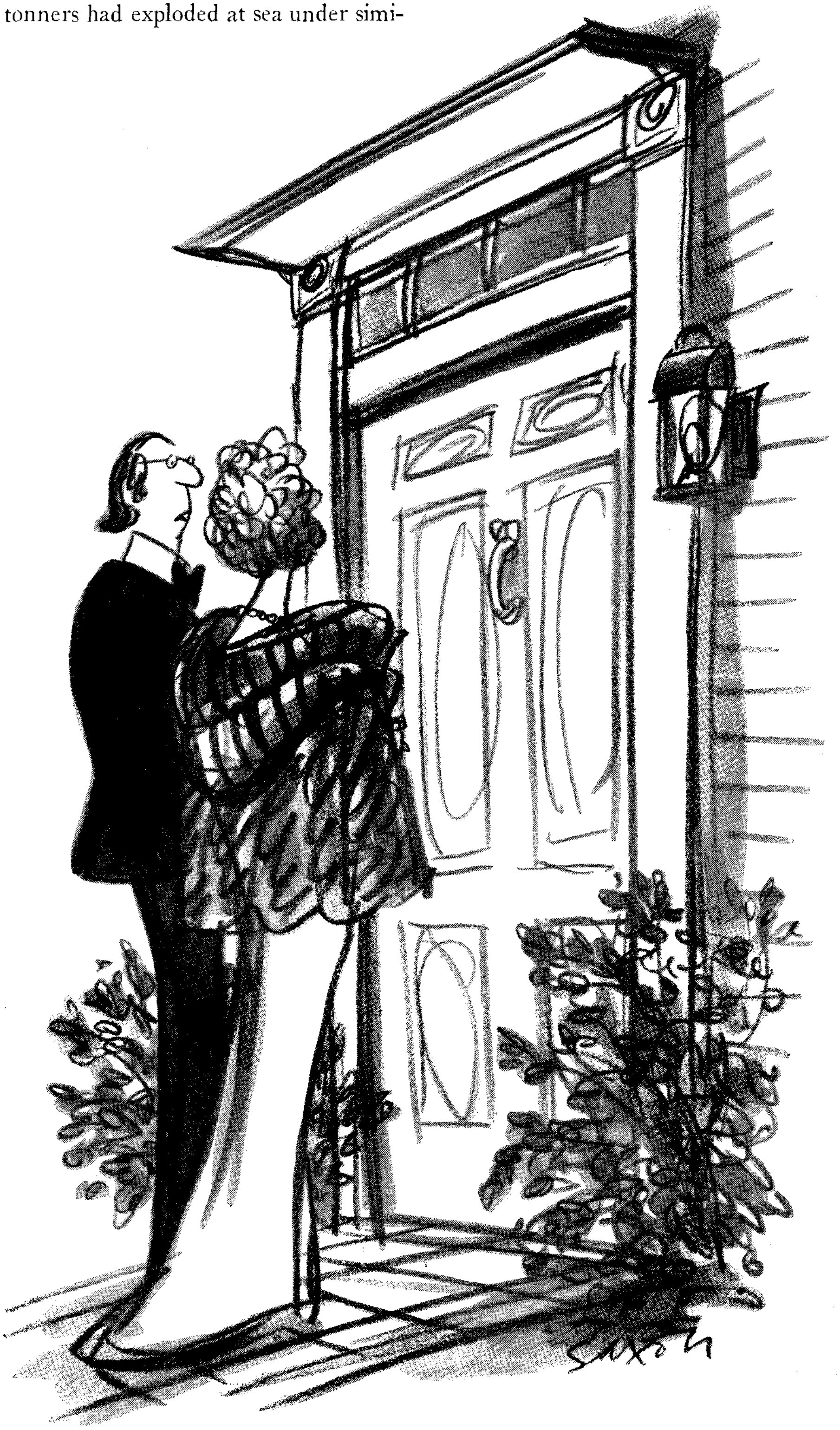
A nonexplosive atmosphere would obviously eliminate most of the risks that attend empty tankers before and during the cleaning process. Hydrocarbon vapor can't explode if it is "overrich"—that is, so dense that there is insufficient oxygen present to sustain combustion. Nor can it explode if it is too "lean"—the vapor having been so widely dissipated by air that it cannot ignite. In the past, tanker operators have assumed that an overrich atmosphere persisted naturally for several days after a cargo had been discharged. A lean atmosphere can be created by blowing air into the tanks. Unfortunately, no equipment has yet been devised to insure the stability of either of these atmospheres. In each case, there is constant danger that somehow the balance will be upset and the atmosphere will become explosive. Cleaning inevitably reduces the density of an overrich atmosphere, and as the oil is washed away there is always a moment when the vapor level inside the tanks falls into the upper explosive range. The overrich atmosphere makes empty tankers doubly vulnerable in a collision, for the impact may tear open an overrich tank, upsetting its atmosphere by an inflow of air, and then sparks from the crash may touch off an explosion. The stability of a lean atmosphere can be equally unpredictable, because if an unsuspectedly large amount of oil has been left behind from the cargo, the high-velocity washing jets could churn loose sufficient vapor to raise the atmosphere into the dangerous range.

A third atmosphere, which can be created for cleaning tanks if the right equipment is available, is now generally regarded as the safest. It involves use of the flue gases from the ship's engines. These are the so-called inert gases, such as nitrogen and carbon dioxide, which are noncombustible. They are drawn from the ship's funnel, cooled and purified, and pumped into the tanks as the oil is being pumped out, so that, theoretically, there should at no stage be an explosive mixture in the tanks. The system is costly to install, and in the past it was the least commonly used in cleaning tanks, but it is now being put into most new tankers with a capacity of more than 200,000 deadweight tons.

Whatever system is used, it is clear that an explosion needs a source of ignition, and the art of tanker safety, therefore, lies not only in maintaining an atmospheric balance at a safe level in the tanks but also in avoiding any chance of a spark's reaching the tanks if the level should become unsafe. It seems on the face of it implausible that a spark so faint as to be all but invisible could blow up a 200,000-ton ship, but I have heard tankermen say that they have nightmares about a worn wire rubbing against another, or the switch of an ordinary flashlight, or even the static of a nylon shirt. No smoking is ever allowed on deck, of course. On at least one line I know, decks are chipped only when a ship is loaded, and even then only when all sand and grit have been washed off them and there is a wind of at least five miles an hour.

Despite all precautions, oil tankers have been blowing up since the earliest days of their existence. The first major inquiry into a ship lost by presumed tank explosion was held in 1905. During the last fifteen years, there have been fourteen explosions a year, on the average, many of them fatal to both ship and crew. Most of them have passed without notice, but during one seventeen-day period in December, 1969, a chain of three tanker disasters, all of which took place while tanks were being cleaned, drew widespread attention to the dangers of hydrocarbon vapor. On December 12, 1969, the 206,000-ton Shell tanker Marpessa, travelling in ballast, sank off Senegal on her maiden voyage, after a tank explosion that killed two men. She was the biggest ship that had ever foundered. On December 29th, a sister ship, the Mactra, 206,885 tons, also owned by Shell, suffered an equally violent tank explosion in the Mozambique Channel, again killing two men. And the same day, off the west coast of Africa, the 219,000-ton Norwegian tanker Kong Haakon VII was torn open by a tank explosion. The Mactra and the Kong Haakon managed to reach port, having suffered less critical weakening of their structures than the Marpessa. One such explosion might have been accepted as just a deplorable accident, two might have passed for coincidence, but three suggested something more, and the maritime world has always regarded this sequence as one disaster, especially since the consequences included increases of twenty-five per cent and more on insurance premiums for supertankers. Insurance premiums amount to about a third of the costs of operating an average supertanker.

The explosions affected international shipping as a collective trauma—the more severe because in the six months before the triple disaster two 100,000-tonners had exploded at sea under similar circumstances. The possibility that these huge ships had been pushed too far too fast, technologically speaking, had already been ominously suggested by the fact that many of them had experienced serious buckling before or after launching, or on sea trials. Now a suspicion began to grow that an entirely new and incalculable set of fire-and-explosion hazards made them fatally flawed as a type. Shell called an international symposium in London in January, 1970, to discuss the accidents on its ships and to canvass ideas



"Lucille, do we kiss the Friedlanders?"

and speculation, and the meeting was attended by the chief executives and technical experts of practically every major supertanker-operating management in Europe, America, and Asia. It was apparent to all those present that profound gaps remained in their knowledge of the workings of hydrocarbon vapor and the mechanics of tank cleaning inside such vast structures. And that conviction grew throughout the shipping world. At a special meeting convened by Lloyd's in 1970, Andrew Sinclair, senior technical adviser to the Salvage Association (which advises underwriters), declared himself skeptical of the big ships' safety and expressed his own belief that there was a direct link between size and the explosions.

But it was unthinkable that the new supertankers could be written off. Sixty-three tankers of 200,000 tons and over were already in service, and, in the biggest shipbuilding boom in history, at least three hundred were under construction in various parts of the world, most notably Japan. A hundred or so more were in the planning stage. These ships, furthermore, represented the economic equation whereby Europe, Japan, and other places dependent upon large, long-range imports would get oil in the future not only at a pace commensurate with their needs but at low and stable delivery prices. There was no practical alternative to supertankers that anyone could imagine—or, rather, was prepared to imagine—yet every supertanker afloat, under construction, or projected had to be recognized as a potential bomb of terrifying power. (In the Mactra's case, it was estimated that about 4,400,000 cubic feet of vapor exploded, to wrench the deck open almost the width of the ship for a distance of nearly half her length.) If supertankers were going to continue blowing up at such a rate, no one would be prepared to finance them, insure them, or even have them in port. No one would wish to serve on them, and, alas, the brightest prospects of maritime profit ever entertained would be shattered.

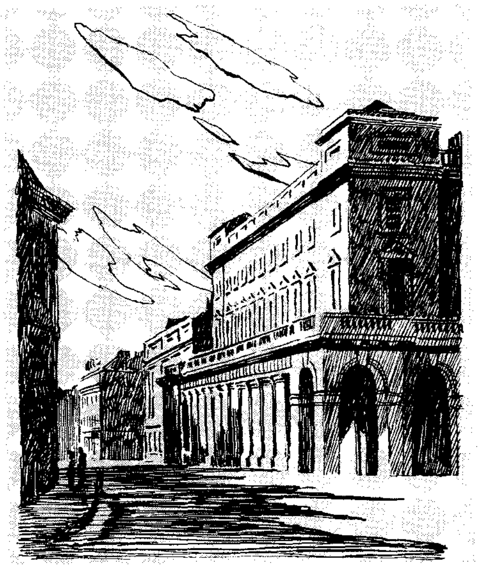
Probably far more cash and time were subsequently spent on unravelling the mystery of the explosions than had been spent on models, experiments, and general research before the prototype supertankers were built. It was the first serious attempt ever made to understand the nature and character of these ships. Elaborate experiments were conducted ashore and afloat; research programs were sponsored at universities in Japan and the United States; the National Aeronautics and Space Administration provided data on static electricity by shooting rockets through clouds; international conferences and symposiums were held, including one, in Sweden, that brought together the world's leading experts on static electricity. Huge sums were spent by the big oil companies as well as by individual governments and shipping organizations. Shell alone has spent about two and a half million dollars on its supertanker research. The official British inquiry into the Mactra explosion, which ran from October 11, 1971, to March 23, 1972, was eleven days longer than the Titanic's, the longest on record up to then.

The origin of the fatal spark was discussed at great length. The most popular theory was that the spark originated with the cleaning process, and Shell, which used several supertankers for experiments, studied two main possibilities—that the strength of the water jets forced parts of the giant nozzles to break loose and fall to the tank bottom, causing a spark, or that the jets of water themselves caused an electrostatic field. According to this second theory, what had happened inside the tanks of the Marpessa and the Mactra was rather similar to the creation of thunderstorm conditions. The idea was that the lumps of water, in their brief flight from nozzles to tank sides, could become as highly charged as thunderclouds and, striking some metal projection, were capable of producing a flash somewhat like lightning. This theory is now widely accepted by supertanker operators, but it is by no means conclusive.

While practically everybody else searched for a spark, Gulf Oil sought to study the nature of an explosive atmosphere inside tanks. It used its own fleet of 326,000-ton supertankers for its investigations, and what it found was a shock to its personnel, for the experiments showed that a safely overrich atmosphere, which Gulf had assumed existed in the tanks after cargo discharge, was present in only about a third of the tanks, while another third were actually lean and the remainder were explosive. As a result of these studies, Gulf now uses the inert-gas system while tank cleaning on all of its ships. There have been no explosions on ships equipped with this system. Ninety per cent of all new supertankers are being

YOUR EDUCATIONAL STATION
PLEASE STAND BY
WE HAVE TEMPORARILY LOST OUR SUBSIDY
Richter

ESTABLISHED 1749



"1749. It was a very good year."

There was peace in Europe in 1749.

The American uprising had not yet begun.

The sounds of the Seven Years War were still out of earshot.

And the thought of a French Revolution was simply ridiculous.

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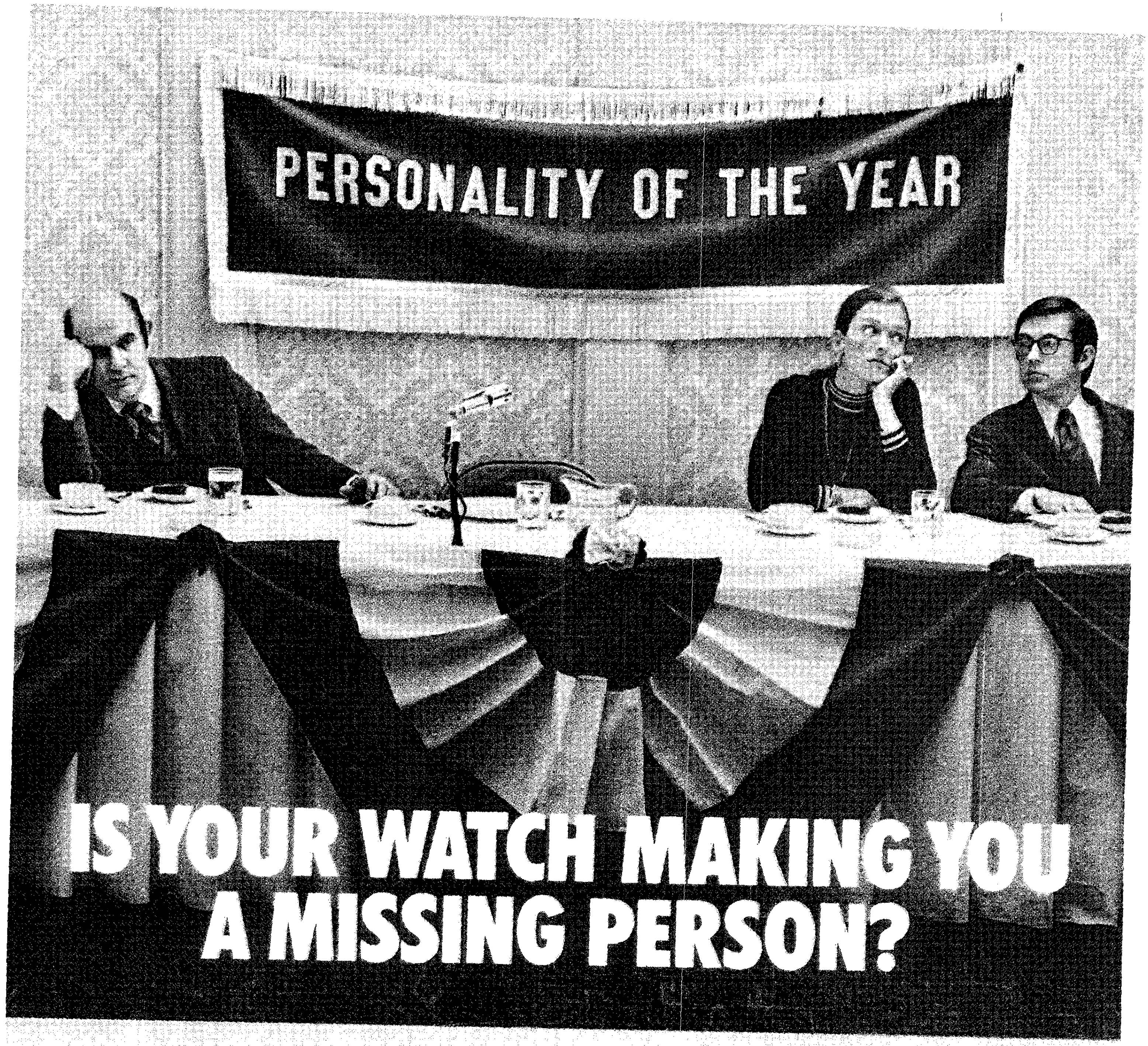
PERSONALITY OF THE YEAR
IS YOUR WATCH MAKING YOU A MISSING PERSON?

BULOVA
SAT 15

At first, people just look at their watches and sigh. Then they try to think up good reasons for your lateness.

(Like maybe your car was stolen.)

When you finally show up, what do you tell them? "It was my watch's fault."

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"I'm terribly sorry. The art director thinks your ears are too big."

• •

THE three supertanker explosions were a frequent subject of conversation aboard the S.S. Ardshiel, a British supertanker with a capacity of more than 200,000 tons of crude oil, on which I once sailed from Europe to the Persian Gulf and back. After unloading her cargo at Rotterdam and the Gironde estuary, in France, Ardshiel cleaned her tanks, by the inert-gas method, as we slipped down toward and into the tropics. The work took six days; it began off the Canaries, and it finished the day we crossed the equator.

After each tank was cleaned, it had to be inspected, and this task, rather than the cleaning itself, is the one in which tankermen feel the most acute sense of personal danger. Although vapor may not remain in explosive quantities after a tank has been cleaned, enough of it may still be present to kill people. Even in a scoured and ventilated tank, pockets of vapor can be floating around the bottom, like invisible balloons, and if they should be punctured by a man's passage they could overcome him; or he might stir a lethal cloud of hydrocarbon vapor into the atmosphere merely by walking through sludge that hadn't been washed away. If the concentration of vapor is very high, only two or three inhalations will render a man unconscious. Sensations are blunted; the skin becomes numb and movements clumsy. A feeling of elation follows, and then, as the vital centers of the brain become affected, drowsiness and sleep. It is all horribly swift. Once a man is overcome, he has to receive oxygen within about four minutes or his brain will be permanently damaged. A minute or so more and he could be dead. If a man is overcome at the bottom of a tank ninety feet deep, he will not have much chance unless a warning is sounded the moment he is seen to stumble, and a rescue party is waiting with full equipment on the deck immediately above.

On Ardshiel's previous voyage, a group of men had been briefly lost and presumed missing at the bottom of Center Tank No. 4, one of the largest tanks in the ship. The group had consisted of the first officer, an engineering officer, a cadet, and a Pakistani seaman. After an accident was suspected and the alarm sounded, the rescue attempt was delayed, for a number of reasons. Things weren't where they should have been, and misunderstanding compounded the trouble. The first officer's wife was on board, and her agony, though brief, was intense and terrible—that of a coal miner's wife, seaborne. Summoned to the bridge by the emergency signals, she saw the rescuers running up the long deck toward the aperture through which her husband had descended just a short while before; she knew that if he had been gassed he was almost certainly dead, or beyond recovery. The misery over the confusions that had delayed the rescuers in their attempt to reach their companions; the bitterness and guilt they felt even as they struggled to carry out the rescue, realizing that in all likelihood their efforts were too late; their shame in knowing that the first officer's wife was desperately watching and depending upon them; and their own frank fears about descending into the fumes—all these things still obsessed the rescuers many months after the men they had feared lost were seen emerging from the tank. They talked about it often. What they were expressing, I sensed, was the true dread aboard these ships: that, unsuspecting, in a matter of moments, one could be turned into a vegetable or snuffed out. There was no particular fear of the ship itself, or even of the gas as an explosive power—only of this spectre lurking in its caves.

The mate and his small party had gone down into the tank (which was right forward) to inspect various valves. The four men made the long descent together as far as a last ladder, near the tank bottom, which was ninety feet down. There the engineering officer was to stay with a portable VHF radio. A system of whistle signals had been arranged between the mate and the engineer to indicate when valves

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were to be opened and shut in the cargo control room, and the engineer was to relay these orders by radio to the control room. Another cadet was to be on watch on the deck immediately above the tank. The first officer and his two companions continued down the last ladder and vanished into the gloomy depths of the tank. Recounting the experience later, the engineer said, "The cadet who had been left on deck, William Roscoe, had orders to keep the chief officer's party in sight by following them from manhole to manhole. But after they'd gone I smelled gas and got a bit worried, so I radioed Roscoe to lower a fresh-air breathing apparatus. He did so, and then went back along the deck to spot the chief officer's party, but he radioed back to me to say that he couldn't see them through any of the manholes. Then I heard a lot of whistling and shouting inside the tank. When you're inside one of those tanks, sound gets distorted out of all proportion. I couldn't make out what it was about. It didn't sound like the signals we'd agreed upon. I couldn't see them, of course, and I couldn't move, because my oxygen line wasn't long enough. Those tanks are so huge and inaccessible anyway that you just can't get around them. I always feel fear down there, and I did then—a lot—because I couldn't understand their signals, and because of the gas all around me. So I sounded the alarm. It was one of the worst moments of my life. I could hear the alarm going on the ship's horn and on the VHF. I moved down to the bottom of the tank to be out of the way when the emergency party came down. I knew that those people were going to have to run from aft all the way up forward and that by the time they got to the tank top they would be out of breath. And the men they were going to rescue weren't at the bottom of the ladder with me—they were way over in some silly corner of the tank. The rescue party was going to come hurtling down that ladder, ninety feet, and then go searching through all those halls and bays, and over all those girders, to wherever the men were. It had never occurred to me how hopeless the whole business really was. The worst feeling was to stand there thinking all this and not be able to help those blokes in the same tank. It was a terrible feeling of helplessness. I got an awful feeling in my stomach. I was alone in that big tank, all alone with three dead men, or dying men, waiting for the emergency party to come—waiting and waiting."

The man who led the emergency party had been in the engine-room control room when the alarm went off. "I was the second one into the emergency headquarters, after Alfie Hattrell," he said. "Hattrell was just shooting out the door, and I said, 'What's the matter, Alf?' He said, 'I think the mate's gassed down in the tank.' There was no contact on the VHF sets, and the panic started then. We didn't know what the hell was going on down there. I ran up to the tank top and looked down. Hattrell was shouting down. There was no answer, just echoes. It was bloody awful. You knew for a fact that you just weren't going to get anybody out of that tank alive. What made it worse was that there was a fearful bloody tangle in trying to get the necessary gear. I had told a cadet to get out the Draeger gear, which is the large-pack breathing apparatus the emergency team uses for going down into a gas-filled area. It was down in the pump room, unfortunately. So we had to go all the way aft for it. When we eventually got the Draeger gear to the tank top, we couldn't get the darn thing connected up. There was an extension piece missing. I ran back to get a breathing apparatus—one you can strap on your back. I was going to go down myself with the resuscitator. I was thinking all the time how hopeless it all was. Even if I'd had a portable breathing apparatus right at the tank and gone down at once, it would have been a hopeless try. In the tank itself, the transverse sections are so huge that you can't get over them—you have to crawl through a hole a foot and a half high and a little bit less wide. You can get through by yourself wearing a boiler suit, but that's all—not with a breathing apparatus on your back. You've got to take it off and throw it through or drag it through and then put it on again, and all that time you're breathing the tank atmosphere, which might be all gas. Then, if you find your man, you've got to bring *him* back the same way. There's about twenty huge bays in a tank like that, and you might have to go through half of them before you found the gassed man, and then back again dragging or pushing him through. Anyway, when I got back to the tank top with my portable breathing apparatus, I found it was all over. What had happened was that the mate had wanted a piece of equipment lowered to him from the deck and had been trying to attract the attention of the man on the deck. The mate was very upset when he realized the panic

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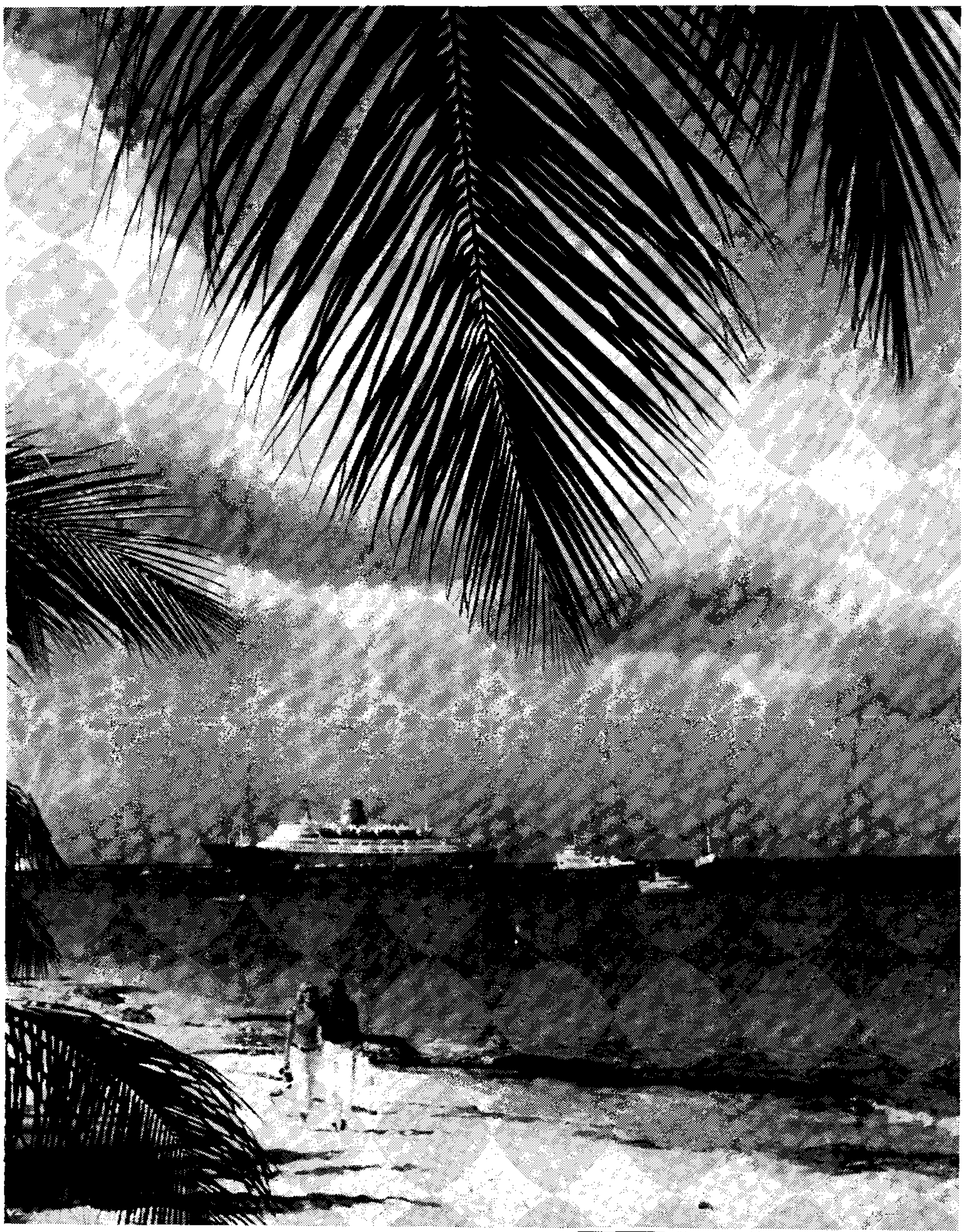

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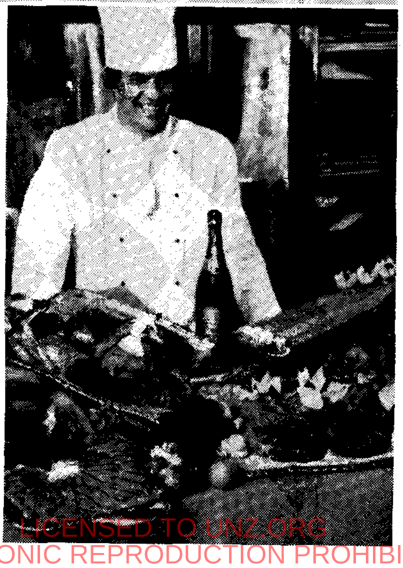

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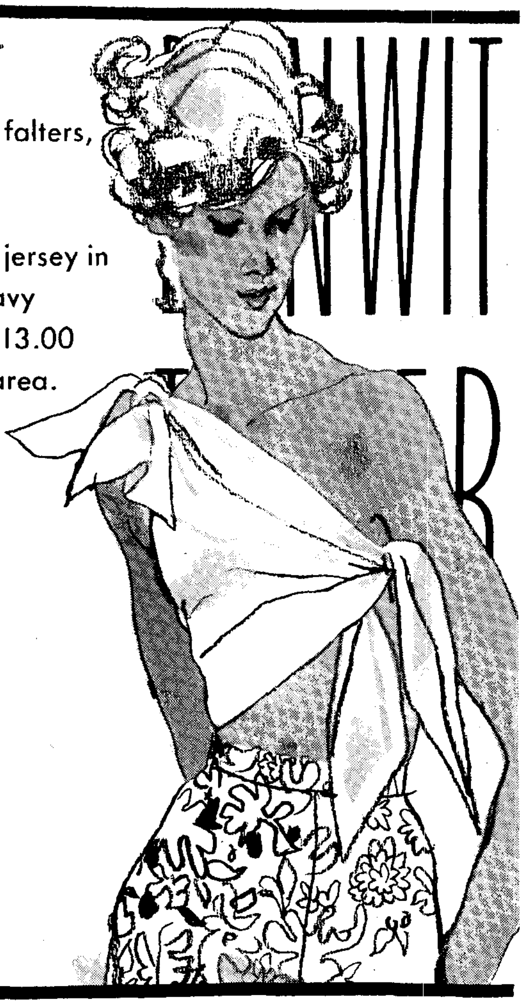

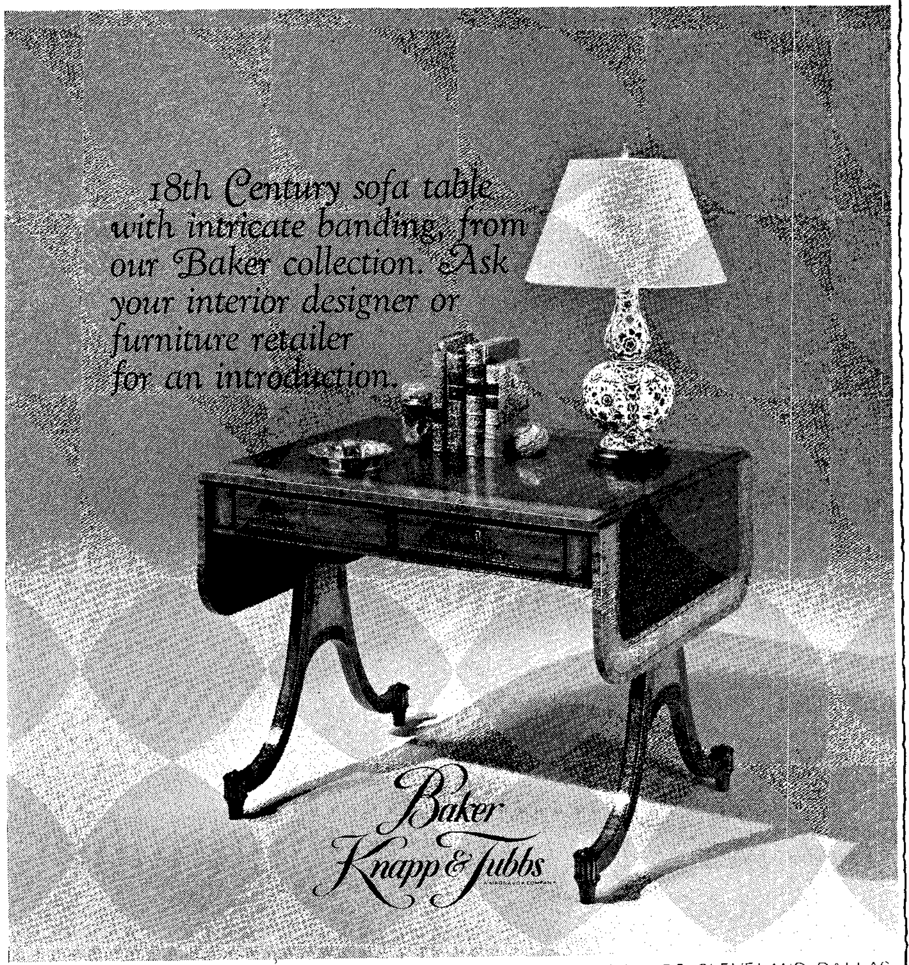

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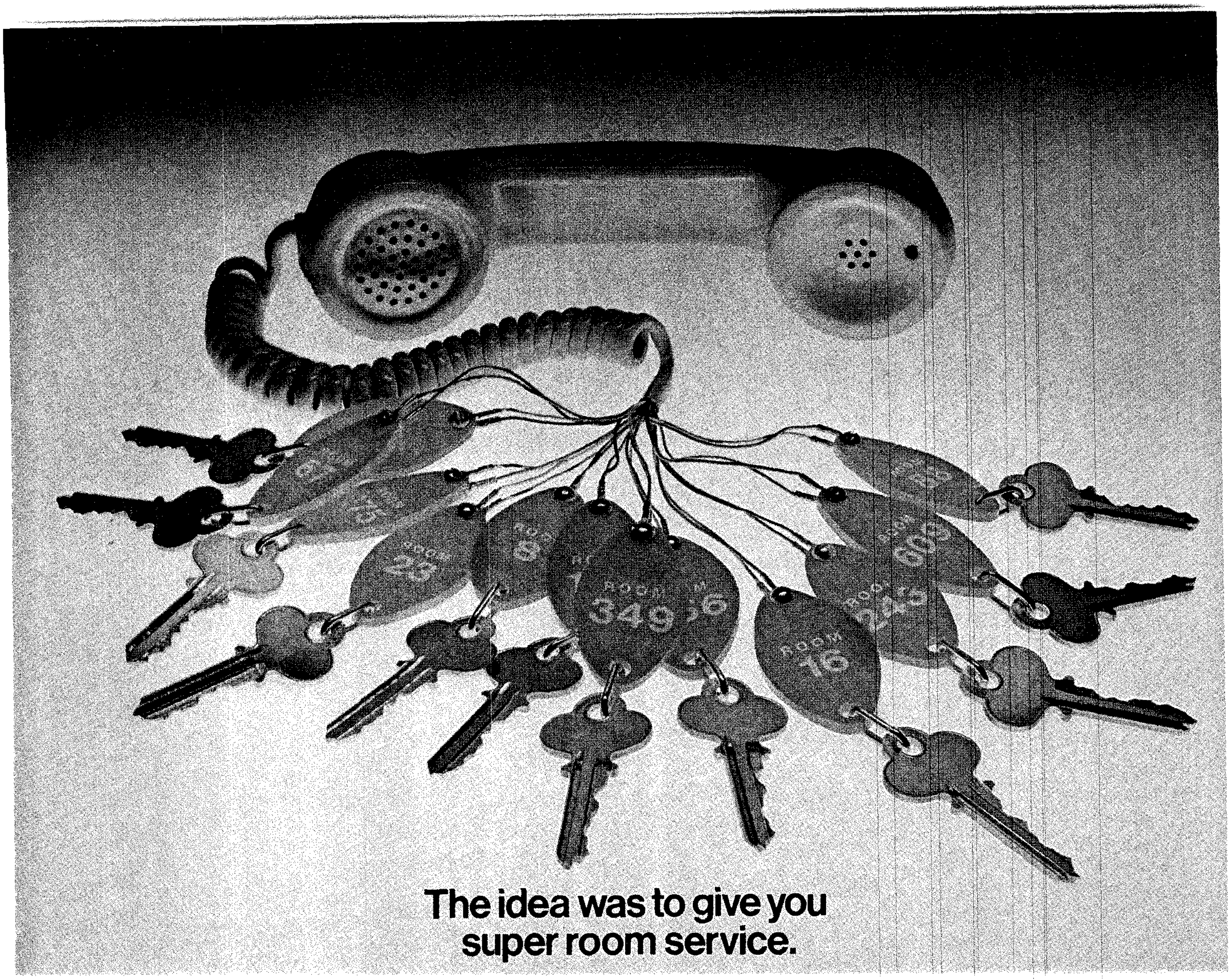
they'd caused. But it was a good thing, in a way. We had a full inquiry on the ship. The episode had exposed the weakness of the whole system. We'd done a lot of training for tank rescues and that stuff, but it had all fallen down when it came to the real thing. Now the equipment is always at the tank top, thoroughly checked, before any men go down. We never have two working parties in gas areas, as we had that day. And when a party goes down we have somebody at every manhole—or Butterworth plate, as we call it—keeping them in sight all the time. But I think it's a terrible thing myself, on these ships, to go down there—that they make us go down when they know for a fact they can't guarantee that a tank's gas-free, and that they can't get anybody out of one. For us, that day, there were four corpses down in that tank, and that's the way we still remember it."

Approaching the equator, we were at the same point in the voyage at which the incident had occurred. As each great tank was cleaned, it was cleared of its inert gas, and an inspection party, led by the first officer—a new man on this voyage, named Alan Ewart-James—went down to examine the equipment and the steelwork. As soon as an inspection was finished and the party had returned to the deck, the tank was refilled with inert gas. Ardshiel's owner, the Peninsular & Oriental Steam Navigation Company, better known as the P. & O. Line, had been one of the pioneer users of inert gas, well before the triple supertanker explosions, and this, of course, was one reason the explosive power of the tanks aroused comparatively little concern among my companions. "We feel it is absolutely safe—well, at any rate, safer than anything else available," Ewart-James said on the morning he was to make his final tank inspection, on which I was going to accompany him. "As soon as we start discharging cargo, the inert-gas system goes into operation; it blows into the tank as the oil goes out. The only time that an empty tank is not inerted is when we go down to have a look, as we are now about to do."

I had met him in his office, where he had laid out a boiler suit, Wellington boots, and gloves for me. When I was dressed, we went down to the cargo control room, and were joined by the other members of the party, Chief Engineer James Jackson and Second Engineer Harvey Phillips. As the four of us walked up the main deck, Ewart-James remarked that one of the things he looked forward to was the



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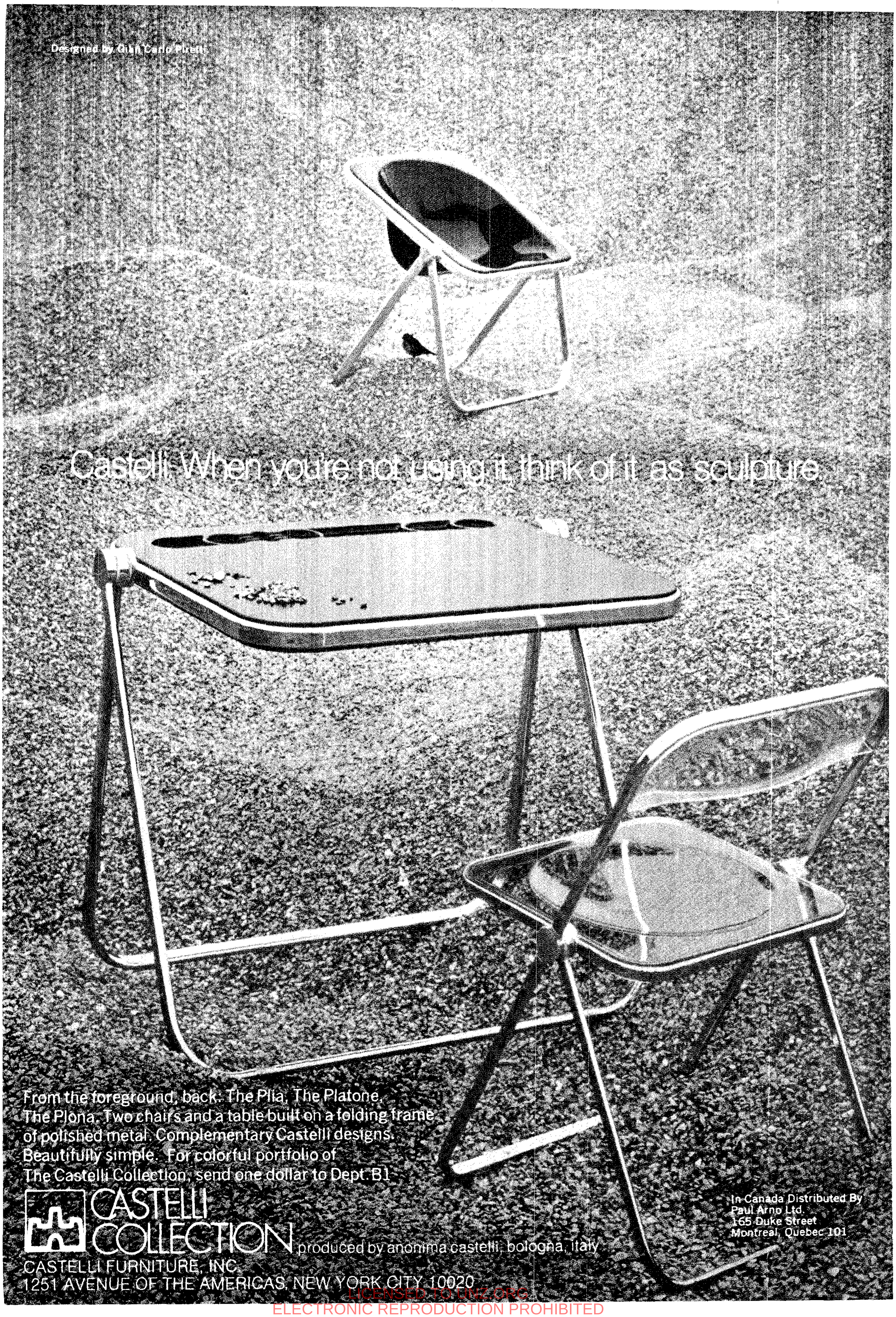

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day when, as master of a ship, he would *no longer have to go down into the* tanks. It was a job he detested as much as everybody else did, he said, and he could not understand why anyone had to go down at all, since he couldn't see that much was accomplished by it: it was impossible to make a thorough examination of a place the size of a cathedral on such a cursory visit. On some supertankers, he said, they carried a rubber dinghy, and as the tanks were slowly filled with water the inspection teams rowed around inside examining the steelwork. That made better sense, he said. And one major oil company, British Petroleum, did not send anyone into the tanks unless maintenance was required.

It was a warm, sunny tropical day, with the wind fresh across the main deck, and we had a long, pleasant walk forward to Center Tank No. 1, into which the descent was to be made. When we got there, the fumes rising from the open tank struck me as unpleasantly strong, but the apprehension I felt—and it was considerable—was *mostly for the actual journey down to* the bottom; at that moment, the gas seemed decidedly less intimidating than the height, for which I've never had a strong head. The tank opening was large enough to take only one person at a time. Ewart-James went first. I followed, then Harvey Phillips. James Jackson remained on deck, watching us. A short ladder took one down through the constricted opening to a small platform, ninety feet above the ship's bottom, and from there a narrow ladder with handrails flew out across space and then down; the narrowness of the ladder and the lack of protection between the steps and that thin handrail, all of it hanging in the air, I found terrifying.

Architecturally, the tank was a surprise. A hollow steel compartment capable of holding eighteen thousand tons of oil, it was full of strange and interesting compositions—a place for imagists. Illumination was provided by the open Butterworth plates, neat portholes of natural light, diminishing in size as we descended until they shone far above the lower darkness like a firmament of moons. In this faint light, we began passing the washing machines, which rose twenty feet from the bottom, like weird pyramidal stalagmites. From the bottom itself, with the light falling in shafts from above, the impression of height and size was far greater than it had been from the entrance at the top. I hadn't expected such a mass of detail, of elaborate pat-

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terns of pipes and valves, so many flights of other ladders, so many beams and struts, platforms, nooks, crannies, and crevices. Most impressive of all were the upper transverse beams thrusting out into the huge emptiness above our heads halfway up to the deck, creating transepts.

There had been a slight sea movement on deck, but here at the bottom it was dead still and—what was eerier—dead quiet. No ship sounds, no faint noise of sea strain or stress or creaking—just the clear, matter-of-fact voices of the two men and the unhurried scuff of our boots on the steelwork. Although we were virtually at the bottom, the pipes and transverse frames were so huge that our path, which lay across the top of them, still carried us at a considerable height—perhaps twelve to fifteen feet—above the ship's plates. Huge bays were formed by the frames of the ship's hull.

When we reached the center of a particular bay, the two men climbed down a series of handgrips to the lowest level, where they worked quickly by the light of special gas-tight flashlights. Standing on what I assumed to be the rider plate of the ship's keelson—the reinforcing steel stringer that normally runs the length of a ship's keel—I could understand the immense difficulties of trying to reach a man lying gassed somewhere in this complex gloom. An oxygen mask had been lowered through one of the Butterworth plates, and I had been told to stand as close to it as possible—an injunction that I selfishly appreciated and unhesitatingly obeyed. Actually, we were at a point easily visible from above and were being closely watched, but it was quite evident that to save someone lying unconscious in one of the remoter regions of the tank, lost from sight, would be like starting from the dome of a darkened cathedral and descending an eighteen-inch-wide ladder pinned to its walls to find, somewhere at the bottom, among the bays, chapels, colonnades, and apses, a senseless form that had to be brought back up to the dome, all within four minutes.

PICASSO
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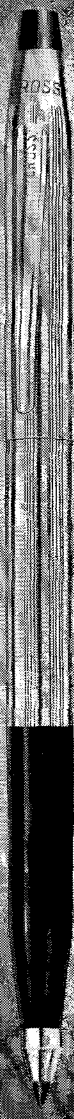
Returning up the ladders to the main deck, I was struck by the anomaly that in these steel ships the ascent and descent of great heights on foot is a recurrent routine to a degree that hasn't been known since the days of sail. (On ordinary ships, masthead painting or repair is usually done with the aid of a bos'n's chair, and most modern ships dispense with a mainmast in favor of a steel structure for radar, radio aerials, and signal halyards abaft the bridge or funnel.) The ladders we descended into Center Tank No. 1 ran in stages, angled at varying degrees, all of them steep, and in some tanks the descent is perpendicular. There the comparison ends. The sailing men went aloft into the sky, with exhilaration in fine weather and with a fierce sense of elemental combat during bad. Tank descent, on the other hand, involves removal from all that, into a black hole in the sea.

THE tropics vanished overnight, and the ship entered a different mood, another sea. The time was late June. We were rapidly moving into the southern winter. The wind was rising, and we began to roll. An order book had been set out in the wardroom for those who wanted something or other from Cape Town. The orders were to be telegraphed to the P. & O. agent at the Cape, and the goods would be sent out by tender together with the mail and the ship's supplies. Ardshiel's own shop was thoroughly stocked with almost everything a man could want, and the order page had remained blank. Now, suddenly, everyone wanted something. Men hung over the book thoughtfully, pencil in hand, reflecting upon whim. None of what they finally ordered seemed truly necessary. The list for chocolate cakes was a long one, even though the ship's baker made cakes as good as any; but this was contact with the shore.

The master of the ship, Basil Thomson, a large man in his mid-fifties who had risen through the ranks over nearly four decades of service with the P. & O. Line, sat talking in the wardroom after dinner one evening about an incident on a recent voyage when Ardshiel had broken down and drifted helplessly off the South African coast. The breakdown seemed to be much on Thomson's mind as his ship approached those waters again. Ardshiel had been on her way to the Persian Gulf to load. Off Port Elizabeth, the ship's power began to fail, because of salt-water contamination in her boilers. She was nine miles off the coast, and Thomson had promptly warned all shipping that his vessel was having difficulties and asked everyone to stay clear of her. For four days, she struggled to cover the distance to Durban. Ardshiel's engineers managed to keep the engines turning, with just sufficient power to keep her moving through the water. It was clear that if she broke down completely, her position would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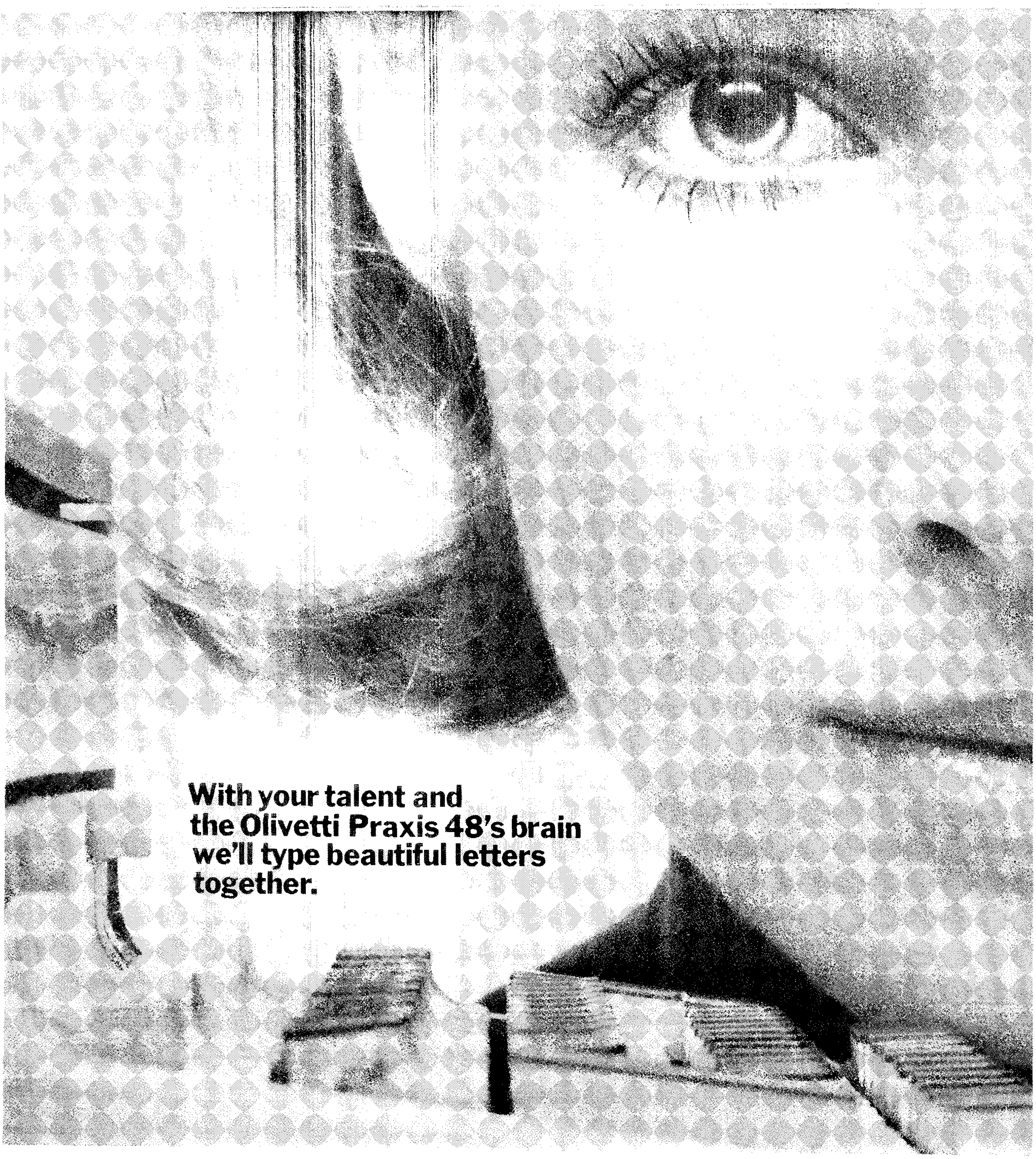
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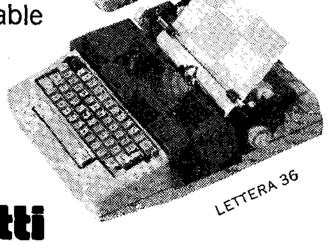
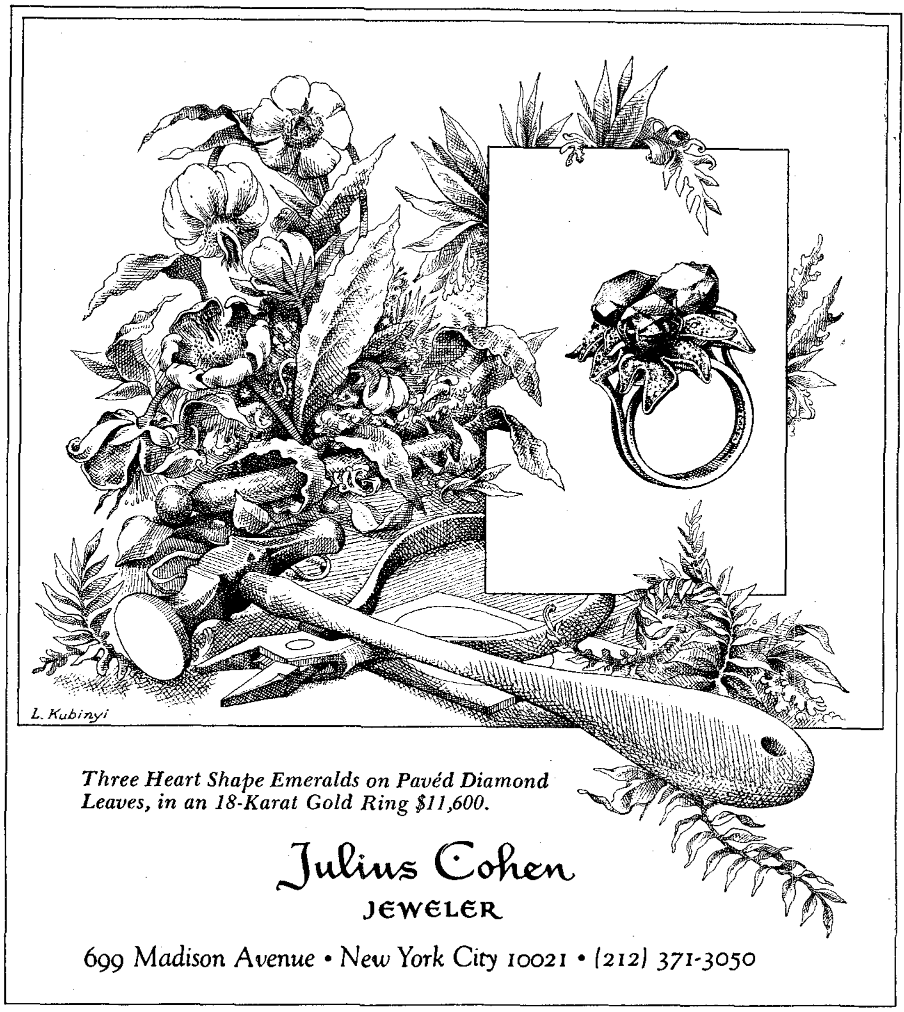


OLIVETTI CORPORATION OF AMERICA, 500 PARK AVE., NEW YORK CITY 10022 **olivetti** be perilous, and Thomson had taken care also to warn the South African authorities of his difficulties.

The high incidence of tanker breakdown off the South African coast since the closing of the Suez Canal has made it worthwhile for salvage tugs to station themselves permanently in those waters, with their radios tuned to the passing traffic. The only tug available to the Ardshiel in the event that she broke down completely was then lying in Durban Harbor, and after listening to the Ardshiel's reports of distress, she called Thomson and asked whether he wanted her services. Commissioning salvage tugs is a costly business, and is usually regarded by owners as a final, desperate resort; the salvage awards, calculated on the value of the ship as well as her cargo, can be enormous. A master must therefore have good reason for summoning a tug. Thomson, on the assumption that the tug would still be at her post if he finally did need her, declined the offer. To his surprise, however, the tug suddenly hove in sight some time later, and as she passed within hailing distance of the crippled tanker the tug master advised Thomson that he was steaming south to undertake a commission on the coast below and that if the Ardshiel required his assistance now was the time to say so. Bluff or fact? The Ardshiel's chances of making Durban under her own power seemed reasonable, although she had been stopping and starting. If the weather got bad, however, the ship would not have enough power against a heavy sea, and if she broke down completely anyway, as she might yet do, she would be helpless. Thomson's dilemma was whether to take a gamble on the frail engines and the weather or accept a tow that might involve a claim for eighty per cent of the value of the ship. "What was I to do?" Thomson asked bleakly. "The weather was deteriorating, and there, disappearing over the horizon, was the only tug that could help me if I needed help. Perhaps that tug master was bluffing, but how was I to know? If I'd let him go and then found that I needed him, I would have been blamed. As it was, I was censured for calling him back. But what else could I have done?"

Normally at this hour, over coffee, Thomson might have been telling an anecdote about life in the P. & O. in the old days, and as he did so he would have been leaning well back in his chair, satisfied, with his hands slamming the arms of the chair for emphasis. But now he held his hands folded



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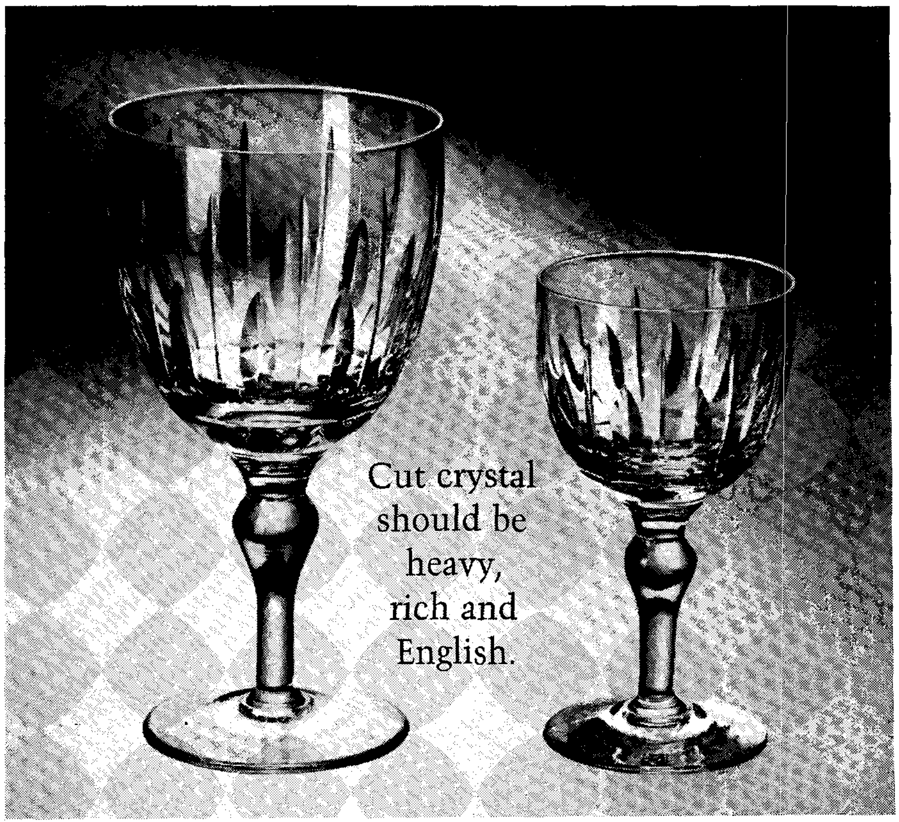

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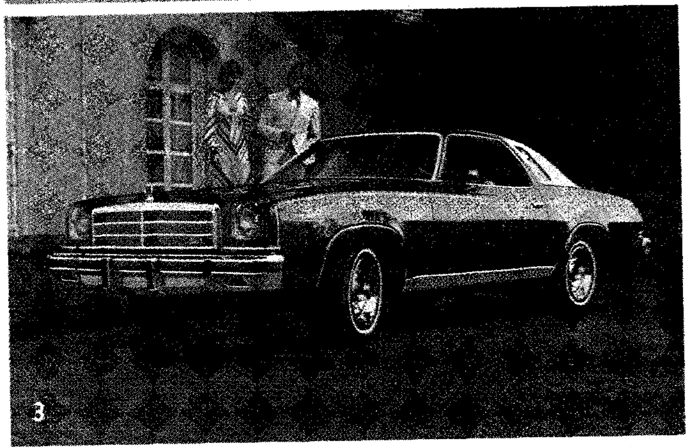
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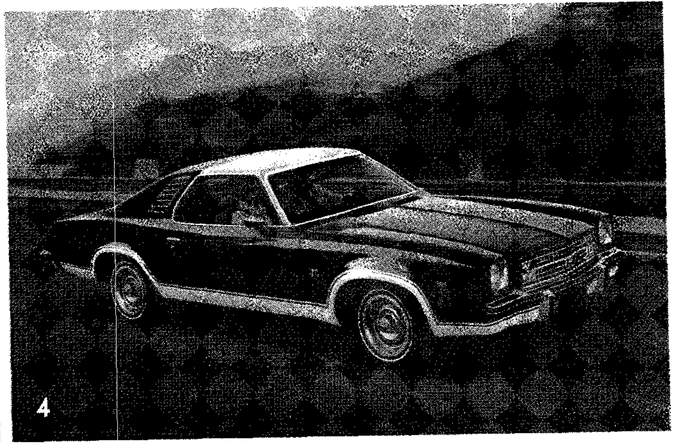
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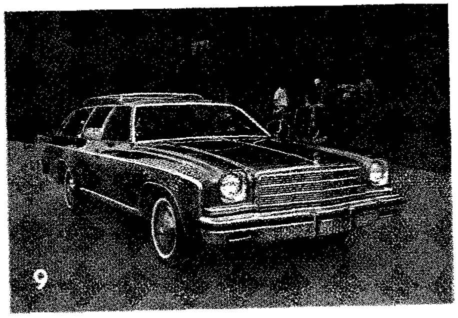
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over his cup, his elbows resting on his knees, and he spoke slowly and heavily, as though his words held a weight of oppression. "I was prejudged before I got to London," he said. "I got a letter of exoneration later, but it didn't make up for what I felt when I got to the office knowing that the issue had been decided against me in most people's minds. How can anybody really know the pressures and the circumstances of a thing like that if they aren't there at the time? I've never forgotten a board of inquiry on which I once sat. A British India Line master was up before us. His ship had been in a collision. They asked him why he'd given the orders he did when he saw the danger he was in, and he simply said, 'I had thirty seconds in which to make up my mind, and I did at that moment what I thought was best.' There was no answer to that, and they let him go. When you've got half a minute, you can't weigh up alternative courses of action—you just do there and then what you think is best, and you probably know that whatever you do isn't going to make much difference in all likelihood. Well, I myself had longer than thirty seconds, but it comes to the same thing. It's always easier later, when you've got all the facts and figures and can decide at leisure during an inquiry what should have been done. But when the thing is actually happening—well, it's all very different."

IT was winter when I climbed to the bridge from the darkness of the lower decks at dawn the following day. Alan Ewart-James and a cadet named Davis stood on the port wing, their throats muffled against the chill. The sea looked very wide and cold and blue, and its surface was massively creased by a huge regular swell, whose violent effect upon the ship had awakened me. Around us lay mountains of cloud bank; the clouds rose from the dark base of the sea at the horizon, but their peaks touched a clear and unblemished sky. Davis was taking a bearing on a small point of light that shone faintly in a still black corner of the sea. "She's also on course for the Cape," Ewart-James said. "About the same speed, so we'll be keeping each other company for a while." As the dawn spread over the water, the single light became a ship, which, as so often happens, seemed far less of a presence upon the visible sea than her light had been upon the dark. We held steady, companionable course together, and sailed past the foot of the range of

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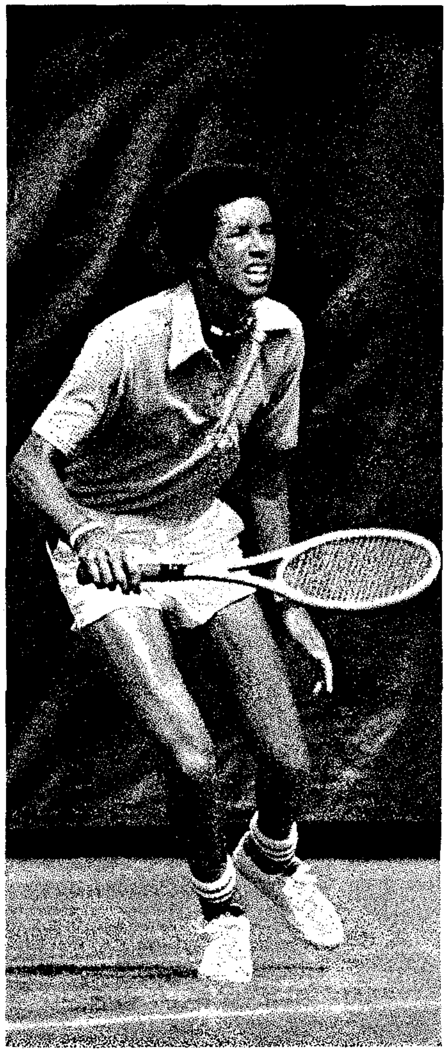

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clouds, as though under the lee of an island, and on into a powerfully different ocean.

The quality of light, the smell and tone of the air, the dense flocks of seabirds, and the cold, high-moving look of the sea itself were already indisputably "Cape," though we still were fourteen hundred miles northwest of Good Hope. We were in the great South Atlantic, which has a character all its own. As you sail south, the impact of the South Atlantic is always pronounced, because you enter it so suddenly from the tropics, where sea and sky melt together for days, with no clearly defined horizon; when you wake one morning to this fresher air, the sudden definition of sea and sky makes the ocean look immensely wider. It is widened still further by the swell, which, like dunes in the desert, gives the eye its rhythmic measure of spaced and infinite distance.

These waves are known as "Cape rollers," and they gain their size and momentum during their long journey up from the seas of Antarctica—the Southern Ocean, which is the main influence upon the South Atlantic. The Southern Ocean not only sends rollers into the South Atlantic but folds into it its own icy currents, making the South Atlantic a cold sea under a hot sun, and so adding to its perversity and richness: enabling it to bring right to the tropics many of the curious creatures of the Antarctic waters, including seal, penguin, and a host of cold-sea birds, along with the whale and the albatross, which were so much the symbolic preoccupation of the early sailors in these waters.

Hundreds of seabirds rode the wind as it flowed silently and unfelt around us. An albatross floated motionless beside the ship, like a stuffed bird inexplicably pinned upon the living sky—so close to the rail that one could read the color of his fierce pink eyes. His wings, stretched to their fullest span, nine or ten feet, cast long shadows upon the sea. The wandering albatross has the largest wingspan in the entire bird kingdom, often measuring more than eleven feet. The body is four feet long, but the whole bird is marvellously light, usually weighing about fifteen pounds, and this helps him stay in the air day after day: the albatross doesn't fly so much as float upon the updrafts created by wind striking the surface of the sea. He glides from one airwave to the next, and gets sufficient buoyancy to maintain flight with minimal effort. The albatross belongs to neither land nor sea, really; he is in the air ninety per cent of the time, settles on shore only long enough to breed, and stays off the water for days on end. Dr. William Beebe has told of one bird, specifically watched, that was known to have stayed in the air at least six days without landing on the water, and has also given an instance of a bird that followed one ship for three thousand miles. It is said that the coming of the steamship saved the albatross from extinction, since ships no longer lay becalmed for days, their sailors bored, idle, and wanting diversion. Toward the end of the days of sail, the birds were killed in particularly large numbers by sailors, who caught them cruelly on baited hooks, sometimes just for sport but also for gain: the webbing of the feet was used for making pouches then, the bones were sold for pipestems, the down was sold in Europe, and the meat, though tough, provided a change of diet. The beauty of these birds is so moving that it is hard to believe that anyone could ever have wished to kill them, or mock and tease them. But this is the cruelty that Baudelaire observed on his voyage around the Cape, and put into his poem on the albatross. True, the bird, as one watches him, seems easier to admire than to love. One feels a shiver: those pink eyes, so large, steadfastly alongside and effortlessly suspended above the sea, unceasingly watching! For those earlier seamen, the perpetual baleful scrutiny of their brutal struggles with cord and canvas upon precarious decks from such an aloof point of ease must sometimes have touched off rage and resentment. Perhaps that's why, when they got an albatross on deck and saw its helplessness there (it could not take off from a ship's deck), they felt moved to do what Baudelaire saw them do: "One of the sailors torments his beak with a pipe, another mimics, limping, the cripple who used to fly." At least when it was helpless and floundering on deck, the bird had no supernatural power, and got weary like the rest of them.

Frigid currents under a hot sun also account for dense fogs that unexpectedly descend upon a day whose fierce sun has heated all the surfaces of the sea and sky to a coppery brightness. Steaming through such an ostensibly inviolate light, a ship suddenly finds herself in an impenetrable mist; her decks grow wet, and the deep chill of the seawater rises all around. It is an

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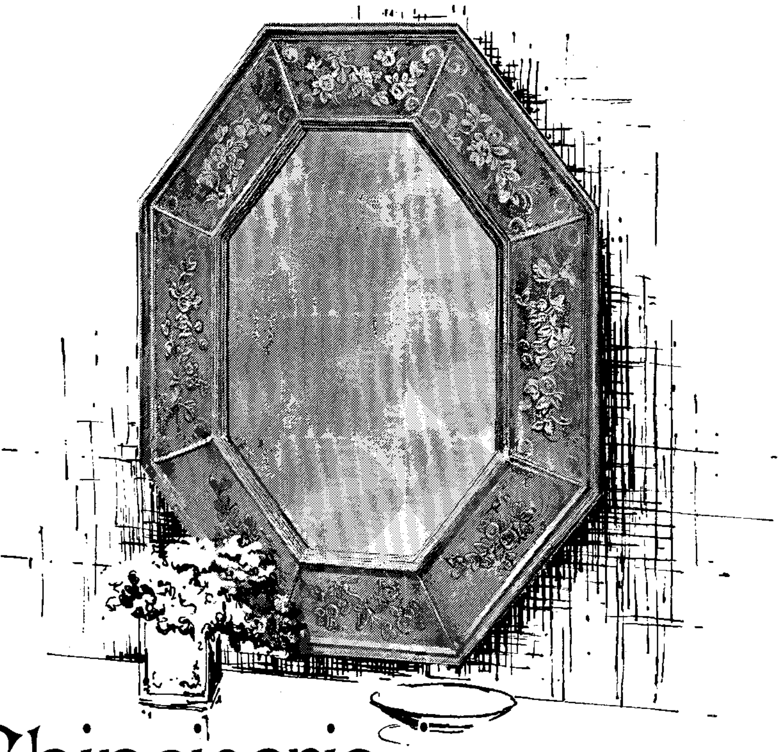

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uncanny experience, even on a large passenger liner, to stand peering into such a thick fog for the vanished sea and sunlight. How easy it is, therefore, to understand the impact of this ocean upon the imagination of the earliest seamen, credulous and superstitious men groping their way toward Asia, who knew only that these smooth rollers they met so soon after crossing the line were the messengers of gale-driven seas farther south, through which they shortly had to pass to "run their easting down." Once they had rounded Good Hope, their course took them straight on into the Southern Ocean, the only ocean that completely encircles the globe unhampered by an intervening landmass. The fierce westerlies that constantly blow over it provided the legendary gales that punished the nineteenth-century grain and wool clippers. The seas of the Southern Ocean have unrestricted freedom to build their power and size, and are the most terrible on earth, with reported storm heights south of the Cape of Good Hope of *sixty-five feet*, against forty-eight feet in the North Atlantic. Farther south, waves as high as a hundred feet have been reported. Cutty Sark encountered such conditions, and her master, Captain Woodget, wrote in his log, "An immense sea rolled up right aft. When I looked at it, towering up so steep, in fact, like a cliff, it looked as if it was about to drop down over our stern and completely bury the ship." Captain Woodget later told Basil Lubbock, the ship's historian, who gives an account of the incident in "The Log of the Cutty Sark," that the ship ran down the advancing wall of water with her stern at an angle of forty-five degrees, "whilst her bows split the side of the monstrous wave with a roaring hiss; the Cutty Sark . . . probably never went faster in her life than she did on that sea."

Nowhere else is there such a sense of the primordial rage of the earth when all is covered by a rushing sea. Nowhere else could the legend of the Flying Dutchman be quite as credible. Captain Vanderdecken cursed that ocean and, in punishment for his blasphemy, was damned to sail eternally the waters off the Cape. Whether Vanderdecken existed or not, he was real enough to sailors for nearly three hundred years, the martyr and symbol of their inexpressible experience. The ghost ship has been described by many, including Queen Elizabeth II's grandfather King George V, who, in his published diary of a cruise aboard H.M.S. Bacchante in July, 1881,

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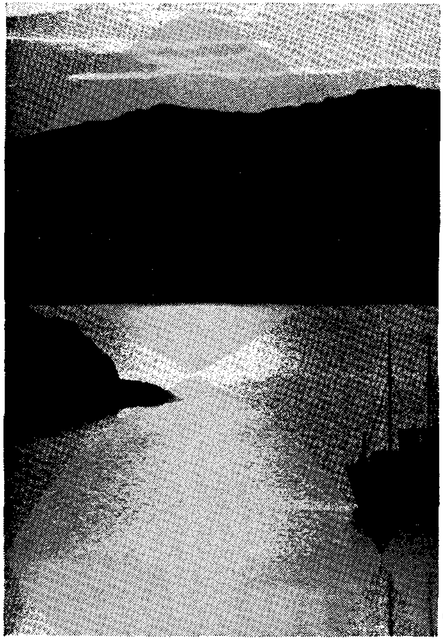

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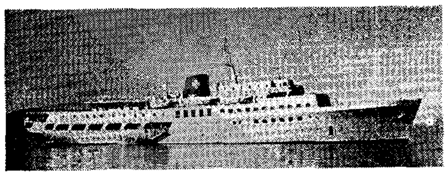


M.T.S. Argonaut, registered in Greece.

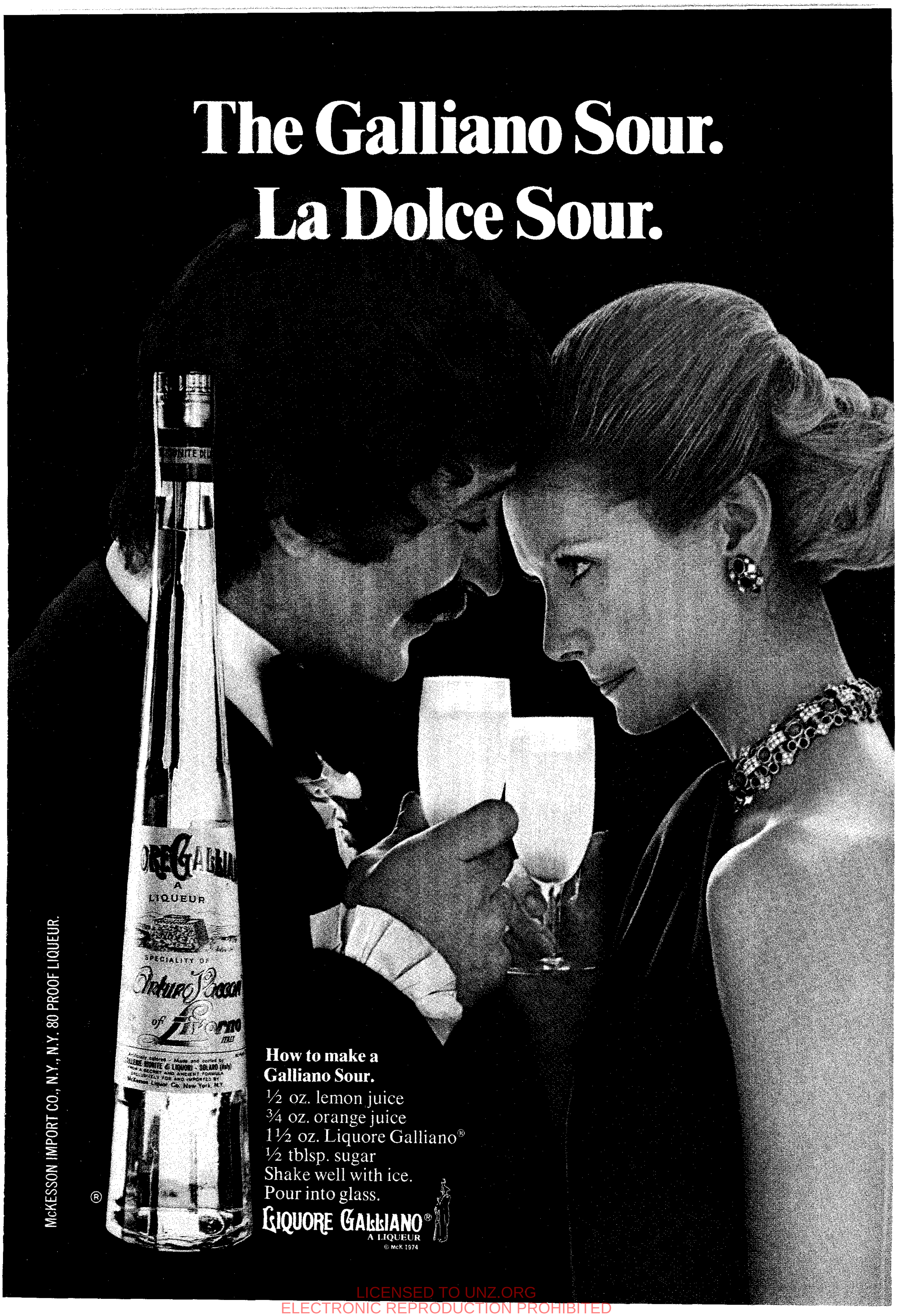
wrote, "The lookout man on the forecastle reported her as close to the port bow, where also the officer of the watch clearly saw her . . . a strange red light as of a phantom ship all aglow, in the midst of which light the mast, spars, and sails of a brig two hundred yards distant stood out in strong relief as she came up." The validity of the apparition was confirmed for those on board by the fate of the ordinary seaman who had first sighted it and hailed the officer of the watch: he fell to his death from the crosstrees twelve hours later.

If I have digressed, it is, in the first place, because I spent my boyhood and adolescence at the Cape, often under sail on the South Atlantic, and especially that Cape fringe of it which lies brother to the Southern Ocean. I knew the Indian Ocean coasts northeast of Cape Point equally well, and regarded them far more joyously, because of their white sands, their sensual warmer waters, and their buoyant mood. But where the Indian Ocean was pleasure, the South Atlantic was experience. I am therefore concerned that its extraordinary qualities should remain intact, and by that I really mean its rich bird and marine life. The oil ships have already done great damage—in some instances, perhaps, irremediable damage—and in doing it they may be damaging the resources of the Antarctic seas to a degree that we do not yet understand.

More oil has probably been leaked, spilled, dumped, and slopped into the waters off and around the Cape than in any other single area of the world. If man were to assess all the points in all the oceans that are upon this earth to decide which might be the one to guard with all his might from pollution and damage because of the larger consequences to man himself, then this one should be it—or, if not, then only Cape Horn, I am prepared to say, could tie with the Cape of Good Hope as such a point. The modern curse of Good Hope is that every tanker that goes from the west to the Persian Gulf must pass that way twice. Before Suez closed, an average of sixty-two tankers rounded the Cape every month. The average now is between five hundred and six hundred a month—half of them fully loaded, of course. A total of more than two thousand ships pass the Cape every month, and ordinary merchantmen make their own contribution to the pollution of its seas by dumping their bilge sediments and oily ballasts, but the major havoc is created by tankers, and it is an appalling story of wreck, breakdown, collision, torn and leaking tanks, foundering, and wanton dumping. The worst mischief, naturally, occurs during the southern winter, when tankers are bashed and battered by the Cape seas. Every winter season has its one or two major accidents, but the persistence of unaccountable slicks is more fearsome than the known accidents. Every year sees some further conspicuous diminishment of the sea life there, and this cannot be regarded as a local matter, because all of it is intimately involved and interdependent with the still largely unknown ecology of Antarctica, whose seas are the richest on earth in marine flora and fauna.

The world's oceans are not uniformly productive. The major portion of the deeps, like terrestrial savanna, is relatively unproductive. The true richness of the sea's life is concentrated in a very few areas—flourishing pastures, if you like—where the density and variety of living matter are hugely in excess of what they are elsewhere. The Southern Ocean contains some of the biggest, most abundant, and most important of these pastures. And the biological riches of the South Polar region extend up the west coast of South America in the Humboldt Current and along the southwest African coast in the Benguela Current. Those currents are so lavishly fruitful that they make it worthwhile for trawler fleets to steam from as far as the Soviet Union and Japan to the fishing grounds off Peru and South-West Africa. Most of the catch taken from the Humboldt and Benguela Currents is processed into fish meal, for use in fertilizers and animal feed. It would be difficult to say how many of the world's millions depend, directly or indirectly, upon these fisheries, but it is easy to see that there would be serious consequences if they began to fail. If, as we are frequently told, the seas are earth's last untouched resource, its final frontier, and a possible source of much of the food and nourishment that our overcrowded planet will need, then it would be unfortunate indeed if we allowed what is perhaps the most fruitful and important sea of all to be irreparably damaged, or even destroyed, in its biological functions.

Nature herself has facilitated pollution of the Southern Ocean through an unusually strong current, the Mozam-



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bique, which flows down the east coast of Africa. For one thing, savage weather is normal in the waters that run parallel to the coast between Cape Town and Durban. It can break the strongest ships, and, needless to say, tankers have been the principal victims in recent years. Another pertinent characteristic of the Mozambique Current is that after flowing down the east coast along a line that brings it close inshore as far as Cape Agulhas it suddenly turns away from the coast, virtually doubles back on itself, and stands out to sea, eastward. At this point, it becomes known as the Agulhas Current, and its course takes it toward the Southern Ocean's circulating eastward course of wind and current. The speed of the Mozambique-Agulhas Current, up to five knots, is also important. What it grips it tends to hold, all the way south. The current in effect acts as a funnel down to the Southern Ocean, and swirls any oil flung into the sea off the east coast of southern Africa straight into the larger circuit of the West Wind Drift. There the oil starts navigating the Antarctic Circumpolar Current. About half the food manufactured by the earth's plants occurs in the seas, and one of the richest sources is in the Southern Ocean. Oil damage to such an area and to its role in the interdependent association of fauna and flora in the south could obviously be critical.

Several tankers have gone down in the area of the Mozambique-Agulhas Current, the largest of which have been the 46,434-ton World Glory, owned by Stavros Niarchos and registered in Liberia; the 70,000-ton Getty ship Wafra; and the 100,613-ton Greek-owned, Liberian-registered Texanita. When the World Glory broke up, she was loaded with 46,000 tons of crude from Iraq en route to Spain, and she created a slick sixty miles long and sixty miles wide, which travelled steadily down the coast and, since it didn't come ashore, presumably funnelled straight into the Agulhas Current and continued south. The Wafra spilled more oil; its slick, though only thirty-five miles long and five miles wide, was denser than World Glory's, and it, too, was borne away by the Agulhas Current. After the Texanita collided with the Oswego Guardian, also registered in Liberia, the latter jettisoned about seven thousand tons of her cargo, which, together with four thousand tons of bunker oil that had been lost, and oil from the sunken Texanita, formed a slick sixty-five miles long and about ten miles wide at its widest; the

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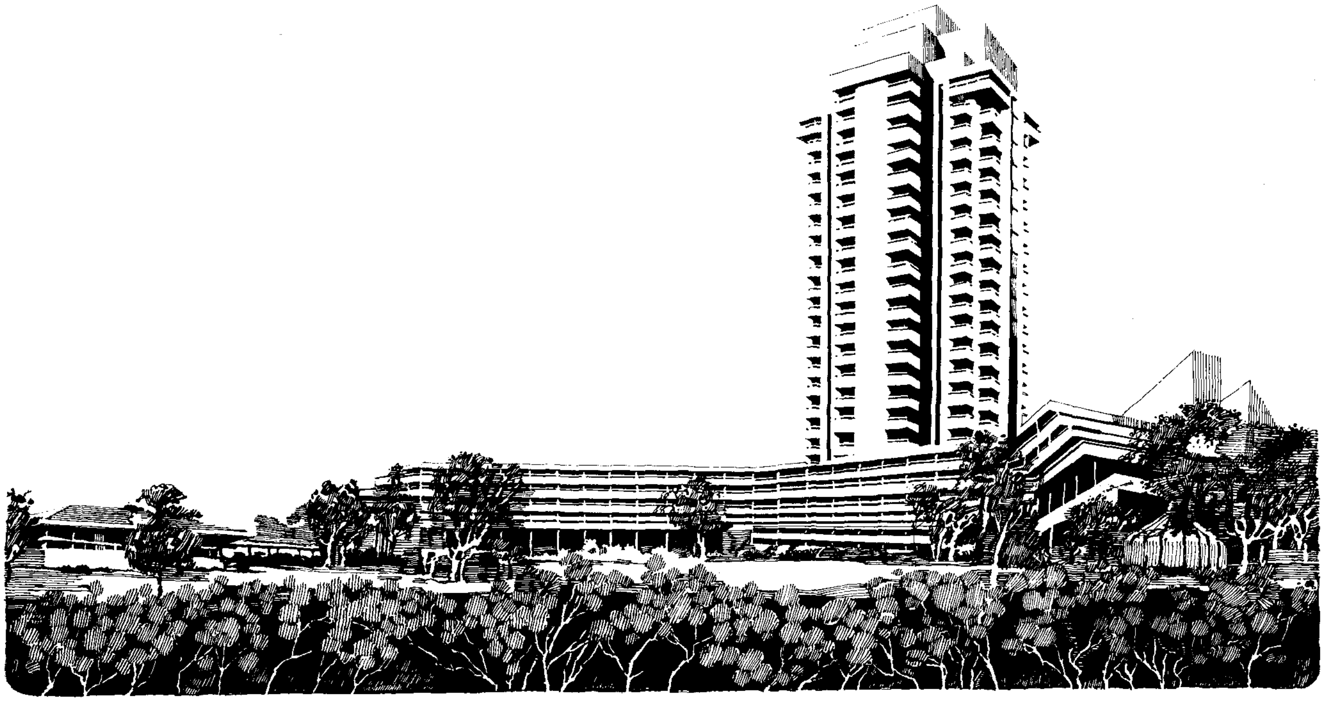

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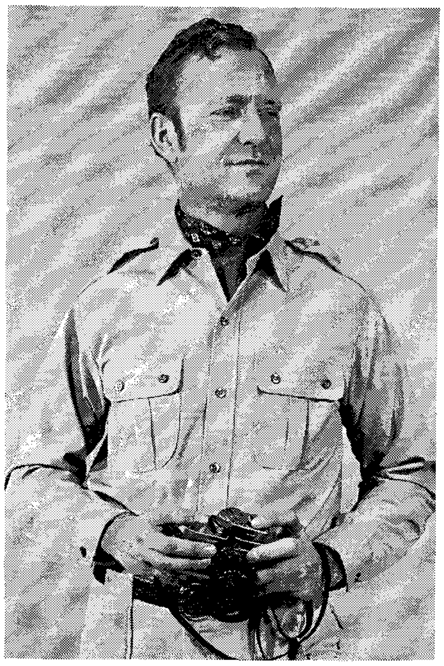

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slick eventually broke into a number of smaller slicks, and most of them also vanished, like muck down a drain, into the Agulhas Current.

Apart from the immediate damage done to the sea's surface at the time of accident, sunken ships, if they take a lot of oil down with them (and the Wafra still has more than thirty thousand tons inside her), do far more in the long run by slowly leaking from the seabed as they break up from the action of currents and sea movement or disintegrate with time. The German cruiser Blücher, sunk in the Oslo Fjord in April, 1940, for example, began leaking oil from her huge bunkers only in June, 1969. After the Wafra had been hauled off a reef, she was sunk by South African bombers in deep water off the coast; as her tanks gradually collapse, slicks will be fed steadily into the Agulhas Current, flowing directly above her. The Texanita, which also lies under the Agulhas Current, was empty when she went down, but she had several thousand tons of bunker fuel aboard. Slicks have been consistently forming on the surface above her.

The worst damage to those waters, however, is done by less spectacular spills. There are leaks from ships whose hulls have cracked or whose tanks have ruptured for one reason or another, perhaps as the result of the ships' going aground or striking submerged objects. There is callous dumping by ships whose masters believe that the swift currents will remove any chance of their being found out, or by ships that lighten their cargoes in an emergency. (After especially bad weather off the Cape, it is common to find large oil slicks, many of which are assumed to have come from ships whose masters feared for the safety of their vessels and, to provide better buoyancy or to prevent the hulls from cracking, simply ditched portions of their cargoes.) Finally, and by no means least, there is the general dumping by all shipping, ordinary merchantmen as well as tankers, of oily bilge water and oily ballast water.

Oil leakage goes on all the time inside any ship's machinery and bunkering spaces. Lubricating and hydraulic oils drip from worn gaskets and areas of heavy lubrication. Fuel oil can leak from valves and connections of the lines that carry it from the bunkers to the machinery. All this accumulates in the bilges, along with whatever water has leaked into the ship, and the lot has to be pumped out from time to time. Any master whose ship is sluggish, and perhaps even hazardous, from heavy bilges and who has been putting off the job of clearing them is inclined to wait no longer if he is facing the prospect of heavy weather off the Cape. So out it goes—at night, because there now are heavy penalties—into the Mozambique, Agulhas, and Benguela Currents.

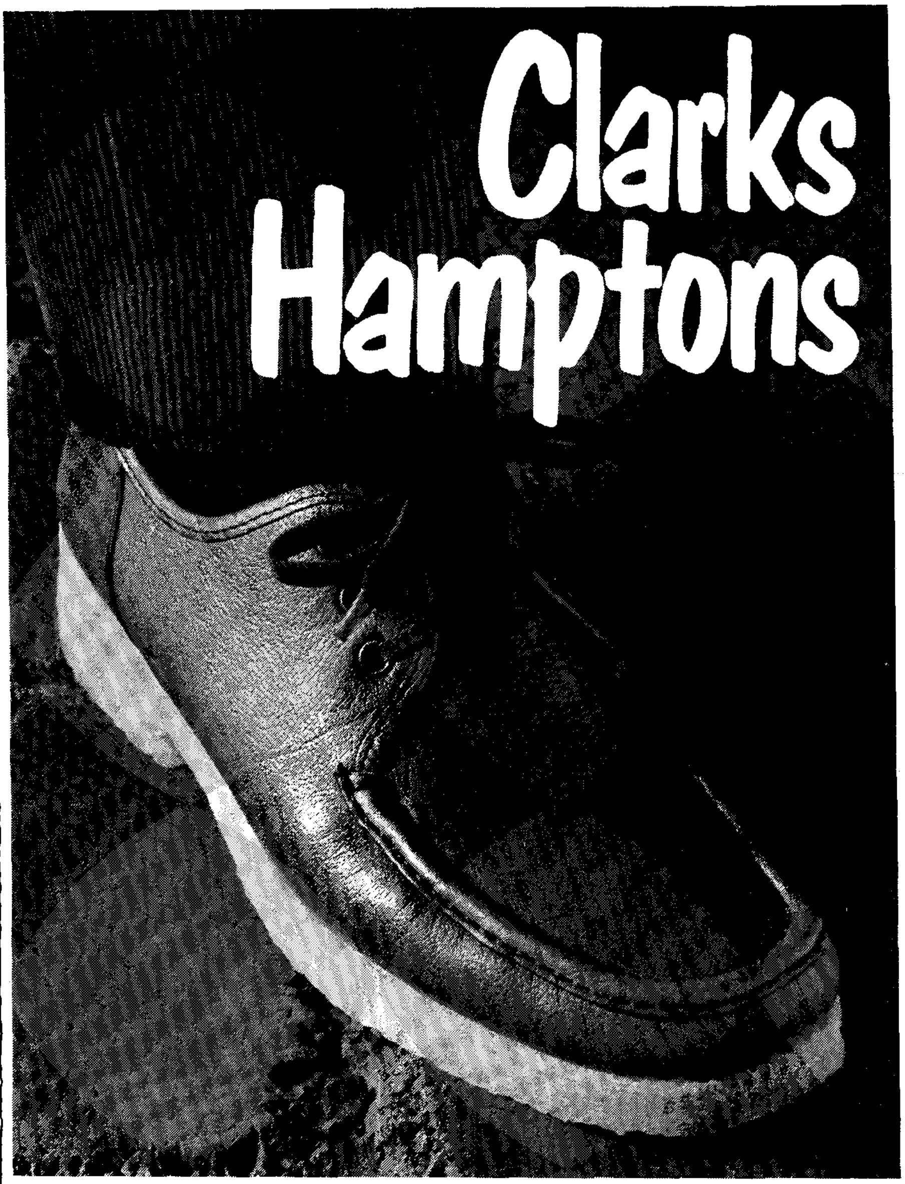
It is the same story with the seawater ballast taken in after fuel tanks have been drained of their contents on a voyage. The fuel itself serves as ballast at the outset; as the voyage progresses and tank after tank is emptied of its bunker oil, salt water is brought in as substitute ballast. This means that when a ship approaches a port where she must bunker, the seawater ballast, which has meanwhile mixed with the sludge and cleaned off the residue from the sides of the tanks, is discharged into the sea. On the long voyage to the Gulf, Southeast Asia, the Far East, or the Antipodes via the Cape, the South African ports have become a natural bunkering point, and, inevitably, their approaches have become a place of discharge for these thousands of tons of oily ballast water.

The United States Environmental Protection Agency has estimated that half of one per cent of the bunker fuel remains in a fuel tank after it has been emptied. A large modern freighter might easily bunker two thousand tons at the Cape, so if it dumps its ballast it has put some ten tons of oil into the sea. If, making a conservative estimate, one figured that in any given month a hundred callers at South African ports took this amount of bunker fuel and made the equivalent discharge off the coasts, it would mean a thousand tons of oil a month. A United Nations estimate published in 1970 said that one and a half million metric tons of oil were going into the sea every year as a result of bilge and ballast operations, and that two hundred thousand tons of it came from general shipping, the rest from tankers. With more than two thousand ships rounding the Cape every month, it cannot be idle speculation that Good Hope's waters see a very handsome share of this.

The international regulations framed and approved by the Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization (IMCO) make it a punishable offense to discharge oil in any area within fifty miles of land, or within a hundred miles of special areas particularly vulnerable to pollution (the South Atlantic and the Southern Ocean are not among these). But prosecution can be carried out only in the country of the ship's registry—unless, of course, she puts in at a port of the country whose seas she has polluted. In August, 1970, a British ship, the 11,281-ton Huntingdon, carrying cargo from Quebec to New York, was inside the Canadian fifty-mile zone when a slick four thousand yards long trailing in her wake was spotted by a Canadian patrol aircraft. Her master was subsequently prosecuted at the Old Bailey for discharging a mixture of bilge water and oil, and was fined two hundred and fifty pounds; the owners of the vessel were fined twenty-five hundred pounds, the maximum penalty being fifty thousand pounds. The defense counsel in the case said that there had been "no deliberate desire" to pollute. The captain had assumed that he was outside the prohibited area because a buoy marking the sea lanes had been removed. The Huntingdon's captain was simply unlucky, in that he was spotted. Even if the entire sea were to become a prohibited area, there would be little chance of stopping this sort of thing. To police all merchantmen in a busy seaway such as that off the Cape is impossible; in the end, all that one can count on is conscience, and, to judge from the amount of slick in those waters, there has not been very much of that since Suez closed.

A SLICK kills as it goes, often doing some of its worst damage far from the scene of the disaster. Oil from the Arrow, which went aground in Chedabucto Bay, off Nova Scotia, in February, 1970, killed seabirds—forty-eight hundred of them—as far away as Sable Island, a hundred and ten miles out in the Atlantic from the wreck. The damage a slick does as it travels is comprehensive, destroying both the very foundation of sea life, the plankton, and the highest reach of it, the birds in the air. Phytoplankton, the tiny plants responsible for photosynthesis and for the primary production of more than ninety per cent of the living material in the seas, must function in the upper levels of the oceans, where light penetrates. Fish feed on it, and the fish attract the birds. Because of this cycle, all these creatures are victims of oil spills; also destroyed are the surface-floating fish eggs and fry.

Sometimes one sees schools of discolored fish in polluted areas, but the most visible horror of oil on the sea is what it does to birds. The smothering of the oxygen-recycling phytoplankton and of the zooplankton upon which



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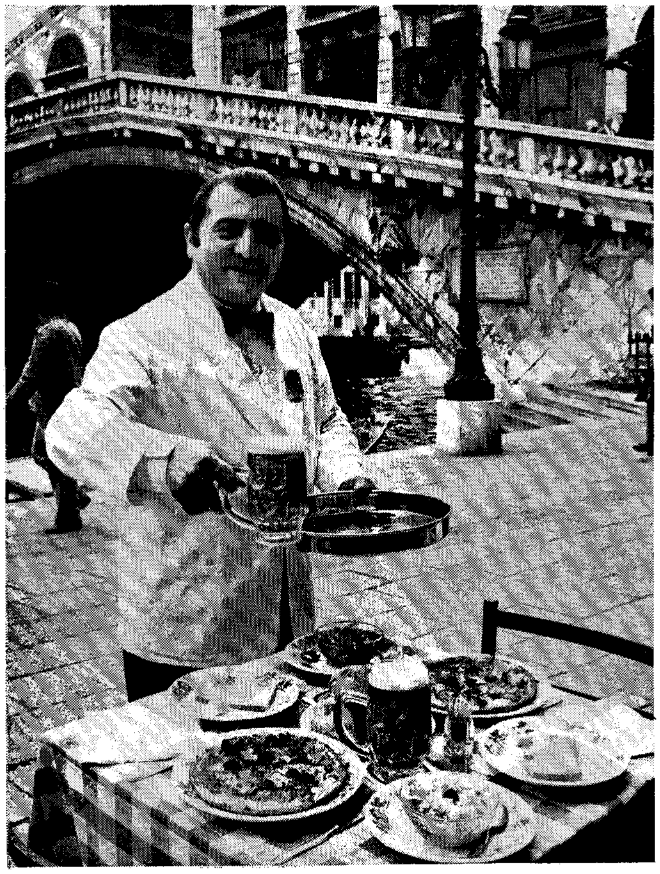

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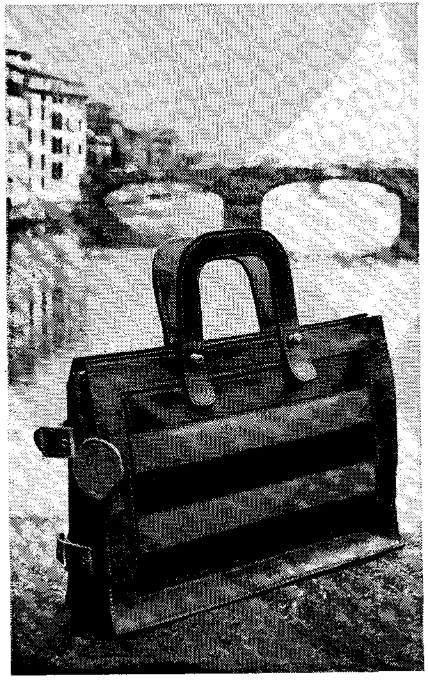

Sip an *aperitivo* to live music in St. Mark's Square. 90¢.

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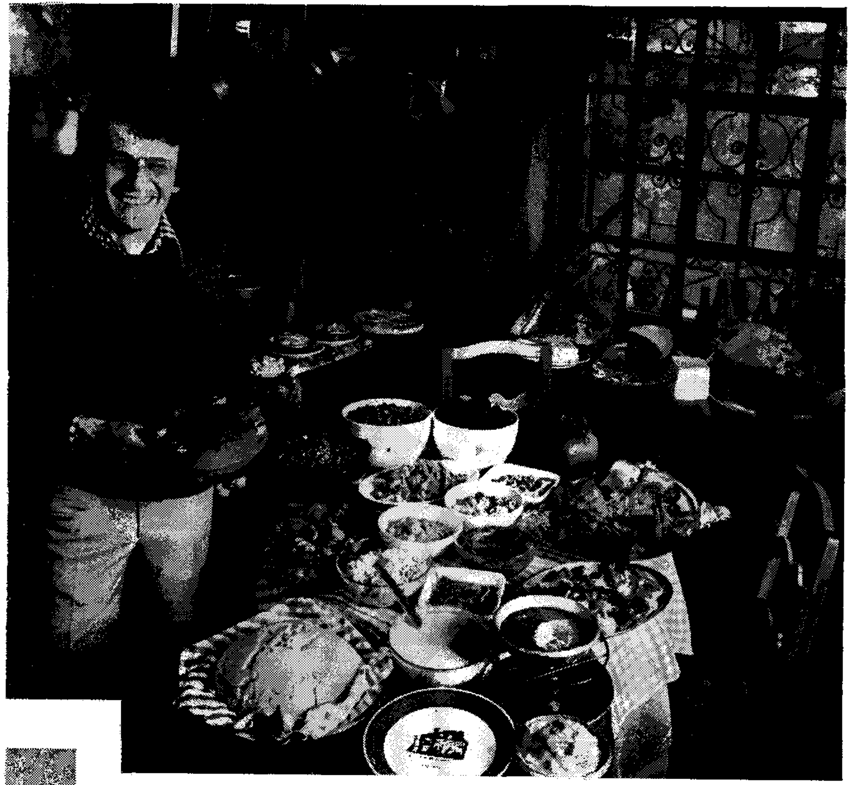
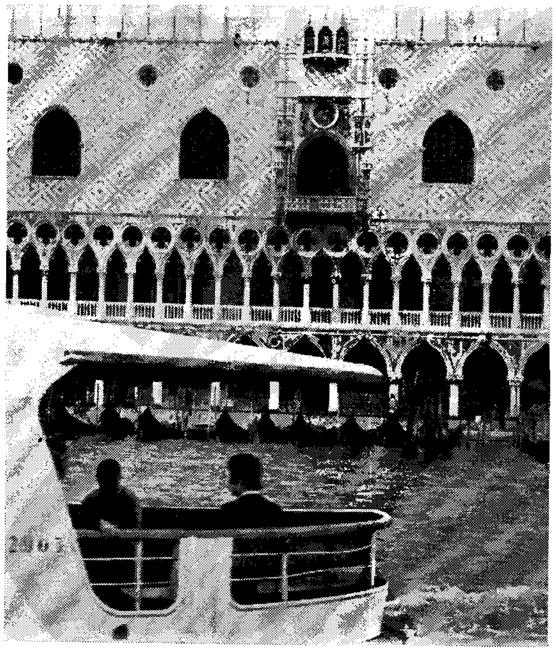
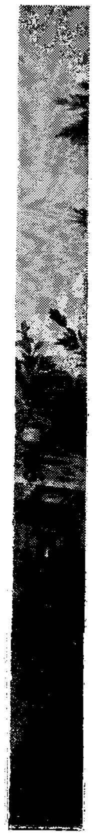


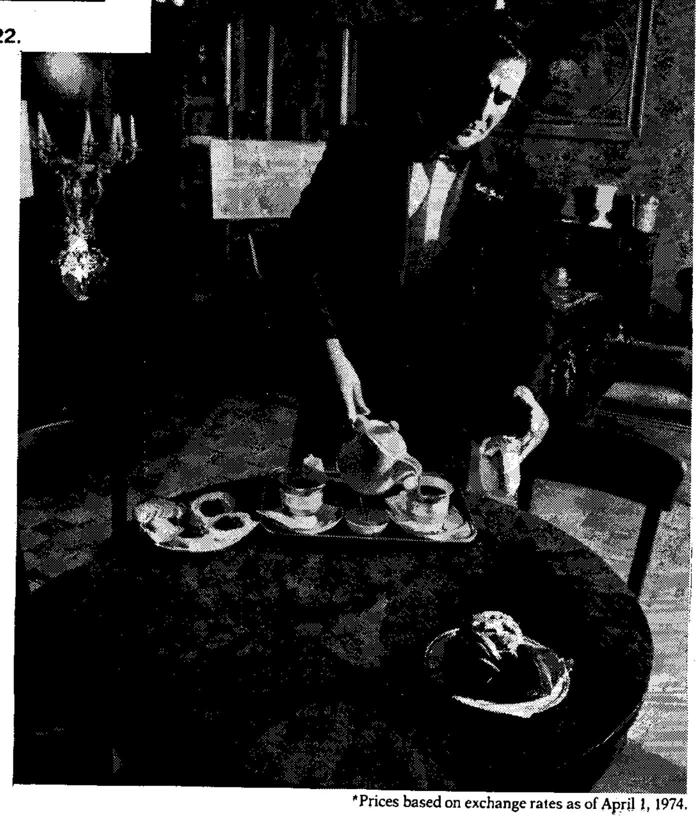
See Venice by Vaporetto. 16¢.





3-room suite, Hotel Columbus, Rome. Frescoes by Pinturicchio. $22.

Coffee and pastry, Caffè Greco, Rome. 30¢ (plus service).

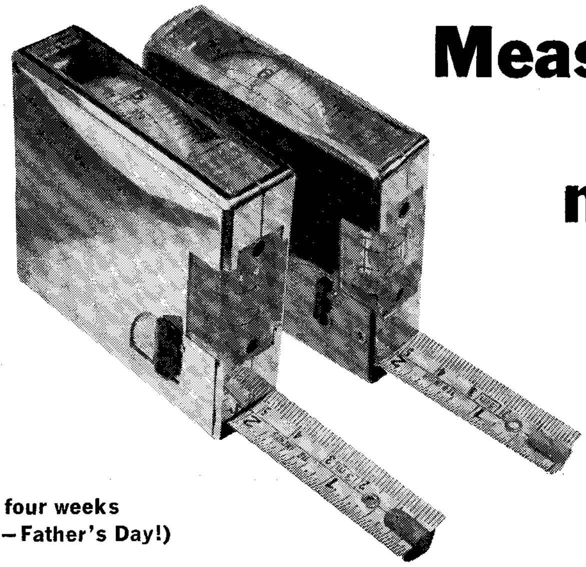


*Prices based on exchange rates as of April 1, 1974.

multitudes of fish feed is, of course, invisible, but the cycles of the sea are so interdependent that the destruction of plankton kills birds just as surely as an actual coating of oil upon individuals. Without sustenance, they die in great numbers, and, as in famine on land, whole generations can be destroyed and the breeding cycle severely shaken.

In the wild, inaccessible waters of South Africa and sub-Antarctica, a census of seabird populations is difficult to take, but the destruction that has been visible is dreadful, and its implications are alarming. There are good grounds for supposing that the role of the sub-Antarctic birds in the balance of life is a significant one; by depredation, they maintain various ecological checks and balances within the fish and marine life there, and through sheer numbers their fertilizing of the sea is believed to be vital. The world seems to have forgotten that the Southern Ocean has been, indirectly, an indispensable source of fertilizers for more than a century. Guano is the dried excrement left by millions of guano birds (mainly penguins, cormorants, and gannets) on their breeding grounds, most of which are tiny rock outcroppings and islets scattered along the west coasts of South Africa and South America. Guano provided the base for the mass manufacture of the fertilizers that nineteenth-century agriculture required in order to improve production and feed the rising populations of Europe and America. Though whaling and sealing were the first big plunder that Western man drew from the Southern Ocean and its related waters, guano probably brought the most profit. At the time the guano deposits on those various rocky islets were discovered, they often lay twenty-five feet deep. Claims to the guano on South Atlantic islands were staked like gold claims in the Klondike. Off Ichaboe Island, six hundred miles northwest of Cape Town, as many as four hundred ships were recorded riding to anchor on a single day in the eighteen-forties. Their crews fought deadly skirmishes over claims, and their bodies, mummified by the guano, are found in a perfect state when sometimes exposed in their coffins by gales and high winds. In the nineteen-thirties, Ichaboe's gannet population was roughly estimated at forty million. The birds still arrive in millions, and still provide the guano, the recovery of which is now regulated by the South African government. (The deep deposits have long since been borne away.)

The excreta of the jackass penguin



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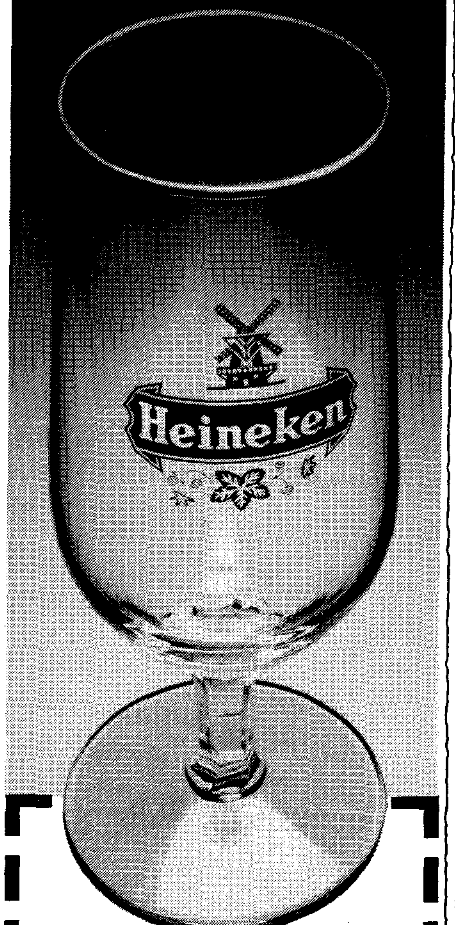

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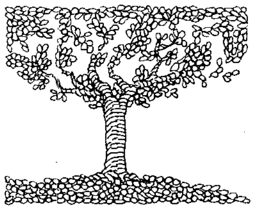
NYR

has been a particularly rich fertilizer in those waters; plankton thrived on it. The whole penguin family, however, may be the first, the biggest, and the most distinguished casualty of the southern oil slicks. Already the jackass penguin (so named because its call sounds like the bray of a jackass) is threatened by extinction in the waters off South Africa, to which it is unique. Before the war, it was found in millions in the area. The numbers are now down to an estimated forty thousand, and the majority of these penguins breed on Dassen Island, a spot that has been hit repeatedly by big slicks and is constantly assaulted by smaller bilge and ballast slicks. The jackass, in common with other penguins, ranges far, swimming in search of food, and is thus doubly vulnerable, because it is likely to encounter travelling slicks upon the open sea. In any event, oil-crippled penguins are constantly coming ashore along the Cape coasts, even when no major oil inundation is known to have taken place on or off the South African shores.



The intensive assault upon all southern seabirds began as soon as Suez closed, in 1967, and it soon reached critical proportions. A sequence of major tanker disasters began in February of 1968, when the 83,487-ton French tanker Sivella ran aground outside a Cape Town suburb, a few miles from the harbor and practically in front of the principal lighthouse in the area. Nine weeks later, the 50,897-ton German tanker Esso Essen struck a submerged object near Cape Town. Her tanks were pierced, and twelve thousand to fifteen thousand tons of oil flooded out onto the sea. This is estimated to have cost the lives of between fourteen and nineteen thousand penguins of various species—especially Dassen Island birds. Thousands of other seabirds died. Even as the Esso Essen's oil was floating ashore, a fully laden 16,222-ton Greek tanker, the Andron, fighting a storm off the Cape, began to leak severely from cracks in her hull. She finally foundered seven hundred miles north of Cape Town, and continued to release large slicks from the point where she lay, in the middle of the South-West African fishing grounds. And while the Esso Essen's oil was causing a disturbance in Cape Town and the Andron was fighting for her life to the north, a third tanker, unidentified, was spotted pumping oil upon the sea off Dassen Island, presumably to lighten her overloaded tanks. Thousands more penguins and other birds died on Dassen Island as a result. Five weeks later, the World Glory broke up and went down northeast of Durban, and sent her own slick south to the Agulhas Current.

In that same year, a tanker slick wiped out the entire penguin population of Dyer Island, near Cape Agulhas, estimated at eight thousand; like Dassen Island, Dyer Island is an important penguin breeding area. Thousands more penguins and other birds were killed by sludge from the 46,765-ton Kuwaiti tanker Kazimah when she went aground in Table Bay in November, 1970. The Wafra, three months later, killed fewer penguins than had at first been expected, because the South African authorities evacuated about a thousand of them that had reassembled at Dyer Island. The loss to Dyer Island and the species must nevertheless have been severe, for the Wafra disaster occurred during the breeding season; although comparatively few adult birds died, their eggs and hatching chicks were abandoned. By the time the Texanita-Oswego Guardian disaster occurred, in the same area, in 1972, the South Africans had built fences around Dyer and other penguin islands off the coast, with gates to allow the birds access to the sea. After the collision, gates on all the islands were hurriedly closed, but the thousands of birds foraging in the sea were hit, and hundreds of them came ashore, oil-soaked, along a stretch of coast several hundred miles long.

After the first round of havoc, in 1968, women in Cape Town formed an organization they called the South African National Foundation for the Conservation of Coastal Birds, which established rescue centers along the Cape coast where birds could be delivered. The constant pollution of those waters means that birds arrive continually, but during major disasters the numbers are overwhelming. The rescue stations are patterned after the ones that were established along the British coasts after the Torrey Canyon disaster, and they have at least provided first-class observation posts for studying the effects of oil on seabirds. Penguins suffer dreadfully from the oil. It affects the sense of balance when it enters their ears, and they stagger drunkenly or find it impossible to stand at all. Their eyes are infected or blinded. The

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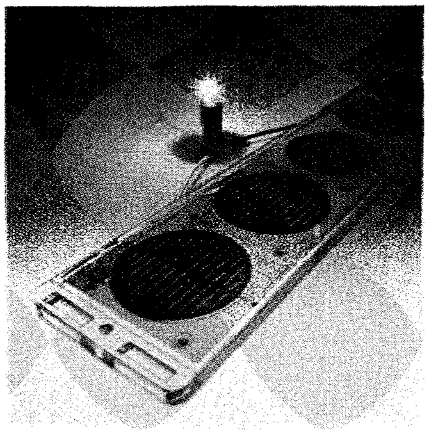


This five-cell solar module absorbs sun rays, producing 1½ watts of electricity.

Solar energy in use today.

Today, as Exxon examines ways to improve its solar-cell technology, solar-cell units are already in use. In parts of Africa solar cells power instructional television. On boats, they maintain the charge in batteries. On marker buoys they supply electricity for warning lights and foghorns.

One of Exxon's research aims is to cut the present high cost of solar-cell electricty.

Super-batteries to store energy.

To efficiently use the energy generated by solar cells and other devices, we'll need super-batteries with much greater storage capacity. Batteries to store the sun's energy for use as electricity at night. Batteries to store energy that power plants produce in low-demand periods for later use when the demand for electricity is high.

Better batteries would also speed the development of electric vehicles. Exxon's target is a battery that would be light enough, reasonable enough in cost and charging demands, and powerful enough to drive a car 100 miles on a single charge from a wall outlet. This kind of battery, which still requires intensive research, could make possible a practical electric passenger car.

Electricity from chemicals.

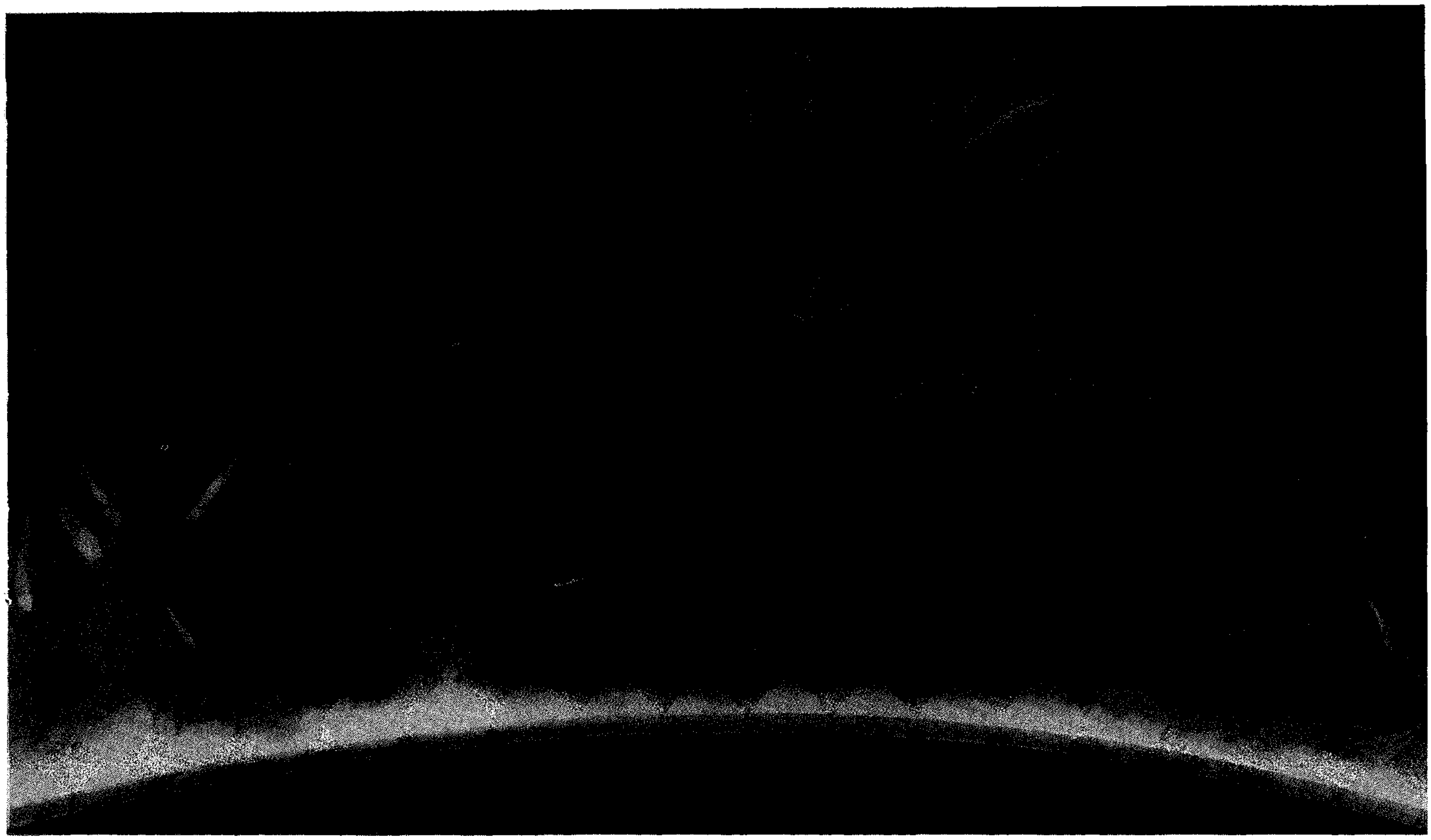
We're also developing a *fuel cell.* Different from the solar cell, which uses the sun, a fuel cell generates electricity when certain simple gases, like hydrogen and oxygen, or a simple liquid fuel like methanol, are fed continuously into the cell.

Potentially, fuel cells are efficient sources of electricity. They could provide silent energy for mobile homes or remote vacation homes. They also might be designed as total energy systems for shopping centers or as a way for public utilities to supply additional power during high-demand periods.

Solar cells, fuel cells and improved batteries should come into greater use during the 1980's. Meanwhile, Exxon is looking for energy sources for the next century. Nuclear fusion is one possibility.

Improved lead-acid batteries make electric-powered vans practical for urban delivery. The next step—practical battery-powered cars.

energy.



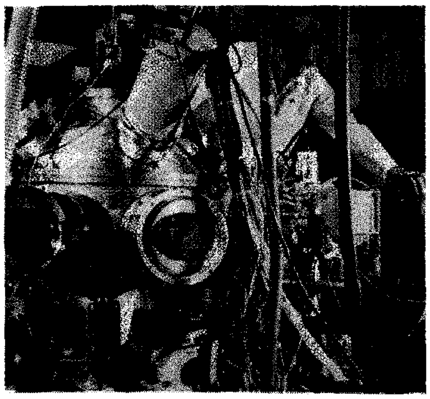
Developing ways to convert the sun's light and heat into usable, storable energy may make solar power a practical supplement to oil, natural gas and coal in this century.

Fusion reactors-a new kind of nuclear power.

Today's nuclear power plants operate on the familiar principle of nuclear fission, a process of splitting atoms apart. Nuclear *fusion* is just the opposite. Atoms are fused together to release a remarkable amount of energy.

Fusion is the main process feeding the fires of the sun and stars. Today, at the University of Rochester, Exxon and others are participating in a laser fusion feasibility project. It seeks to use the energy of high-powered lasers to heat frozen hydrogen pellets to sunlike temperatures of hundreds of millions of degrees in less than a hundred-billionth of a second—and thereby produce a fusion reaction.

Harnessing fusion energy is one of the greatest challenges scientists have ever undertaken. However, even if our efforts or those of others are successful, commercial use of fusion reactions to produce energy is many decades away.



At the University of Rochester, Exxon is participating in a nuclear fusion project. We are attempting to simulate the action of the sun by focusing powerful laser beams on a tiny piece of matter inside this metal chamber.

We can't begin too soon.

These new energy technologies may seem far away. But if our present energy situation holds any lesson, it is that we can't begin too soon to find energy supplements to oil, natural gas and coal. That's why Exxon is already at work on the new energy technology America will need in the next century.

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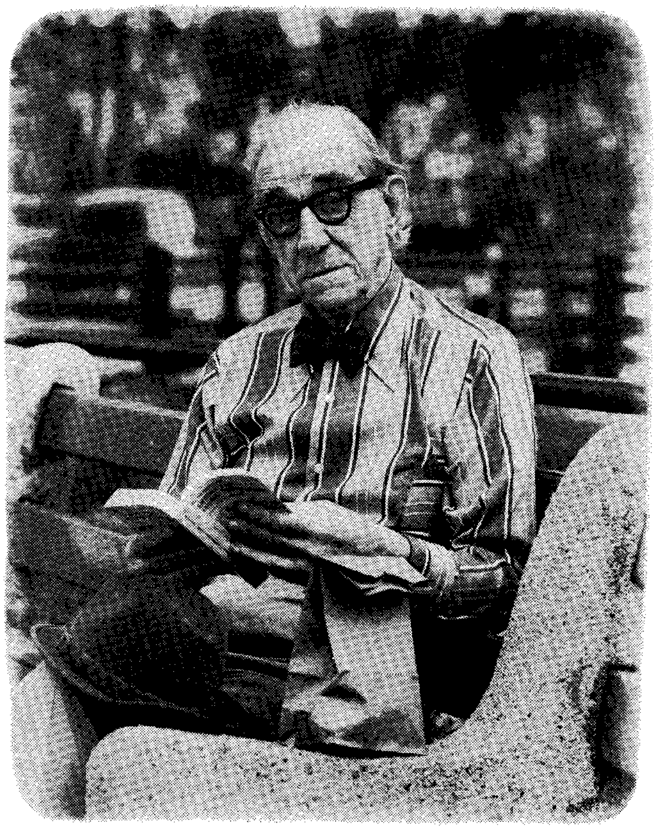
diesel and other refined oils that are thrown out with the bilge water burn the penguins' skin and their stomach lining and also affect their livers. There is usually little that can be done for them when they are in this state. Oil destroys the natural waterproofing on the skin and feathers of all seabirds which insulates them from the cold and wet. The birds' ability to float properly and to catch fish is therefore affected; if they aren't poisoned by swallowing oil when they preen themselves, they are likely to die of pneumonia in those cold seas.

Thousands of penguins and other seabirds have been restored to health by these rescue centers, but the usefulness of rescuing the birds, cleaning them, and returning them to the environment has been questioned by some British ornithologists. In 1971, Dr. K. G. Gregory, director of the Oiled Seabird Research Unit of Newcastle upon Tyne University's Department of Zoology, said, in announcing the development of an effective method of cleaning oil from seabirds without damaging their feathers, that his unit still had to establish that the cleaned birds were able to return to a normal life; there was a possibility that the oil they had swallowed could still poison them or have long-term effects on their breeding. Doubtless this is also the fate of penguins of the Cape. After the Torrey Canyon wreck, many British bird experts concluded that the best course in the event of oil pollution was to discard sentiment and kill all badly oiled birds outright, because they had little chance of surviving when they were returned to their environment. John Barrett, of the Dale Fort Field Centre, in Pembrokeshire, told the London *Sunday Times*, "These bird-rescue centres have been established because we haven't had the guts to say there is nothing we can do. It is only a public-relations exercise."

International concern about pollution at sea is already fifty years old. The contamination of the seas by oil during the First World War disturbed the United States government so much that it proposed an international conference, which was held in 1926. The Torrey Canyon disaster may have initiated the first intensive study and concern about the effects of oil pollution, but it also brought confusion to the matter, because the detergents used for cleaning up the seas and coasts on the British side of the Channel may have caused as much damage as the oil itself. There is not enough data to permit accurate assessment of the effects of pol-



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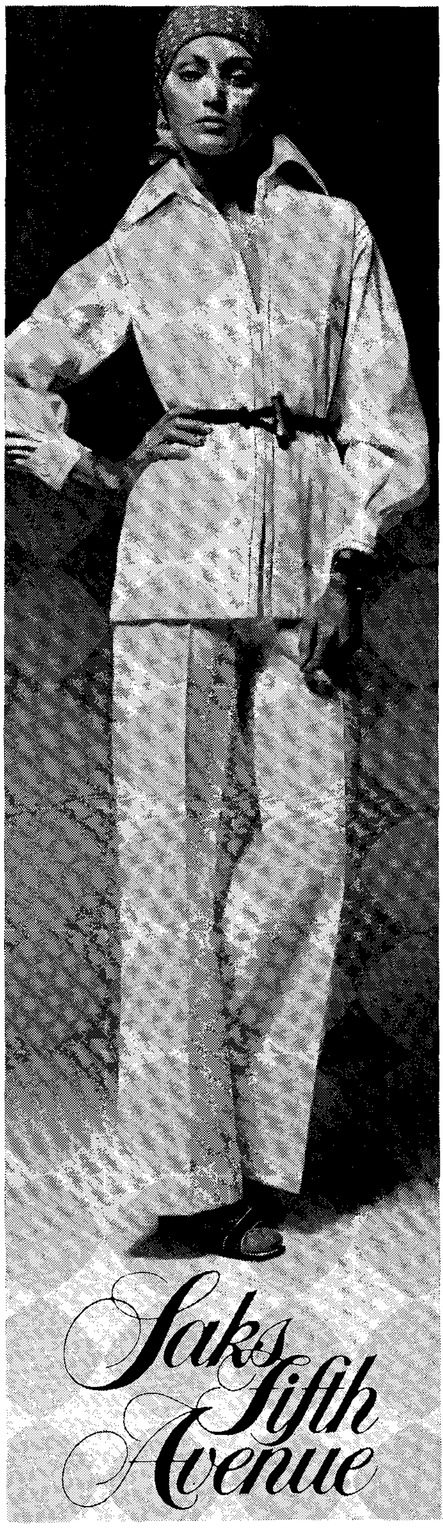

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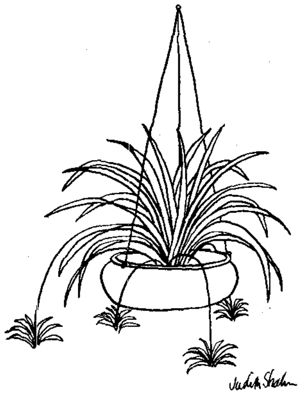
lution, because we haven't yet begun to explore the full range of its interactions in the sea. We do know that all crude oils are poisonous to all marine organisms, but we need to get better information about the degree to which they are poisonous to various flora and fauna, and, above all, about their long-term consequences.

A number of studies of oil pollution have been made in recent years, but the results, some predicting worldwide ecological cataclysms and some managing to be comparatively optimistic, are conflicting and indeterminate. Crude oil is one of the most complicated natural chemical mixtures on earth; moreover, its components vary from locality to locality. It has so many chemical and physical properties, so many agents of solubility, volatility, and toxicity, that its interactions with the sea's own abundant range of salinity, temperature, and other variables pose seemingly limitless possibilities. What we do know is bad enough. Oil coats, taints, poisons, smothers, burns. It is also suspected of starting carcinogenic processes in sea animals, affecting reproduction and causing genetic change; it affects the respiratory organs and clogs the filtering mechanisms of fish; it affects, as we have seen at the Cape, the equilibrium of a bird such as the penguin; it causes imbalance in the cycles of plant life, when it doesn't kill plant life altogether; its degrading process consumes large quantities of dissolved oxygen, which is vital to the life in the sea.

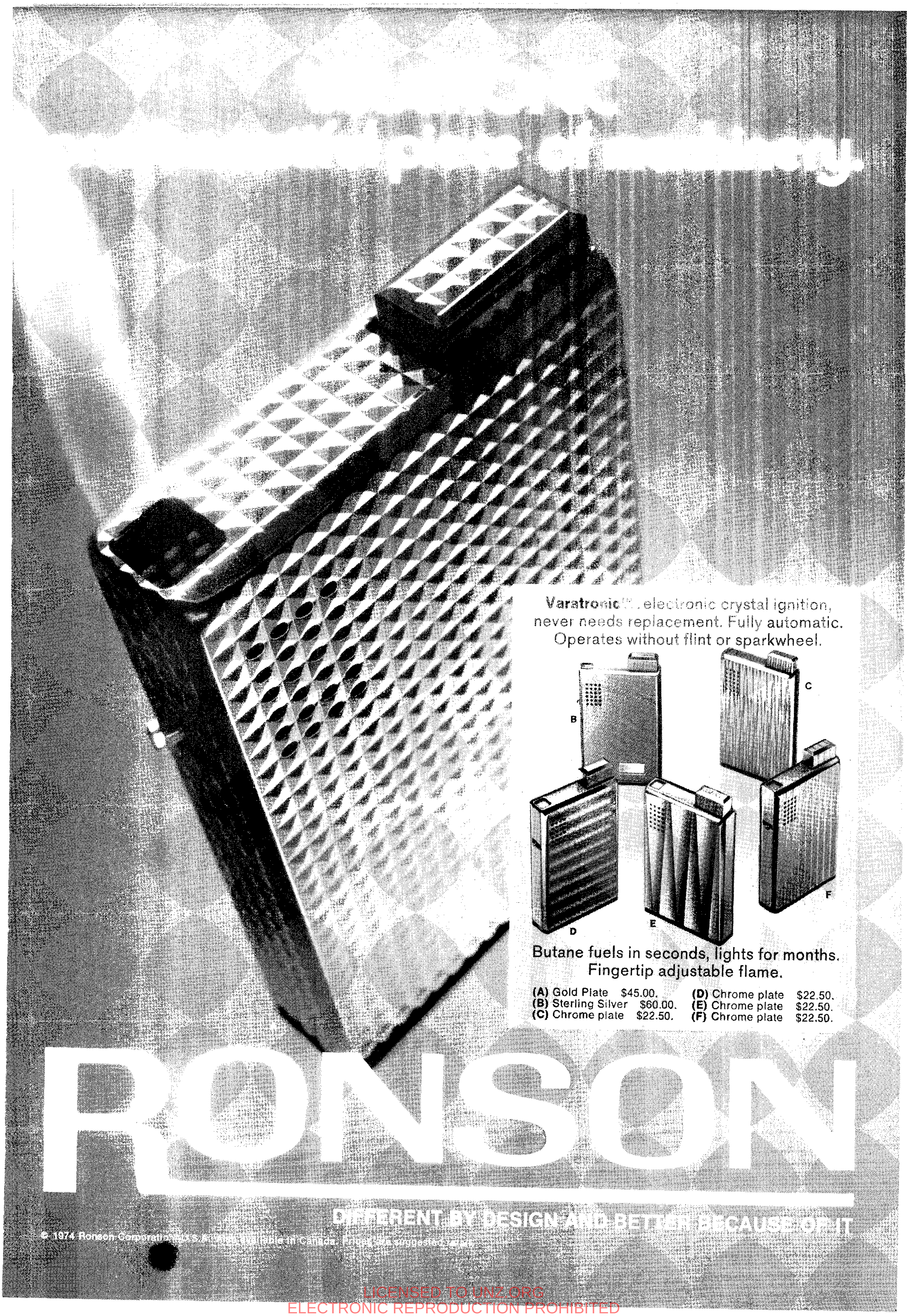
No methods that could be called truly effective have been found for dealing with slicks at sea. Practically all attempts to deal with oil spillage have concentrated on handling it on beaches, offshore, or on reasonably accessible areas of the sea. None of these are fully effective, either. When the Canadians were working on the Arrow spill, they found that on the beaches and in the shallows peat moss served as the best and safest absorbent. On the water, the device they found most useful was what they called the Slick Licker, a sort of conveyor belt that literally licks up the oil from the surface. The use of these contraptions is limited by weather and circumstances, and it would take an awful lot of licking to remove from the sea's surface a slick such as the Wafra's, which was thirty-five miles long, five miles wide, and several inches thick. All manner of other devices have been invented or improved for damming, scooping, or otherwise getting rid of spilled oil, but each has its limitations, and none would be of any practical use on a major slick on the open sea, least of all on a troubled sea like that around the Cape, or off Nova Scotia and Maine in winter.



One technique is to burn a slick, but oil floating on rough or choppy water picks up large quantities of seawater, and there is little hope of burning slicks that have been exposed to weather for more than a few hours. Another idea now under investigation is to provide bacteria that feed on oil and die when they have consumed it all. Until some effective means of dealing with oil on the sea is developed, no one can afford to feel grateful that a polluting slick has vanished seaward under propulsion of wind and tide. If the beaches are saved, what else is doomed?

Of the whole range of maritime follies that have attended the development of supertankers, the one that emerges paramount seems unquestionably to be the decision by the Intergovernmental Maritime Consultative Organization to allow oil tankers to load deeper than was formerly thought safe, and to change the traditional winter load limits in Cape waters. The new rule became effective in July, 1968, just as ships diverted from Suez encountered their first full southern winter.

Every ship has its Plimsoll mark, or loading line. As a ship discharges her cargo, the line rises until—especially in the case of tankers, which when loaded lie deeper than other ships—it stands high above the sea. The ship is riding high, as sailors say. This line was largely the result of efforts by Samuel Plimsoll, an Englishman born in 1824, who made improvement of conditions at sea his lifework. His principal target was the flagrant nineteenth-century habit of sending unseaworthy and overloaded but heavily insured ships to sea in the hope that they would sink and the owners could collect on them. But even when owners were not hoping for disaster, their ships were likely to be lost because of overloading, so common was the practice. Plimsoll, who was elected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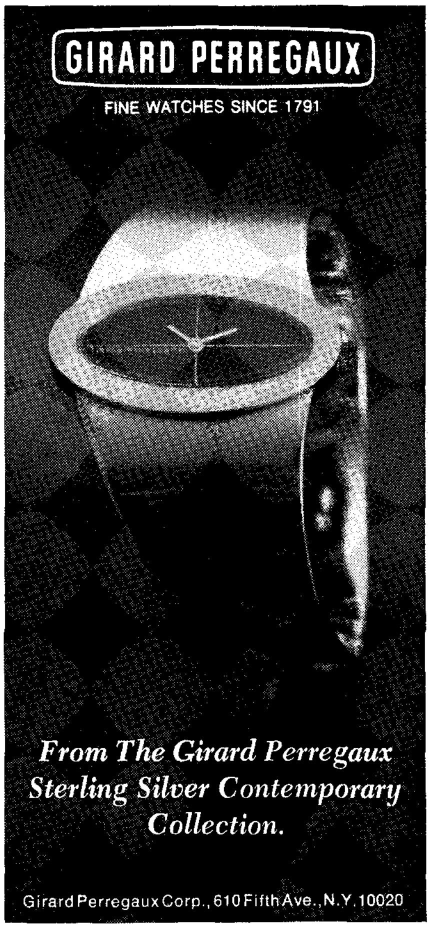
to Parliament in 1868, fought a long, hard, and frustrating campaign there for legislation establishing the mark that eventually took his name, and it was enacted in 1875. This was subsequently incorporated in the Merchant Shipping Act of 1890, which still largely sets the standards for the British merchant marine; it penalized unseaworthy vessels and declared that every British ship must have a permanent load line painted on the hull to indicate the depth to which it could be loaded.

The original load lines were worked out from tables provided by the chief surveyor of Lloyd's Register. British shipowners had feared that the mark would put them at a disadvantage with foreign competitors, but the requirement was so sensible and so desperately needed that by the time Plimsoll died, in 1898, it had become universal. It enables every marine inspector in every port in the world to tell whether a ship is abusing its stability and whether its freeboard is safe in the seas into which it will be venturing. The points for winter and summer loading are diagrammatically marked on every ship. In 1930, Plimsoll's line and other safety measures were incorporated into an International Load Line Convention, and, with periodic additional modifications, these have served as the international guide for the safe management of ships at sea. It seemed unthinkable that responsible maritime powers would ever do anything but strengthen them. In 1966, however, confronted with the age of the supertankers, which would use the Cape route instead of Suez, the responsible maritime nations proceeded to amend the Convention to allow heavier loading. The argument, in effect, was that it was really unreasonable to demand that a ship carry a lot less oil than it could just because five days out of a thirty-five-to-forty-day passage might require a lighter load. Among the shipping men whose advice IMCO accepted, there was general agreement that no risk was involved. Yet the sort of weather these five days might bring was precisely what made the rules necessary. To toss them away at the Cape, the point of greatest danger, has made a mockery of the very idea of marine safety. Many of the independent and flag-of-convenience operators break enough rules as it is, without being given official license to break one of the most vital. Yet the request that the rules be amended was swiftly acceded to, not only by the governments of principal maritime nations but by the insurers, the classification societies, and the seamen's unions as



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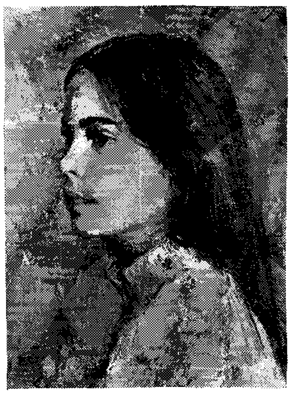

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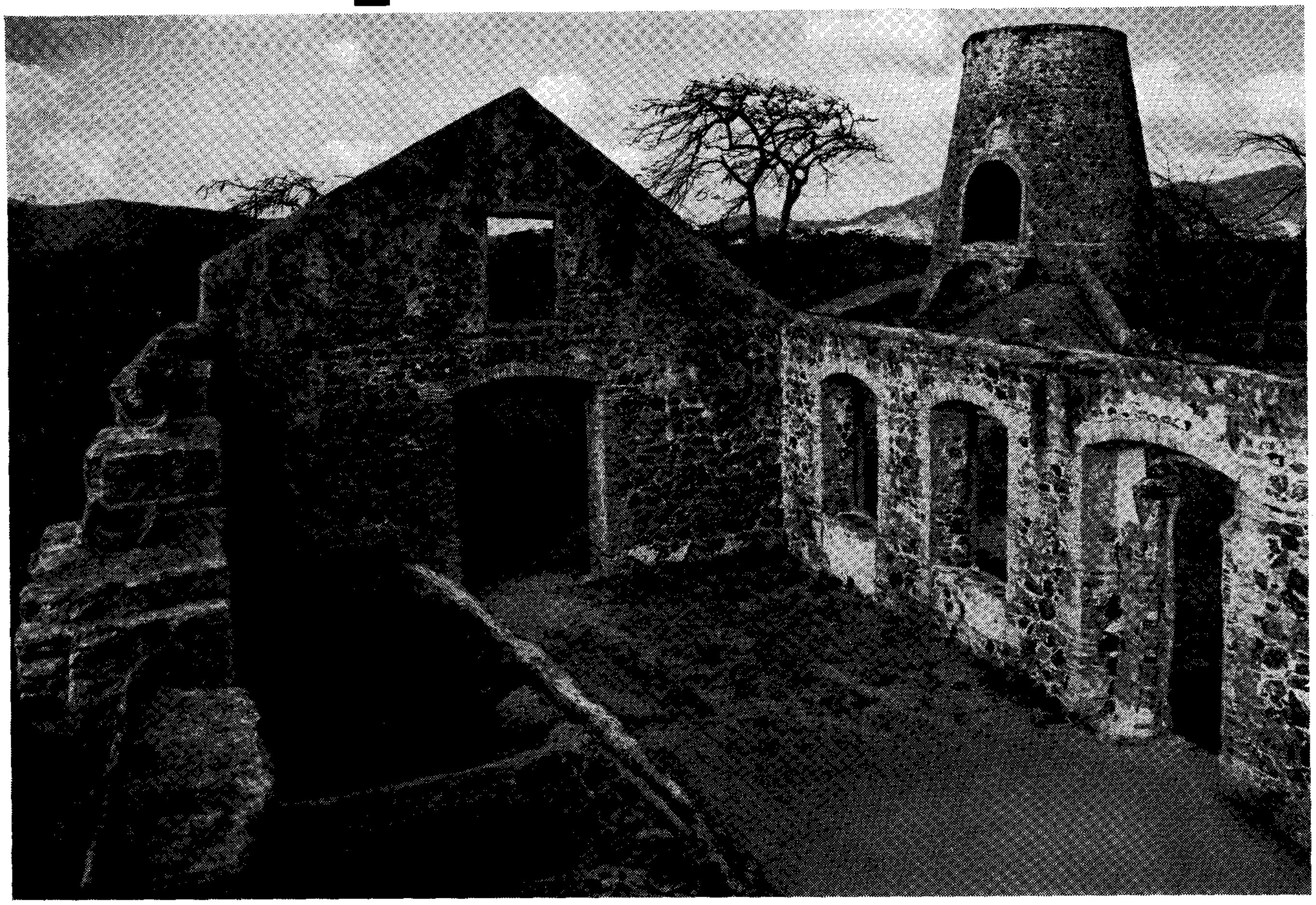

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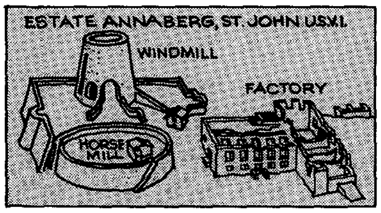

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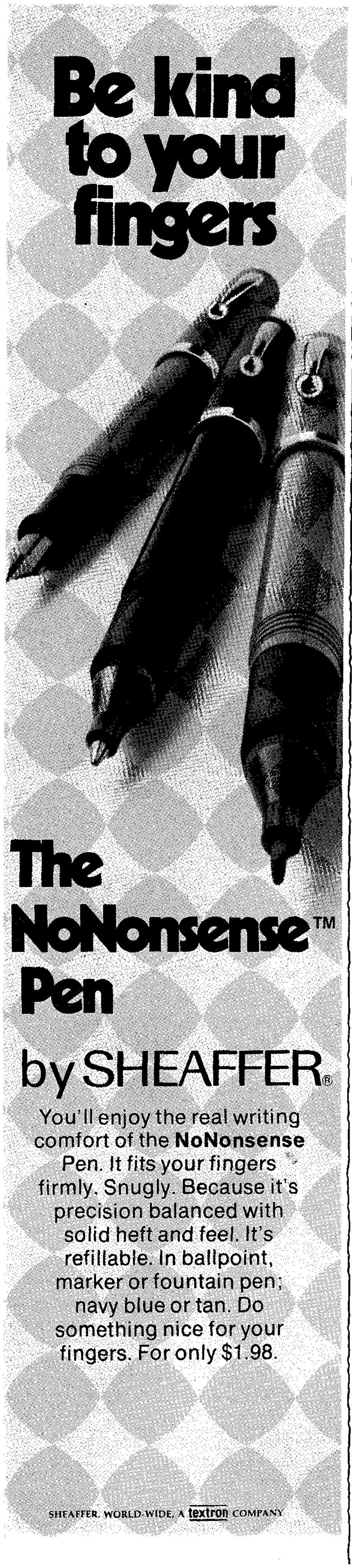

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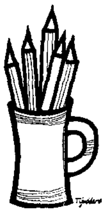
well. Formal approval took only one year, whereas the adoption of any measure to reduce oil pollution seems to take IMCO from four to six years.

At that point, no one really knew the handling characteristics and the response of big tankers in the sort of weather that is normally encountered off South Africa in the bad season. The closing of Suez brought to the Cape route hundreds of tanker masters who were accustomed to the fair-weather route through the canal and the Mediterranean. Many of them had passed round the Cape during the first Suez crisis, in 1956, but that had been brief and had occurred during the southern summer. The ships that came after 1967 included the new and bigger generation of tankers that had begun replacing the old tanker fleets during the fifties. The captains may have thought that their occasional encounters with Atlantic or Biscay storms had provided them with sufficient judgment of the soundness of their ships, but they soon learned otherwise.



The Africa Pilot, an Admiralty guide that every ship navigating along that continent's coasts should have aboard, describes the serious trouble that waits for shipping south of Durban, on the east coast. "In the event of meeting a south-westerly gale off this part of the coast, a very dangerous sea will be experienced at or outside the edge of the 100-fathom line," the *Pilot* says. Even ships sailing quite close in to the shore suddenly find themselves flung at the foot of an apparent tidal wave of anything from forty-five to sixty feet in height. The wave effect is precisely that which threatened to bear down the Queen Elizabeth off Greenland during the war—and did flood her bridge ninety feet above the sea. But a wave condition that elsewhere might be considered a once-in-twenty-five-years stress is common in the African waters. It was undoubtedly this sort of wave that broke up the World Glory. Just a few weeks before we in the Ardshiel passed up from Cape Town toward Durban, a British passenger liner, the 13,345-gross-ton City of Exeter, had met such a sea. The impact was so violent that, apart from damage to the ship, twenty passengers received injuries, ranging from severe lacerations to broken ribs and a broken collarbone. In the southern winter of 1973, a large and powerful British refrigerated cargo carrier, the 14,650-ton Bencruachan, was nearly lost when one of those freak waves broke her back. The ship suddenly tilted forward, as though over an abyss, and the wave that loomed above this trough smashed down upon her decks with such force that it broke the hull near the bow. The Bencruachan fortunately didn't sink, and was taken in tow to Durban. Back in 1909, the 9,000-ton British liner Waratah disappeared in this area. She sailed from Durban, and that evening, within sight of the South African coast, spoke by lamp to a passing freighter. A violent southwesterly gale was rising, and the liner vanished into its murk. No trace of the ship or of her two hundred and eleven passengers and crew was found, but it seems most probable that she was overwhelmed by a wave like the one that descended upon the Bencruachan.

These monstrous waves are created by the peculiar combination of winds, currents, and seabed in that area. The continental shelf ends abruptly a short distance offshore with a cliff-like edge above great deeps. The Agulhas Current passes along the edge of this undersea escarpment and, with its speed of between four and five knots, creates a surge similar to that of a gigantic flow of rapids. During the winter, the westerlies from the far south blow around the corner of Good Hope and become southwesterly up the coast, sending their own huge seas, with a force accumulated over the long distance they have travelled, onto the continental shelf and into the surge of the Agulhas Current. This powerful collision frequently creates a wave of extraordinary height and power at whose base lies an abrupt deep gulf. A ship lurches into this, and then receives upon its back the immensity of water towering above.

These waves are at their worst along the hundred-fathom line, which generally coincides with the edge of the offshore shelf and with the main flood of the current. The hundred-fathom line runs offshore at a distance varying from eleven to twenty-two miles, which means that vessels getting into difficulties in the maelstrom there find themselves confronted as well by a perilous shore. "The wild coast" is the phrase that local sailors use in describing the peculiar malevolence of the seas there; the original name was Cape of Storms. For a time, ships travelling along that coast were separated into two traffic lanes, as they are in other busy waters of the world. This traffic-separation scheme was provisionally introduced by IMCO early in 1971. Because it put loaded tankers on the inside lane,

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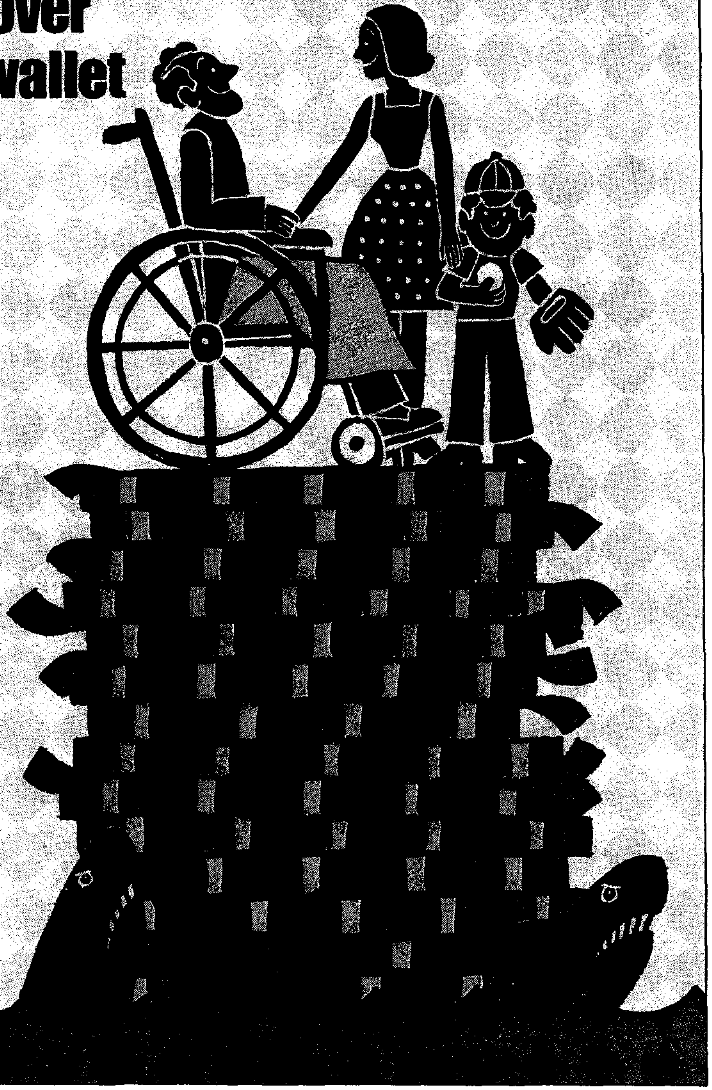

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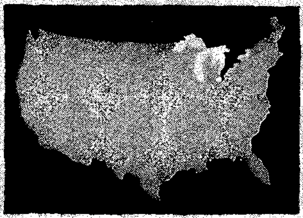

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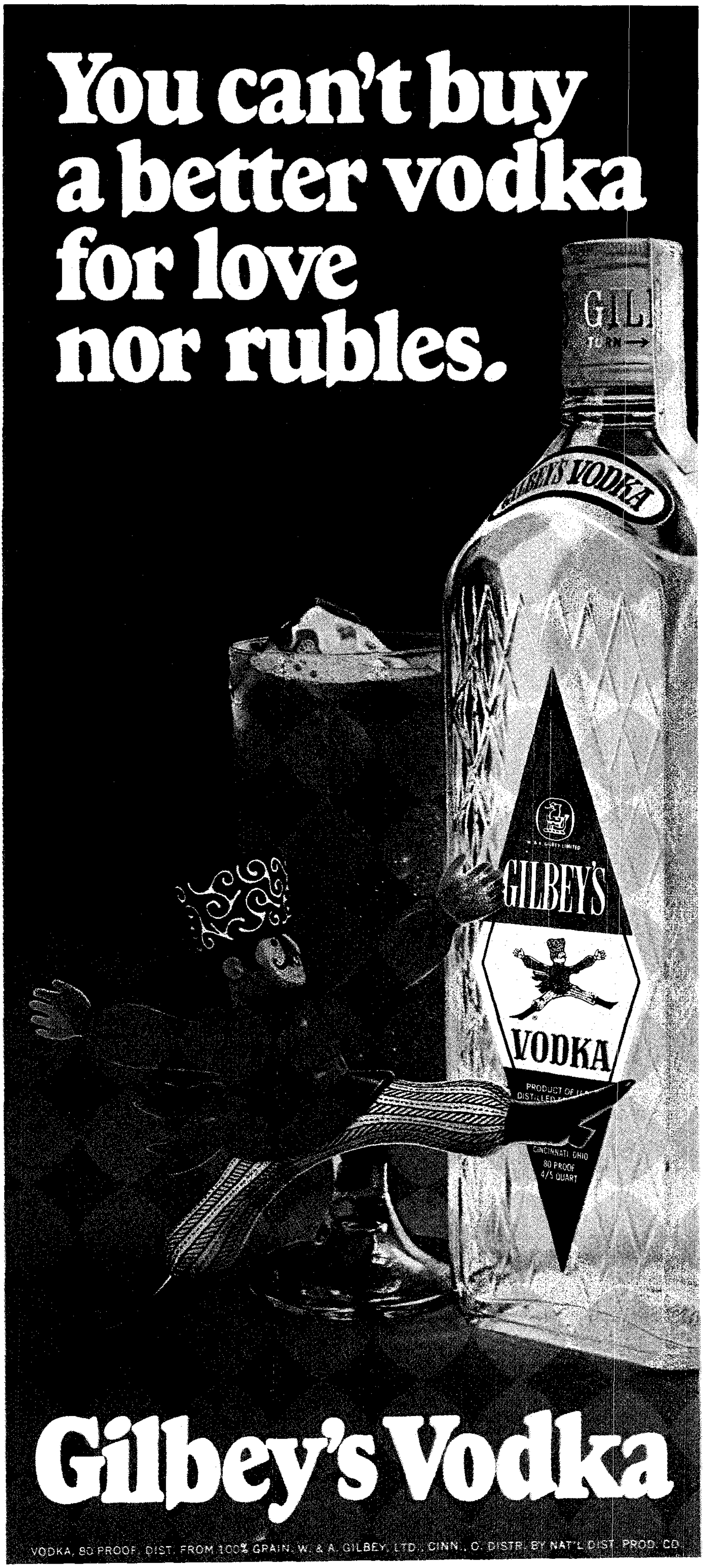
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closer to the coast, it caused a lot of unhappiness at the Cape after the Wafra accident. The loaded ships, it was felt, should be running farther out to sea. What especially alarmed the South African maritime authorities was the fact that the lane for loaded ships ran close to the hundred-fathom line. It is, unhappily, the route that the shipowners themselves prefer. The Agulhas Current represents a major economy for loaded ships: extra speed for two or three days at no extra cost. The two shipping lanes were between one and two miles apart, but, bad as that whole stretch of water is, the seas at the heart of the race of the current are always visibly worse. Professor J. K. Mallory, the head of the Oceanographic Department of the University of Cape Town, told a local newspaper, the *Argus*, in an interview published in April, 1971, two months after the Wafra disaster, "By standing farther offshore tankers would still benefit from the Agulhas Current; they would be less likely to encounter freak seas and would have little extra mileage to cover." The South African Minister of Economic Affairs, S. L. Muller, responding to agitation about tanker routing, said that South Africa had accepted the zoning with reluctance, having, according to the *Argus*, "had little choice in the matter in view of the overwhelming majority of ships in favor of this rezoning." In the past two years, however, the South Africans have taken a much stronger stand in trying to keep tankers away from the hundred-fathom line.

Storms in those waters do not come only in winter. In December, 1969, the middle of the southern summer, Captain L. J. Tarp brought the 96,000-ton Swedish tanker Artemis through a storm while she was travelling, loaded, down the wild coast. One wave, he later told the *Argus*, struck the ship and came rolling down the deck at such a height that it hit the wheelhouse, five decks up, and flooded it. "A ship of this size acts like a pier, unable to ride the swells," he said. "There are tremendous pressures."

A few weeks later, on January 9, 1970, George Young, the shipping editor of the *Cape Times*, wrote, "Two tankers have had to make a South African port with grave risk of their bows collapsing. In strong headseas, the buff-bowed ships suffered failure of frames in the forepeak which were proved by the elements to be entirely inadequate to withstand strain inflicted upon them. Longitudinals either fractured at the junction with verticals or buckled. And since strength

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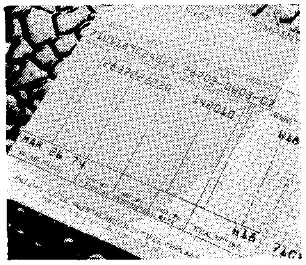

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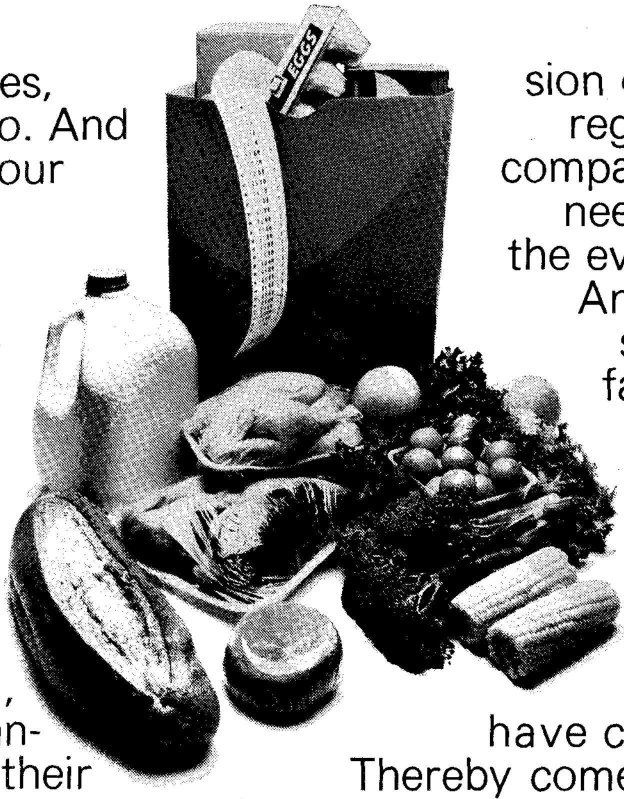

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of a hull is composed of the composite framing throughout its length, one weak sector can imperil a ship. A big Swedish tanker which put into Durban not only had internals buckled and broken by pounding into a head-sea, but the shell plating, after panting to the weight of the sea, disintegrated and fell off so that the watertight bulkhead separating the first oil tank was withstanding full weight of the sea. Another Liberian tanker, rounding the Cape in a gale, had the bows fail in a similar way. There was an empty space between the stem plating and the first tank, so that 45 ft. depth of water was consistently being thrown against a blunt structure behind which was nothing but a series of steel frames."

Characteristically, there is nothing that can be done about such an accident aboard a supertanker, no way in which the damage can be temporarily repaired or shored up. Even getting to the bow is impossible. There is no interior access, and no man would survive the journey forward over the deck in bad weather. The officers may not even be aware that their ship has been badly damaged. "You never know what's happening," Alan Ewart-James told me. "I was in a 60,000-ton ship that suffered severe structural damage off Durban. She must have hit a freak wave, but we didn't know it. We didn't realize the damage until maybe two days later. Quite considerable damage. The bow was pushed in by about four inches, and the deck was set down. The bow was concertinaed upward. I believe that when she went to drydock at the end of that trip, they dismantled the bow and rebuilt it." Part of the trouble with supertankers is that they cannot ride a huge wave and must slam through it, and this is often done at full speed, with a few knots added by the Agulhas Current. "We were doing about twelve to thirteen knots at the time we hit that wave," Ewart-James said. "In any ship in very heavy seas, it's always advisable to slow down. A lot of masters and officers don't. They just push through these Cape waves. Sitting all the way back here, about a fifth of a mile from where the waves are breaking over the bow, they feel as though nothing's happening, that everything's all right. But you can't push through these waves like that."

The day the Ardshiel sailed from Rotterdam, I had sat in my cabin reading George Young's latest batch of reports, which were no more than a few days old and concerned a storm that

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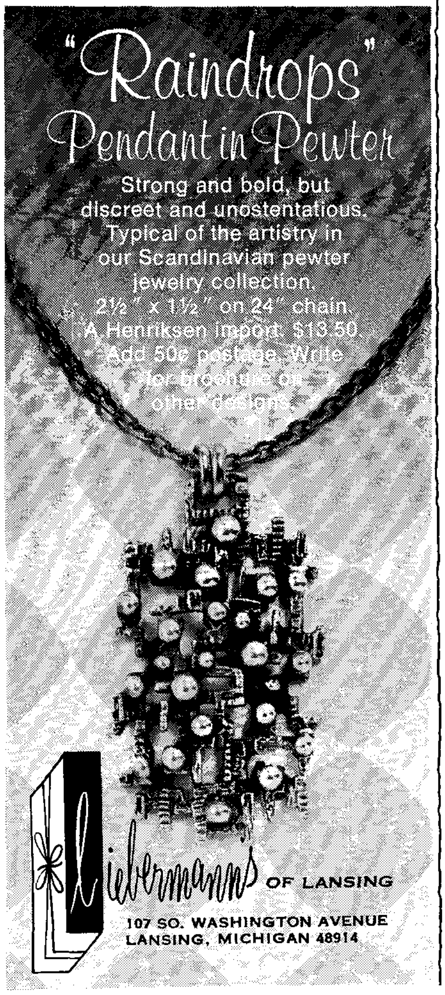

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had been raging off the east coast of South Africa. "The weather along the South African coast has not changed, but the rules governing loading of vessels have," he wrote. In the gale that had just passed, the 61,464-ton Texaco Venezuela had been totally disabled south of Durban. Electrical blackout had immobilized the ship, and she had been battered by the weather until she was taken in tow by a salvage tug. A P. & O. bulk carrier, the Grafton, had suffered hull damage and was making for Durban. The 19,695-ton British tanker Blyth Adventurer had had a particularly harrowing time of it. She had been in the same area as the two other ships, and the storm, when it appeared on radar, had seemed to be a rain squall. When it struck, "the wind increased rapidly to hurricane force, and enormous cross seas and swell thundered down on the heavily burdened tanker." Speed was reduced, but "even at three-quarters power the ship could make only steerageway of four knots." Electrical cables were ripped from their mountings by the force of water, and half the ship was plunged into darkness. "The living accommodation was without power or light, and the navigation bridge had to rig oil lamps. . . . The forecastle deck fractured under the weight of sea, and pipeguards were buckled and swept away," and so were the covers on ventilators. "Two important factors emerge from the experience of the Blyth Adventurer," Young concluded. "Firstly, the ship was on the recommended route along the seaboard which took her between 15 and 20 miles off the land which, some mariners feel, puts her right into the wildest weather. Secondly, the winter load line having been suspended round these parts, the tanker was a half-tide rock in the wild weather. If the ship's steering had failed through electrical failure and she had turned beam-on to the seaway, it is conceivable that she would have been lost from mountainous seas pressing down on her."

THE world's seas are going to suffer vastly more damage if the majority of oil ships continue to be built and operated and sailed by standards of the sort that now prevail. If supertankers have been built with design faults that could have been foreseen, it may be because the rapid amortization of these ships appears to make them more expendable than any other merchant vessels in history—even when they cost, as a 410,000-tonner now does, something like sev-

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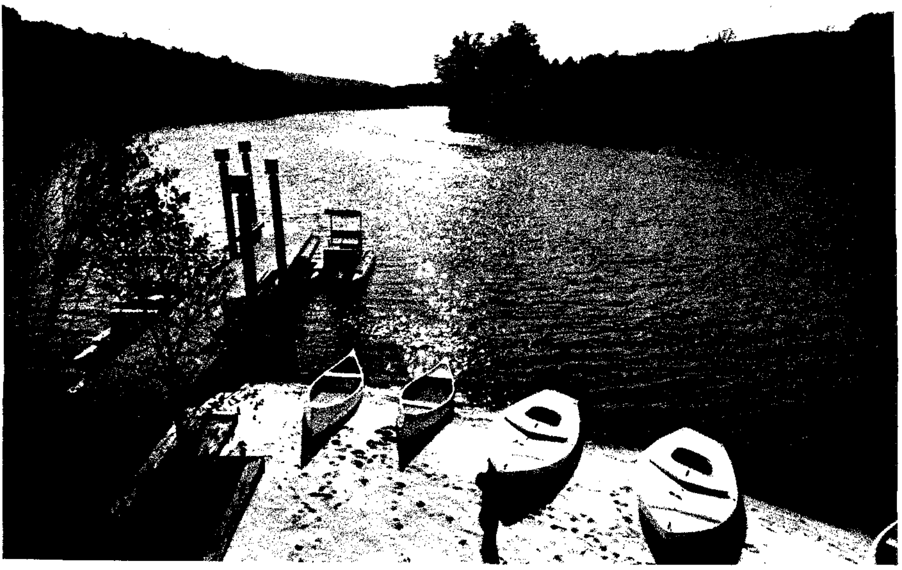

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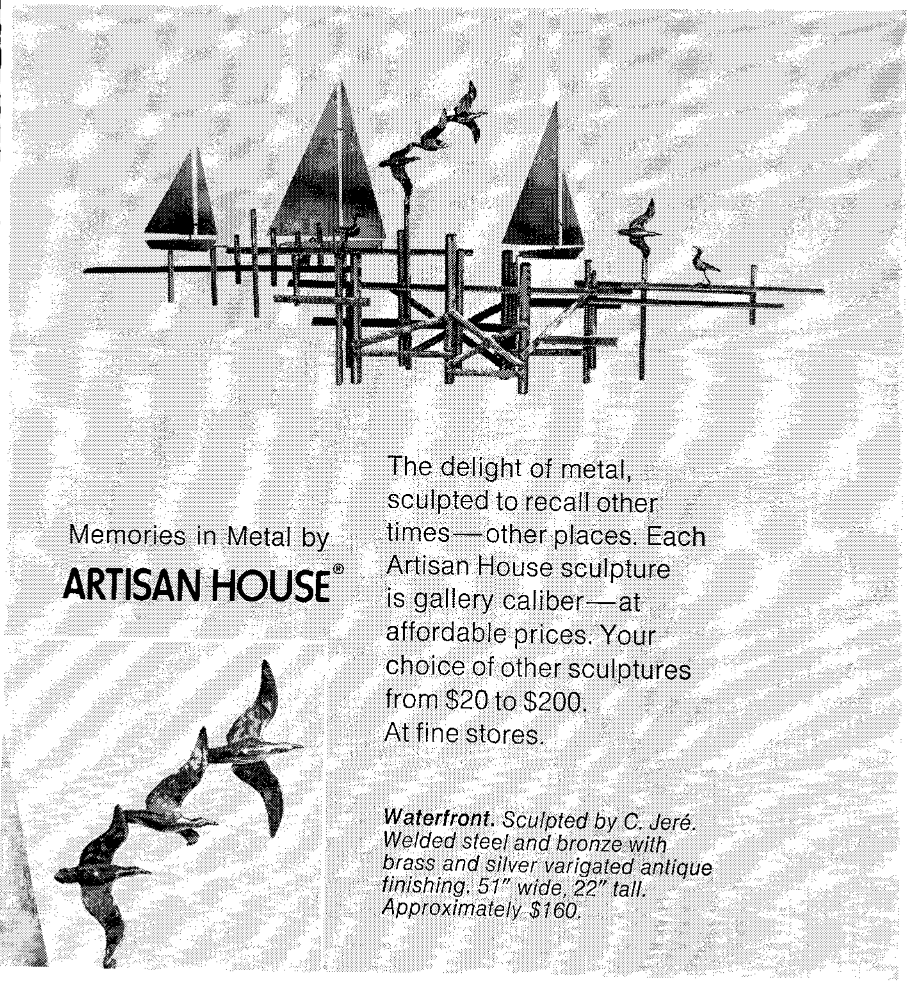

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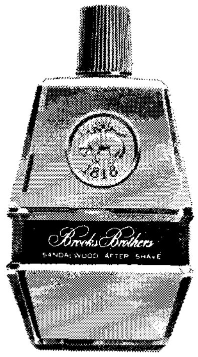

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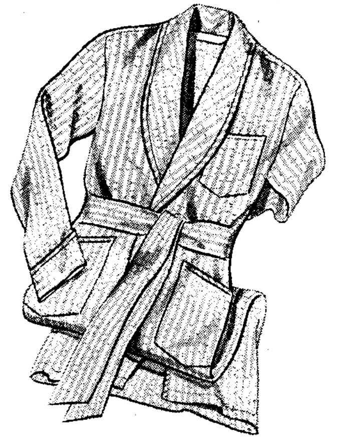
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enty-five million dollars. As for the way they are operated, one is inclined to place most of the blame on the flags of convenience. By removing themselves from accountability, operators who register their ships under flags of convenience have virtually put themselves beyond the law of the sea, and diminished the oldest concept of international collaboration and responsibility in the world.

Any British, American, Japanese, or Scandinavian seaman knows that his errors, if they have resulted in mishap, must be accounted for to a formal board of inquiry and that they could cost him his ticket, or put a permanent stain upon it; but he also knows that that inquiry will be impartial and incorruptible. Liberia, after years of flag operation during which many ships vanished, sank, or incurred serious mishap with few consequent inquiries, has finally instituted courts of inquiry, at least for its major disasters, where public accountability is unavoidable. And in 1971 Liberia established its own marine-survey-and-inspection service to check on vessels flying its flag. This was the first practical gesture it had made toward the sort of legal stringency that governs safety, maintenance, crew training, officer certification, and working and living conditions in American, British, Japanese, and most European merchant fleets. What the effect will be remains to be seen. But within a year of the announcement a Liberian tanker, the 18,750-ton Tien Chee, collided in the estuary of the River Plate with the 7,113-gross-ton Royston Grange, a British passenger and refrigerated-cargo ship, which was incinerated in a blaze similar to the one that made black rain fall upon the Spanish towns of Panjón and Bayona after the small Norwegian tanker Polycommander caught fire and created a fire storm in 1970. Eighty-one persons died in the Tien Chee-Royston Grange disaster, and, because of the heavy loss of life, the circumstances were never completely clear; among the facts the Liberian inquiry did reveal, however, was that four officers aboard the Tien Chee lacked Liberian licenses.

These questions become of increasing concern as the Liberian and other flag-of-convenience fleets continue to grow; the Japanese, with the second-largest merchant fleet in existence, have begun to advance the same arguments as the Americans for putting their ships under the Liberian flag. Moreover, the danger that oil tankers have brought to the seas is now being enlarged by ships carrying poisonous

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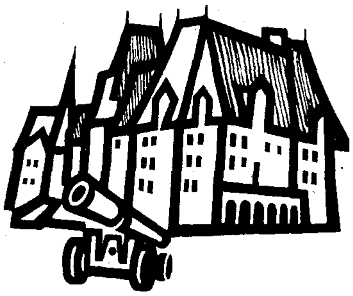
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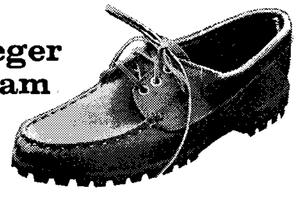
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substances and liquefied gas of various kinds. There would seem to be an obvious need for some international authority to which all tankers, regardless of what flag they fly, are accountable. If any ship breaks existing laws of the sea as established by IMCO, which is the only international organization now dealing with matters of the sea, it is reported to the government whose flag it flies. Accountability is still a national concern, and punishment depends entirely on local law and local zeal in enforcing it. This arrangement, as far as one's fears for the present and future of the sea are concerned, is next to useless. There is no law on earth at present that can be effective in preventing pollution and destruction out upon the deep sea.

Before it is too late, some way must be found to insure that the men who profit from the big ships are held accountable for making them as safe as possible, that they are also held accountable for the health and standards and efficiency of the crews, and that they are held accountable for every drop of oil that goes on board. No future supertanker of as much as 200,000 tons should be built without twin screws, twin rudders, a double bottom, segregated ballast tanks, and a major auxiliary boiler of sufficient power and independence to handle the ship's entire electrical and automatic system as well as its engines. No supertanker of the present generation should be allowed to change hands in the future (the very act of sale can be assumed to be an admission of advanced deterioration and costly upkeep) and then be accepted in operation on the seas unless it has been surveyed by the most exacting standards, especially for hull corrosion and the condition of its engines. No master should take command of a supertanker without intensive simulator training of the sort airline pilots are given. And if airline pilots are compelled to undergo health examinations, why not the officers of supertankers?

Some of the people who have become concerned about the problems of supertankers have pleaded for the establishment of an international court of marine justice, with jurisdiction over standards and codes in all marine matters. Such a court, they believe, should be founded under the auspices of IMCO. The plan is a worthy one, but it is a pipe dream. Only somebody supremely wishful could believe in the establishment of an effective international authority within the foreseeable future. Time is running out. Only ruthless

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and arbitrary unilateral action can save the seas. Nothing else can possibly be effective. Such unilateral action would be relatively simple, because the major tanker terminals are in comparatively few countries, and principally in the main consuming areas—North America, Europe, and Japan. If tankers were required by the nations that buy their cargoes to maintain rigorous standards of safety, operation, and crew health, at risk of being severely penalized, or even shut out of the ports they serve, there can be no doubt that they would comply. Tankers could be made subject to scrupulous examination upon their arrival to unload their cargoes. They should then be compelled to discharge their tank washings under supervision, as tankers using the west-coast route from Alaska will do when Alaskan oil starts being shipped south in a few years' time. Inspectors for the United States or Canadian Coast Guard, or the British Department of Trade, or the equivalent, should check the survey and safety certificates of the ships, the state of all essential equipment, and the certification and the conditions of service of the crew, with authority to impose summary fines or other penalties for obvious delinquencies and shortcomings. We already insist upon such examinations to prevent the entry of human, animal, and agricultural disease that may damage the national health, livestock, or crops. Why not do so as well for the prevention of damage to the coasts and coastal waters, and *their* wealth of vegetation?

There is another powerful precedent for this sort of unilateral action. At the urging of the United States, IMCO approved a new and severe code of structural and safety requirements for the prevention of fire aboard passenger liners a few years ago. Without waiting for other nations to ratify the amendments, the United States passed a law requiring that a liner calling at an American port to pick up American passengers had to conform to the IMCO standards. There was much consternation among foreign ship operators, but it was a question of either complying or pulling their ships off the North American run. In effect, because the American market is so important to passenger tonnage, the United States forced worldwide compliance with IMCO standards. Every new passenger ship that was built fully incorporated the new standards. Tankers, like cruise liners, are switched from route to route as business requires. Any code imposed by one major oil importer would soon

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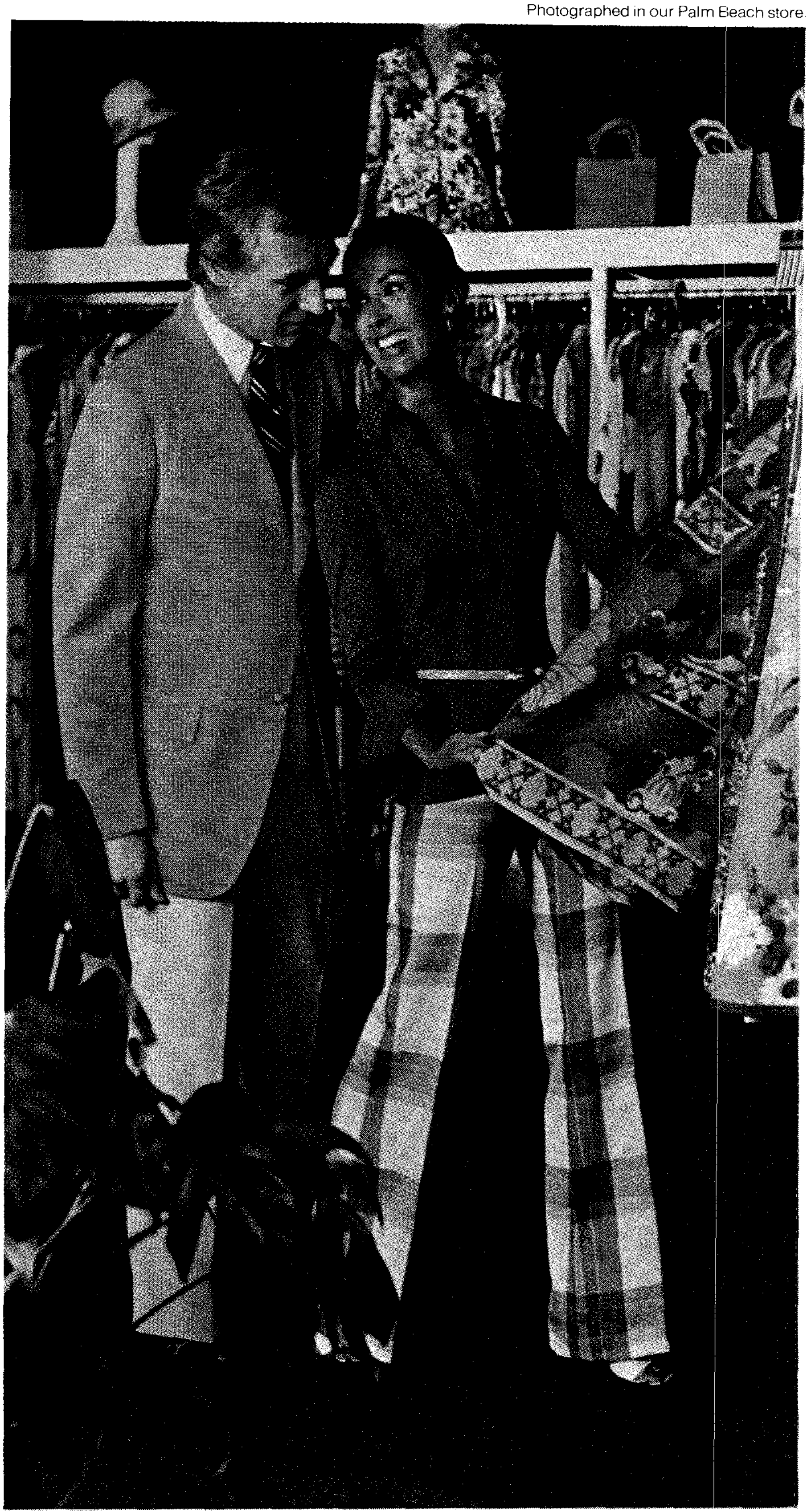

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make its impact felt upon all new tankers, and upon all older tankers that justify the expense of reconstruction. If the United States could make such a demand from shipping on behalf of American tourists—a comparatively small group—then the same demand on behalf of its coastal population would surely be warranted.

The Canadians have already embarked upon such a unilateral course. Their Arctic Waters Pollution Prevention Act set a precedent in extending Canadian regulations to the waters of the Arctic, where ships are being required to offer themselves and their standards of operation for examination according to Canadian regulations. Nothing less than such action on a broad scale will make the tanker operators part with some of their profits to give their ships the sort of over-all safety and seaworthiness that they should have had in the first place. And it goes without saying that if such measures, strenuously enforced, can bring a respite for the coasts and inshore waters, then they will help to save the deeps as well.

The oil is running out; as a resource, it is finite, and always was. The seas were infinite, and should have remained so. We may find an alternative to oil for lighting our lamps and turning our wheels. The seas we shall not replace. Over the past two decades, we have undone much of the structural work of the aeons; the present decade may destroy a great deal more—perhaps more than we can possibly suspect at present. Why should we allow this unspeakable depredation, when so much of it is necessary only to the dedicated greed of a few men and corporations? There is no reason. For those on shore, shipwreck was once a not unwelcome event; it drew plunderers from far and near. It was talked about for generations, with wistful recollection of the drama and the spoils. But shipwreck, once feared principally by those on board, has become in our own time a dread more solemn for those on shore. Helicopters get the sailors off; we clean up the muck. For the first time, we on land have more to lose, and nothing to gain. That is why the responsibility for ships is no longer the sailor's alone, and has become ours.

—NOËL MOSTERT

(This is the second of two articles on supertankers.)

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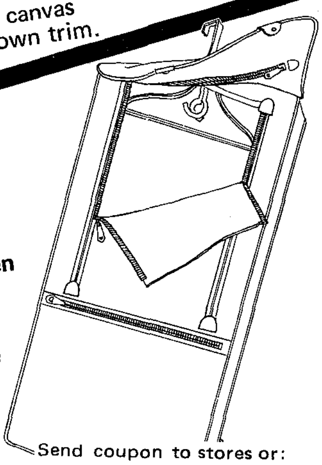

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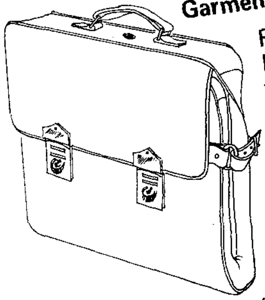

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THE THEATRE

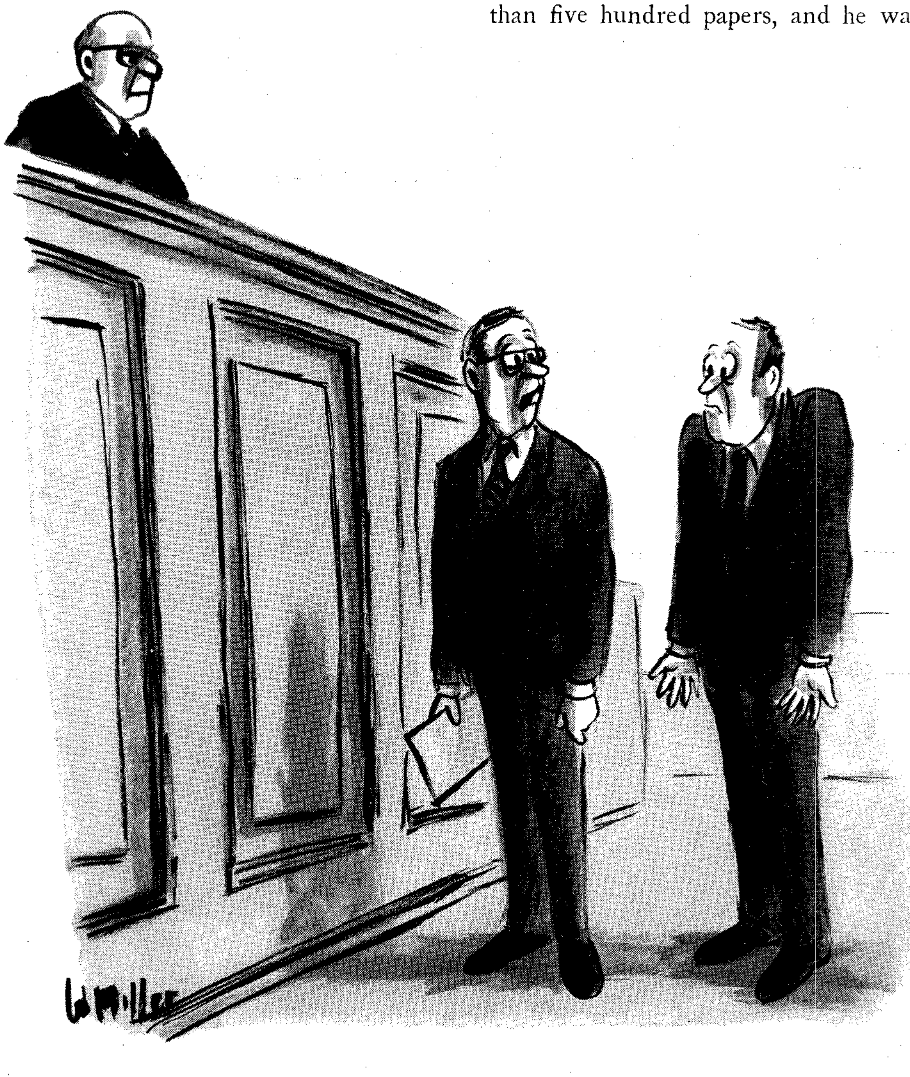
UP FROM OOLOGAH

THAT able actor James Whitmore brought to the Helen Hayes, for eight performances, a one-man show called “Will Rogers’ U.S.A.” The words that Mr. Whitmore spoke were almost without exception Rogers’ own, having been drawn (by Paul Shyre, who also directed the show) from the ample files of a lifetime of shrewd, humorous, and calculatedly illiterate obiter dicta. Born in Oologah, Indian Territory, in 1879, in what was later to become Oklahoma, Rogers was a cultural throwback; although he flourished as a performer from about 1915, when he first added sharp political and social comment to the monologue that accompanied his cowboy lariat act, to 1935, when he was killed in a plane crash in Alaska, he belonged to a much earlier tradition of platform entertainers—one that leads, by way of Mark Twain, straight back to Artemus Ward and Josh Billings. As a personality, Rogers had much in common with Twain. He could dominate audiences by what seemed the simplest means, tossing off observations as if they had just that moment occurred to him and employing an air of rubelike self-depreciation so extreme that it could be readily seen through, thus hinting that the rube, if pushed too far, would prove a match for any city slicker.

Again like Twain, Rogers managed to sustain several careers at once. He was a fantastically successful newspaper columnist, syndicated in more than five hundred papers, and he was also one of the most popular movie actors of his day. When he died, the country—indeed, the entire world—was genuinely shocked and grieved; in a way that no longer seems possible for us, tens of millions of Americans felt a personal relationship to Rogers and took what amounted to a family pride not only in his fame but in his manifest goodness. Mr. Whitmore gave a remarkable performance, and my only criticism of the evening is addressed to the nature of all such biographical recreations of celebrated people: despite the fact that they take place on a stage, they are not really theatre at all, having no action, no contest, no catastrophe. Mr. Whitmore shuffled about the set (designed by Eldon Elder) from time to time, picking up and putting down a prop, but the intention was too obviously to provide our eyes with something to busy themselves with; disconcertingly, we wearied of the very performance we were in the midst of admiring.

MORE and more plays that succeed Off Broadway are being moved to Broadway, and this is just as it should be. Terrence McNally’s extremely funny pair of one-act comedies, which he calls “Bad Habits” (and which were reviewed in the Off Broadway department in the issue of February 18th), have been transplanted from the Astor Place Theatre to the Booth, where they seem very much at home and where I hope they form the good habit of running forever.

—BRENDAN GILL



“‘Ignorance of the law is no excuse.’ Golly! I *never heard* that *one! Did* you *ever hear* that *one?”*

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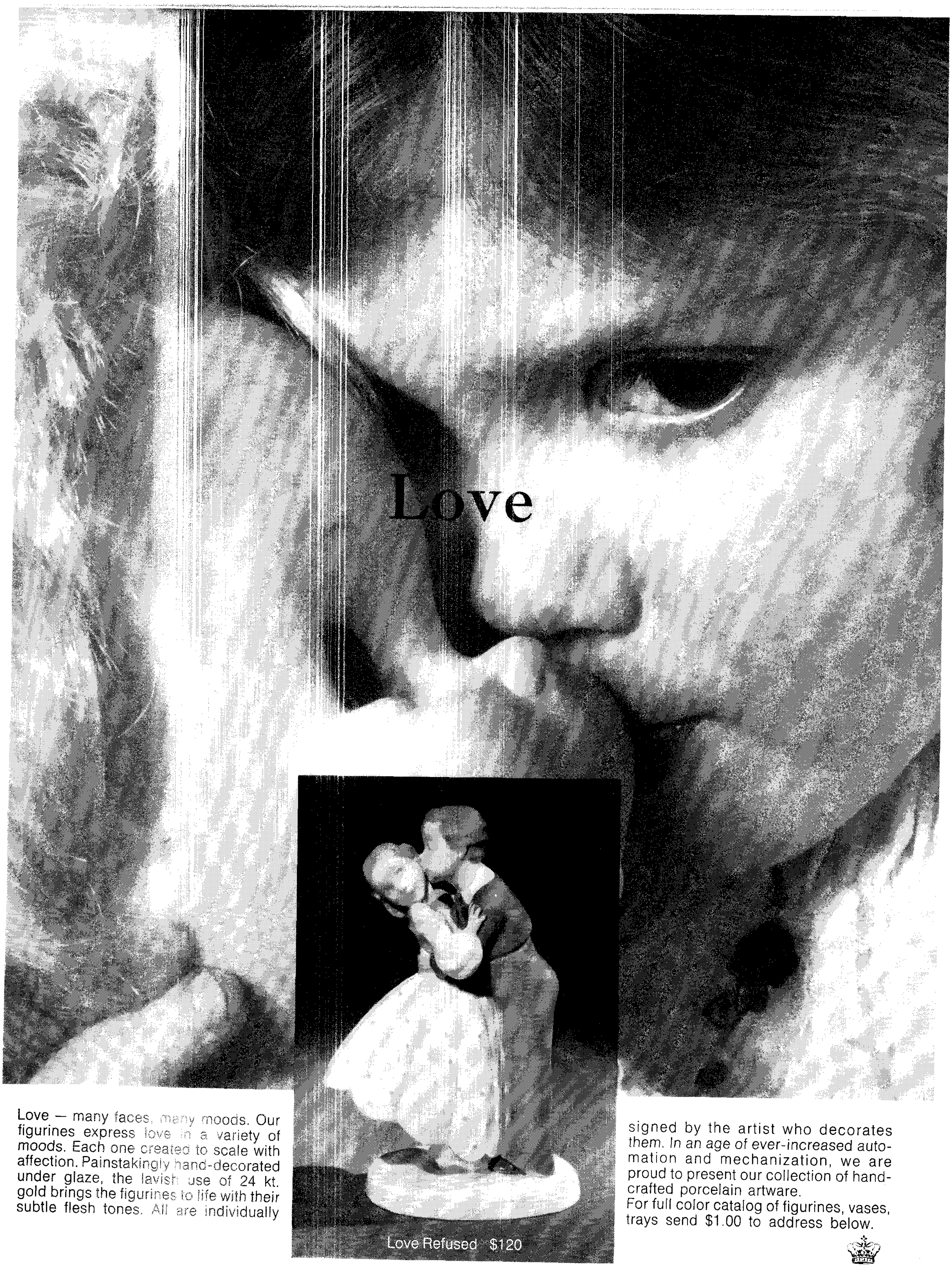
[*From Western Interstate Commission for Higher Education Annual Report, 1973, Boulder, Colo.*]

Nineteen-forty-five was a time of transition. President Franklin Roosevelt died in the spring and was succeeded by his vice-president, Harry S. Truman. World War II ended on both fronts with V-E day on May 4 and V-J Day on September 2. Adolph Hitler and Benito Mussolini died as they lived—violently. The atomic age dawned with a mushroom cloud on July 16 at Alamogordo, New Mexico, and the bloody destruction of Hiroshima followed on August 6—and Nagasaki on August 9. And the seed of hope for international understanding was planted as the United Nations met for the first time in San Francisco, from April 25 to June 26.

It also was a time of transition for Dr. George Duke Humphrey, age 48. He was changing jobs. The Duke, as he was known, left the presidency of Mississippi State College in his home state to assume the presidential post at the University of Wyoming in Laramie.



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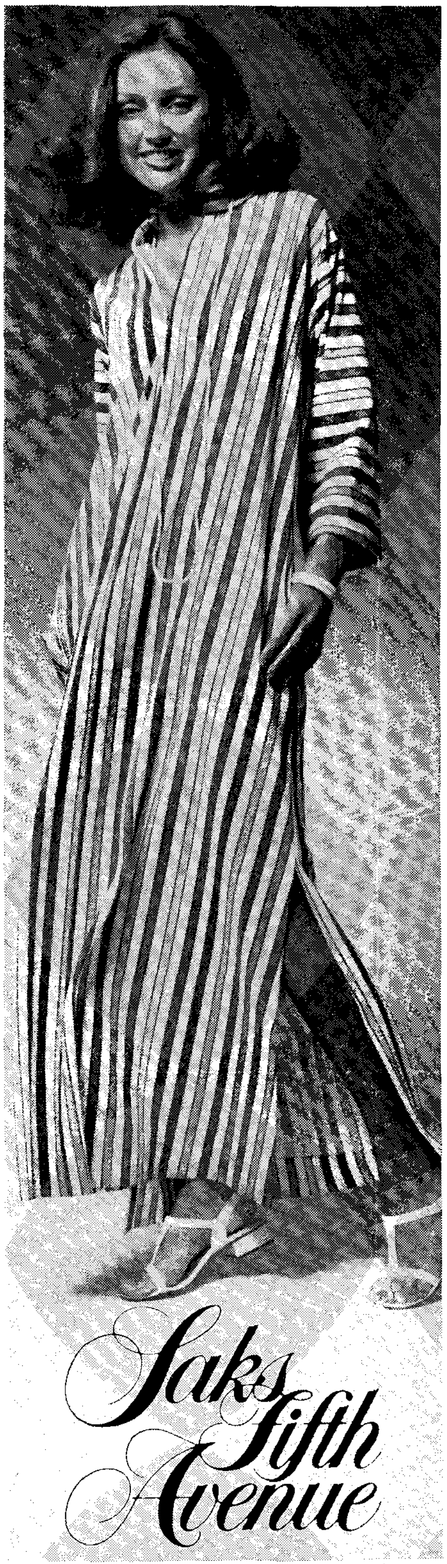

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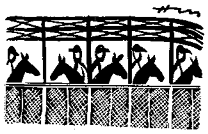
THE RACE TRACK

Preakness, Ho!

ASIDE from winners of the Triple Crown, only ten horses who have captured the Kentucky Derby have gone on to win the Preakness. Though John Olin's Cannonade is no Citation or Secretariat, one doesn't need the divinations of a Tibetan geomancer to predict that he will be the eleventh to bring off the double at old Pimlico this weekend. After all, he beat twenty-two of our leading three-year-olds—the most that ever ran for a Derby—fair and square, and a number of horse-watchers (I am not including Woody Stephens, who trains Cannonade and may be prejudiced) believe that he could come right back and do it all over again. As the race shapes up, nine Derby runners will start in the Preakness, and perhaps as many as a dozen others. The results of the Preakness Prep in Baltimore last Saturday increased the number of starters, and thus the likelihood that the race will be split, as it was in 1918.



As this is written, I hardly know what to say about the chances of that's happening. Weeks ago, the Maryland Jockey Club announced that if there were more than fifteen entries for the race, the field would be divided by lot and run in two divisions, because the track is narrow and the turns are sharp. Right now, the first three horses in the Preakness Prep—Heir to the Line, All Game, and Jolly Johu—are definite starters, according to their owners or trainers. One can only hope for the best.

Cannonade is the favorite for the race in what off-course betting there is around Baltimore. The other day, Earle Hart, who makes the morning line of odds for the races at Pimlico, quoted him at 2-1, Bushongo at 5-1, Hudson County and Silver Florin at 6-1 each, J. R.'s Pet at 8-1, and Little Current at 10-1, and Hart said he'd make a longer list in a day or two. I was surprised that he left out Rube the Great, who was third favorite in the Derby and who, in my opinion, is a horse to beat in the Preakness. Rube ran a truly smashing race to win his division of the Wood Memorial, and before that he had romped off with a division of the Gotham Stakes by four and a half lengths in the snappy time of 1:35⅕ for the mile. Hart hasn't overlooked Hudson County, who was second for most of the mile and a quarter of the Derby. It was a surprising performance for a colt who isn't sound; he has knee trouble, which isn't fun. As for Bushongo, winner of the Flamingo Stakes, who injured a foot in the Blue Grass Stakes and was forced to skip the Derby, he had a dull workout on Saturday, and Downey Bonsal, who trains him, was doubtful whether he would start.

Colonel Martingale, the old paddock snoop, wonders who Cordero is going to "save" with in the Preakness. It seems that before the Derby, Cordero had agreements with Pincay, who was on Judger, Cannonade's stablemate, and with Rivera, who was on Rube the Great, that if he won he'd give each $3,000 from his share of the prize money, and the others would do the same if they won. This is what is called "saving," and it has been common practice with riders for many years, especially in rich races with big fields. Professional bettors use the term a bit differently; when they have a big one down on something, they also put down smaller wagers on the horses they look upon as contenders, and they call such bets "saviours." By the way, the New York stewards take a dim view of "saving." Francis Dunne, the presiding steward at Aqueduct, cautioned the boys against the practice one day last week.

AQUEDUCT's seemingly interminable spring meeting, which began on February 25th, closed last Saturday afternoon with lively finishes in both divisions of the Acorn Stakes, the first of New York's trilogy for three-year-old fillies, the others being the Mother Goose and the Coaching Club American Oaks. In the first division, Special Team came from lengths out of it in the last quarter of the mile run to beat Stage Door Betty (who is by Stage Door Johnny, of course) by three and a half lengths, with Raisela third, and Chris Evert won the second section by three-quarters of a length from Clear Copy, with Fiesta Libre third. The crowd of 35,919 bet $4,861,022.

—AUDAX MINOR

•

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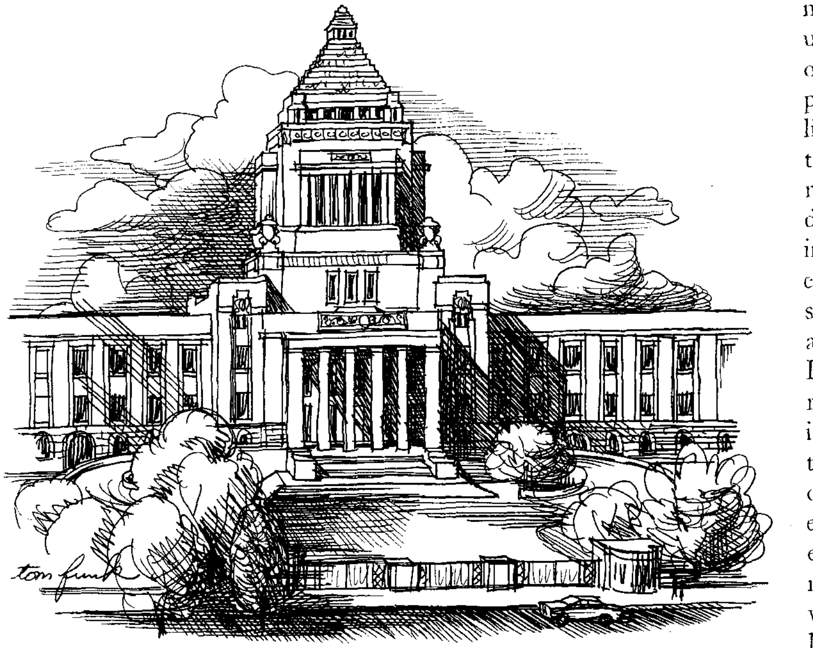
LETTER FROM TOKYO



DURING a long visit to Japan in the recent period of sudden, drastic economic strain and resulting national self-doubt, I have seen once more, as I saw on earlier occasions, that the Japanese are vastly different from all other peoples in Asia and that the things that make them unique are those that have enabled them to survive and prosper so spectacularly. In their darker moments—as in the last several months, when they have been beset by rampant inflation, by the threat of economic chaos brought on by the oil crisis, and then, in April, by the most severe strikes in the country's history—their sense of doom, which they like to write and talk about, is tempered by their stubborn confidence in their ability to deal, however awkwardly, with whatever dire circumstances confront them. They are both highly pragmatic and, beneath a sphinxlike surface, highly emotional—with the latter trait being periodically evidenced in their political and economic conduct when the customary wall of discipline is broken by sudden jolts and shocks. The foreigner, or *gaijin*, himself an object of suspicion and constant, cautious scrutiny, quickly becomes aware that the Japanese are increasingly scrutinizing themselves in their own private way, scanning themselves as if through either end of one of their excellent telescopes, trying to decide, in the sort of cinematic or theatrical game they so enjoy playing, whether they look big or small. One can hear any number of guesses, speculations, and prognoses concerning their future, ranging from ultra-pessimistic to ultra-optimistic, all dependent on their near-obsession with their gross national product, or G.N.P.—initials that might just as well stand for "great national pastime"—and all somewhat like an endless Kabuki drama in modern economic terms.

Having enjoyed a miraculous annual growth rate, and having, as a nation, been described, half slightingly, half enviously, as an "economic animal," Japan almost allowed itself to be brought to its knees by the international economic and oil crises of 1973-74. The prospect of being cut off from their oil supplies at first panicked the Japanese and sent various leaders scurrying around the world offering fabulous inducements—which they hadn't weighed properly and couldn't afford anyway—to their oil suppliers. After it became apparent that they would again get all the oil they needed (though at tripled or quadrupled prices), there began a reappraisal not only of the country's economic future but of the government's obligations both to its own citizens and to Japan's poorer Asian neighbors. A number of Japanese and foreign observers, consequently, are now saying that both the oil crisis and the attendant economic one—which has even broader long-term implications—have been blessings in disguise. It remains to be seen just how far this soul-searching will go and whether the Japanese will really confront the hard challenges that affect the lives of their nearly one hundred and nine million people, a good proportion of whom are expressing increasing dissatisfaction with the spiritual, psychological, and environmental prices paid for economic growth.

For the next two or three years, a slower economic pace, based on an annual growth rate of between four and six per cent, instead of the zooming ten per cent to which Japan has become accustomed, seems more than likely—although there are some local Jeremiahs who foresee a period of zero growth, or even less than zero growth. Whatever the rate, such figures are only part of the story. Rising labor costs and labor shortages, more competition for export markets, reduced domestic demand for manufactured products, a prolonged period of tight money supply and other financial limitations, and a continuing inflationary spiral could throw all predictions off, triggering political and social explosions that would shake Japan more than anything since General Douglas MacArthur received its surrender in 1945. There are those who predict pendulum swings to the extreme right or the extreme left, but it is more likely that there will be a less drastic political transformation, which, primarily, will diminish the power of the Liberal Democratic Party, the loose coalition of competing conservative factions which has run Japan like a political workshop for two decades. At best, this will produce a new balance of forces between the L.D.P. and the country's four opposition parties as well as useful changes within the L.D.P. itself. At worst, it will create a political vacuum.

THROUGH their unique methods of achieving consensus, whereby the Japanese of the postwar era have consistently managed either to find solutions or to subtly avoid them through compromise, it may be that they will be able to meet the new challenges of domestic discontent and uncertain international status, but I doubt whether they will be able to do so quite as easily as they have done before. At this point, I sense unusual confusion and anxiety underlying their customary visible self-confidence, and such uncertainty exists at all levels of the society. At bottom, there is what might be described as a fear of significant change, at the same time that ever-larger numbers of people are demanding such change. The demands are for reforms in fields including education, welfare, environmental protection, housing, and leisure. They reflect a common conviction that national material success and affluence are hollow achievements if there are not enough personal rewards. One survey conducted by a Tokyo bank not long ago showed that the "happiness index" of the Japanese ranked lowest compared with those of the Americans, British, French, and West Ger-

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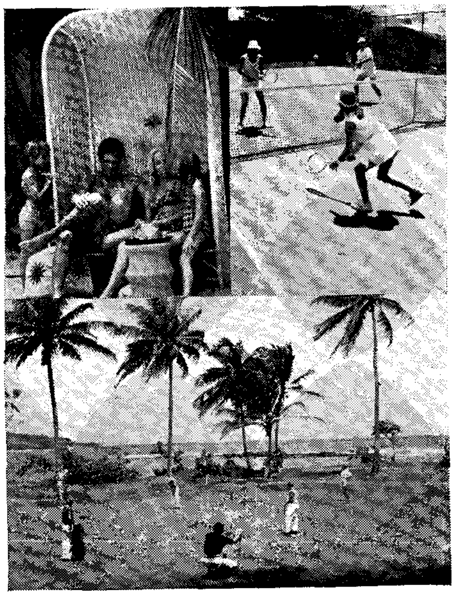
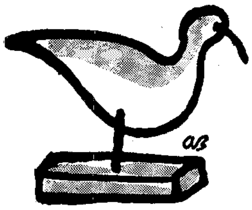


mans, while "irritation factors" in Japan ranked highest, with the number of suicides, murders, and abandonments of infants steadily increasing. The Japanese work as hard as they do because they have no alternative if they want to survive on their crowded and rocky islands, but that doesn't mean they enjoy it. Moreover, despite their diligence and their G.N.P., their per-capita income is only the twelfth-highest in the world. Another recent survey disclosed that loyalty to employers—a long-vaunted stability factor—is diminishing; more than a third of the employees of one of the nation's largest firms told interviewers that they didn't like their jobs and wouldn't mind working elsewhere. It is too soon to conclude that what the well-known sociologist Chie Nakane calls the "vertical society," based on indoctrinated group loyalty, is being seriously challenged, but it is apparent that the Japanese are beginning to resent their enforced rigidity and self-abnegation.



They remain as proud as ever of their Japanese-ness, of their being so different, but somehow this no longer seems enough. They are starting to question even the validity of their national homogeneity, one of the traditional sources of their endurance and success; while they want to retain it, they also want to explore the differences among themselves, between generations, and among widely differing life styles—some of their own devising and some of Western derivation. Ordinarily, communication between Japanese, except when they drink, can be almost as difficult as communication between Japanese and foreigners, but finally, it seems, their isolation from one another has begun to make them nervous. The national anxiety is manifested in, among other things, a growing and rather aimless pursuit of fads, ranging from transient vogues for plastic dolls, stuffed pandas, fortune-tellers, and television soap operas (called, in typical "Japlish," *homu doramas*) to such things as McDonald's hamburgers and Kentucky Fried Chicken. There is a semi-baroque quality to all this which indicates a degree of fright and frenzy. Answers are being sought to questions that haven't heretofore been formulated, and a more intensive process of national soul-searching—in Japanese, *Nihonjin-ron*—has only begun. One Japanese social psychologist, Hiroshi Minami, says that the new emphasis on *Nihonjin-ron* has already led to more confrontations between Japanese and Japanese. "Parents and children face each other as different kinds of Japanese, so rapid and comprehensive have been the social changes of the last decades," he says. "Employers regard young people as 'non-Japanese,' so different is the outlook of the new workers fresh from school. Leaders and educators are on one side of the generation abyss, young people on the other."

Another source of malaise is disillusionment with the West, and especially with the United States, for so long the emulated model of success. The various "Nixon shocks," which began with the President's trip to Peking in 1971 and have involved the whole gamut of relations between America and Japan, including trade and finance, and particularly foreign affairs—most specifically, détente with China, which Nixon initiated without a word to his Japanese allies—have had a profound effect on the Japanese psyche. The kind, conquering foster father who remodeled Japanese society in the American democratic image after the 1945 defeat suddenly seemed to turn his back on his boisterous adopted offspring and then, to compound this act of faithlessness, revealed himself as morally vulnerable in another Asian country, Vietnam. It has taken the Japanese some time to get over all this, but signs of recovery are now beginning to be seen, partly in a more callous attitude toward the United States (even in a degree of anti-Americanism) and partly in a search for new definitions of national identity and new relationships with the Chinese, the Russians, and other nations.

The Japanese, then, are growing up politically as well as economically, and are ready to play a more independent role in the world, even if this subsumes a willingness to keep the American security umbrella handy. Perhaps the most encouraging sign is an awareness that concern with national welfare beyond mere national growth is part of maturing. The next step on this belated path of discovery could involve more sensible programs of help for the developing countries, which the Japanese have had increasing trouble dealing with, particularly in Southeast Asia. Such programs could bring Japan eventually to a position of more responsible leadership in the region that she so abysmally mistreated three decades ago and has more recently badly misunderstood, as was revealed by various hostile reactions during Prime Minister

Kakuei Tanaka's trip through the area last winter.

IN addition to becoming more of a welfare state, government and private planners agree, Japan must restructure its industry over the next decade for several purposes, not the least of them the reduction of high levels of pollution. Some progress in lowering air, water, and noise pollution has already been made, thanks to civic and legal actions. The newspapers carry almost daily reports of decisions or settlements that usually favor local plaintiffs, but much more remains to be done. The chief impetus for the overhaul of the industrial complex is provided by basic economic laws of supply and demand. The imported natural resources that Japan is almost completely dependent upon—not just oil and coal but iron ore, bauxite, copper, tin, aluminum, nickel, and other minerals—either may simply not be available in the quantities Japan would like or may become too expensive over a period of time during which other factors, such as ever-higher labor costs and rising competition in world markets, will come into play. The heavy industries (particularly those turning out huge quantities of steel and chemical products), which have accounted for nearly three-quarters of Japanese exports, consume so much oil, for instance, that, according to some estimates, if the country continued to increase its production at the same rate as it has during the past decade, it would, by the early nineteen-eighties, use about a third of the world's current volume of traded oil. It is obviously overextravagant for Japan, with only three per cent of the world's population, to consume that much. Last year, the country imported almost two billion barrels of oil—seventeen per cent more than the previous year. At current prices, Japan will spend about fifteen billion dollars this year for importing slightly less oil than it did last year; the country's total oil bill for 1974 will probably end up being three times what it was in 1973.

Some projections, including those given by Prime Minister Tanaka in a grandiose plan for restructuring and relocating industry during the next decade, which he first propounded in the early seventies, when he was Minister for International Trade and Industry, have envisaged importing as much as four and three-quarter billion barrels by the nineteen-eighties. A far more realistic figure would be less than half that, at the so-called "effective"

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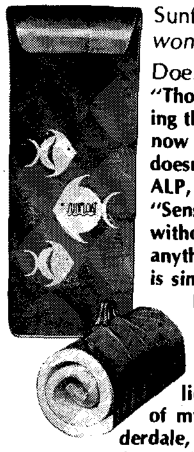

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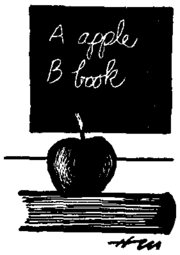
price (the price established locally by the major oil importers) of about nine dollars a barrel. Seventy per cent of Japan's oil is supplied by the "majors," while oil obtained through direct deals with producing governments or through international auctions—the two other ways of getting it—costs more. (At one point during the panic several months ago, one Japanese company, Mitsubishi, offered Nigeria twenty-two dollars a barrel, but it later withdrew the offer.) In "tilting" toward the Arabs, Japan has been trying to negotiate with several producing nations to get them to build new refineries and petrochemical plants with Japanese backing in hopes of getting cheaper oil products in the future, but even if negotiations are successful, such projects will take several years, and then there is no assurance that quantities and prices will remain stable.



The Japanese—unlike the French—are still willing to coöperate with other consumer nations, led by the United States, in bringing pressure on the oil producers to reduce their price, but as long as the producers hold the upper hand the Japanese government feels that it has to continue making bilateral arrangements. However, tension between Tokyo and Washington that existed when the oil crisis was at its height has diminished since the Arabs put Japan on the "friendly" list, some weeks before the embargo against the United States was lifted.

SEVERAL other basic calculations affect the economic problems Japan faces. Its foreign-exchange reserves, which until recently were as high as twenty billion dollars in cash and securities at home and abroad, have dwindled in recent months to about twelve billion. If Japan continues to spend as much as it does now for oil and other needed raw materials as well as for wheat and other foreign foodstuffs—on which it is highly dependent and the prices of which are also soaring—in a year's time it will face the threat of having to borrow money from international agencies or foreign governments. An alternative would be to boost exports above the currently estimated fifty-billion-dollar annual rate. Some economists, however, predict that, given the general recessional outlook and the self-protective policies and reactions in the big trading nations (the United States, for example, is not importing as many Japanese cars as it used to), a sustained high level of imports, especially at higher prices, is a dubious and uncertain course. Moreover, continuing worldwide inflation diminishes the real value of increases in the volume of exports. Most of the analysts I spoke with in Tokyo foresaw a balance-of-trade surplus of three billion dollars in the current fiscal year, which started April 1st, but they also predicted a deficit of at least seven or eight billion dollars in the country's international balance of payments, in which there was a thirteen-billion-dollar deficit for fiscal 1973-74, and a deficit of some five billion dollars in the nation's long-term capital account—half of what it was in the fiscal year just ended. Continuing tight world credit, with interest on long-term loans officially set at more than nine per cent, will not make the free flow of trade any easier. A compensating factor domestically is the high rate of personal and corporate savings, but despite this and the relative solidity of the yen, the nation's financial condition remains uncertain. For this reason, Japan's heretofore large overseas investment and economic-aid programs, it was announced in April, will have to become more limited and selective.

The domestic market and domestic inflation are in most respects the keys to the problem this year and next. The word "recession" has actually been heard as sales have gone down and inventories have piled up. Though the government in mid-April claimed that prices were beginning to be stabilized, the fact remains that the levels are still far higher than they were a year ago. The wholesale price index in the past twelve months has risen by thirty-five per cent, and consumer prices have gone up twenty-six per cent—rates higher than those of any other major industrial country—while the real value of the average workingman's wages over the same period has dropped by six per cent. Prices in Tokyo, with the rate of exchange floating at between two hundred and seventy and two hundred and ninety yen per dollar, are astronomical. A simple lunch or dinner for two at a hotel or medium-priced restaurant costs from thirty to thirty-five dollars, and even a bowl of soup and noodles in a side-street shop, which cost a dollar a year or so ago, sells for two or three times as much; a small icebox in my room at the Imperial Hotel has turned out to be a godsend. A haircut in the hotel barbershop costs five dollars. Department-store prices have been fluctuating madly, depending, as do those in supermarkets, on panic buying by housewives; toilet paper, detergents, and sugar were at a premium a few months ago. A poster put up by a consumer group shows the Mona Lisa (Leonardo da Vinci's famous painting, on loan here from the Louvre, has inspired all sorts of take-offs) carrying a shopping bag containing a solitary radish, a bottle of soy sauce, and a roll of toilet paper.

In February and March, the government, exercising a power that it calls "administrative guidance," listed ceiling prices for some two hundred basic items. It permitted increases in oil products of sixty-four per cent, and set price limits on most other essential industrial products, such as steel, aluminum, and fertilizer, and on such necessities as eating utensils and underwear. The concerned ministries and governmental agencies are hoping to hold back the inflationary trend with a typically Japanese mixture of persuasion and threat, but many observers feel that "guidance" and "instructions" are not sufficient—that, in fact, they will merely provoke businessmen to make private price-fixing agreements, and that strict price controls and anti-trust laws are required. Late in February, during several days of hearings in the Diet, twenty-three business heads, including officials of the six big trading companies that control roughly half of Japan's exports and imports, were put through an inquisition that elicited numerous abject admissions of individual and collective profiteering and collusion to set prices. These leaders of the so-called *zaikai* (or, literally, "financial world") are the hearty successors of the bosses of the discredited zaibatsu, or trusts, which MacArthur dissolved at the start of the Occupation. With their close links to the Liberal Democratic Party and their direct association with the leading banks, the bosses of the *zaikai* are just about as strong today as the bosses of the zaibatsu were before. During the Diet hearings, the *zaikai* chiefs promised to "recycle" some of their profits; that is, to make repayments to those customers they had overcharged. The company executives, although they were deferentially called "references" rather than "witnesses"—which meant they were not testifying under oath—nevertheless had a feeling, like American oilmen appearing before the Senate at about the same time, that there was a movement afoot to pillory them, and, like the oilmen, righteously maintained that they had simply been protecting their equities and those of their stockholders. The opposition parties, notably the Communists, who led

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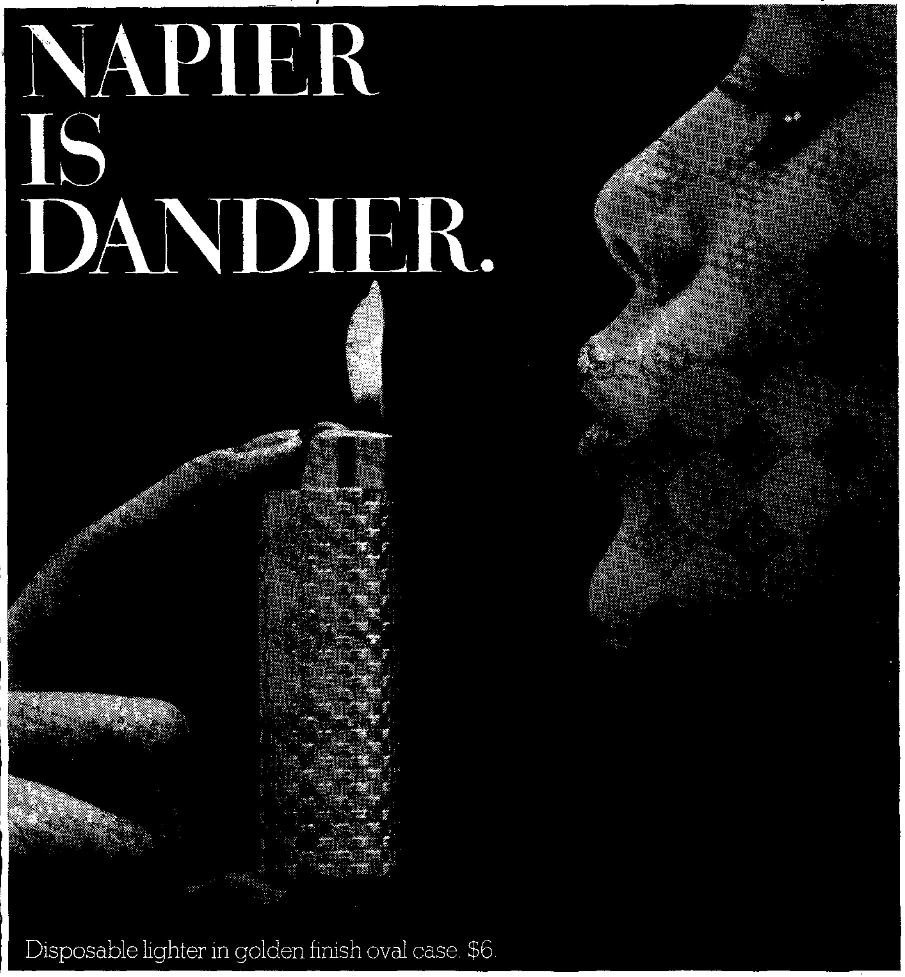
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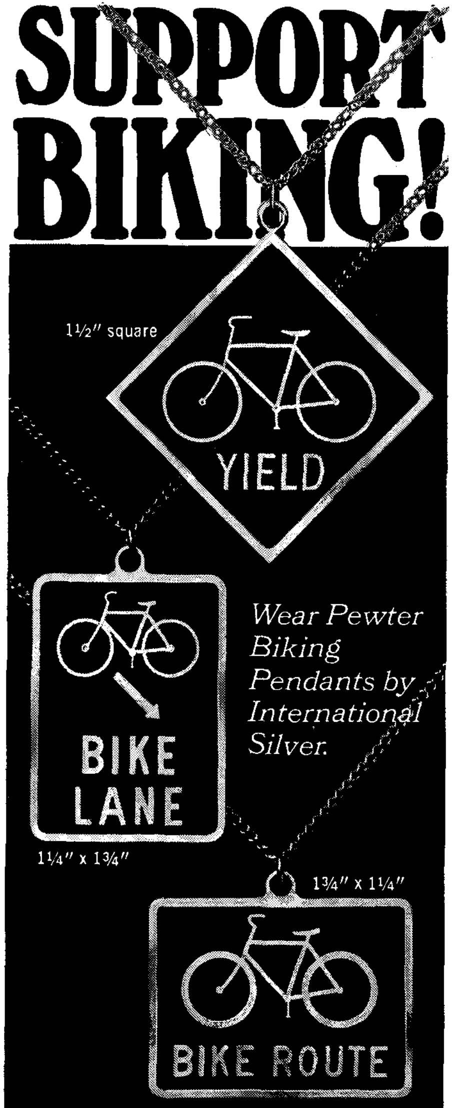

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the questioning, gave the executives little opportunity to expand upon this defense, and the public was generally left with the impression that the companies had taken undue advantage of the inflationary crisis. As a result, a bill imposing a modest ten-per-cent excess-profits tax was passed by the Diet late in March, though the opposition voted against it, claiming it was not nearly tough enough.

The danger that Japanese business will outprice itself in domestic as well as overseas markets stems largely from higher labor costs. The annual round of wage increases for both private and public employees following this year's strikes resulted in average boosts of thirty per cent—the highest ever—and will inevitably serve as a further inflationary lever, while affording the workers what may turn out to be comparatively modest increases in real wages, unless the government acts more strongly than it has in the past to control consumer prices. Semiannual bonus payments, equalling from five to ten months' extra pay a year, are a tradition in Japan, but whether the companies will be able to hand them out as freely as usual this year or next remains doubtful, and this could lead to further labor strife. In April, some six million workers, representing all the big unions, came out in full strength during the spring labor campaign, called *shunto*, or "spring struggle." They conducted several crippling one-to-four-day strikes in public-service fields, especially transportation, which inconvenienced millions of commuters. Although these were regarded as wildcat strikes, because public employees have officially been denied the right to strike since 1948, the government did not try to stop them. One of the major demands of the public-service unions is that they be granted that right, and government officials have finally agreed to set up a special panel to study the subject. These and other unions also asked for higher welfare, social-security, and pension payments, and special allowances for low-paid workers—only twelve million of the country's thirty-four million workers are unionized—and such demands are bound to increase from now on. The compromises worked out this year were costly enough—actually, most unions achieved about ninety per cent of their demands—and agreements will be even harder to achieve next year unless the economic situation greatly improves. If the inflationary trend is not halted one way or another, the possibility of violence, with Japanese riot police moving against angry consumers and workers, cannot be ignored. Even if such incidents are kept from getting out of hand, as they have been in the past—typifying the controlled theatrics of Japanese life—the results could seriously shake the traditional system based on consensus and equilibrium.

The impressive Japanese growth rate has been based heretofore on ever-rising investment, largely financed through credit. Domestic and foreign banks have lent huge sums to the big industrial companies and trading firms, which have used relatively small proportions of their own capital. During times of prosperity, this cornucopia formula of high investment rates, inspiring soaring productivity, cheap exports, and huge profits, has worked beautifully, but it doesn't work during recessions. The companies now owe huge sums, and the present high worldwide interest rates may make them more reluctant to continue heavy borrowing. Japanese tourists travelling abroad are now restricted to a cash allowance of fifteen hundred dollars—half of what they could formerly take—and the government has cracked down on profligate investments and purchases abroad, such as the buying of expensive art and of real estate ranging from golf courses in Hawaii to fancy mansions in Beverly Hills and Long Island. In Japan itself, land is terribly scarce, with prices rising to fabulous levels per *tsubo* (thirty-six square feet). Real-estate speculation—largely sparked by the release of the Tanaka plan calling for the building of new industrial centers and new highways throughout the country—has added to the recent inflation.

THERE are few Japanese experts who do not support a fundamental restructuring and relocation of industry, such as Tanaka has proposed, as well as a far greater stress on environmental and welfare programs. The Japanese industrial complex is simply too big and too concentrated. One-fifth of the world's five hundred largest corporations today are Japanese, and most of them are situated along or near the eastern coast of the archipelago, chiefly on the main island of Honshu, in an area known as the Pacific Industrial Belt Zone, over which a constant pall of smoke and smog hangs like a huge, tattered, dirty blanket with holes in it through which occasional sunlight penetrates. Though Japan's G.N.P. is still only a third that of the United States, its G.N.P. per square mile of habitable land is eight times as great. More than half the country's population already lives in or around large cities, especially in the Tokyo and Osaka-Kobe areas, and in another decade, if both the movement away from the countryside and the present birthrate continue, the percentage of urban-area dwellers will be up to seventy-five per cent. Despite farm mechanization and other advanced agricultural techniques, the transformation of farmlands into industrial sites represents a serious threat to Japan's food supply. The nation is still self-sufficient in rice and vegetables, but the enormous cost of importing foodstuffs is a drain that can only be alleviated by an increased effort to protect cultivated areas and augment domestic farm production.

What the country needs, the experts agree, is less heavy, energy-consuming industry and more knowledge-intensive, or highly technological, production, such as electronics, aviation products, and so on. One new source of energy could be nuclear power, and despite Japan's fear of nuclear development because of its wartime experience and its postwar anti-militarism, peaceful nuclear projects are being increasingly spoken of, along with projects for obtaining energy from other new sources, including the tides of the ocean and the inland seas. Such developments would tend to diminish pollution while at the same time spreading industry more widely and being more conducive to "national harmony," always an esteemed Japanese goal. The government's Economic Planning Agency has issued a projection that is more specific and shorter in range than Tanaka's, called the Basic Economic and Social Plan for 1973-77, which states that "in order to rectify the maldistribution of wealth and other imbalances while adapting to change in the national consciousness, it will be necessary to effect a transition, while avoiding inflation, to a pattern of balanced economic development. It will also be necessary to make income distribution more equitable; solve the housing and land problems; proceed with equalization of educational, employment, and other opportunities; respect the value of human life; and secure the health and safety of the people as well as effect, in both the public and the private sectors, a resource allocation that puts an emphasis on these areas."

These are all laudable goals, but unfortunately, though the E.P.A. reports directly at the Cabinet level to the

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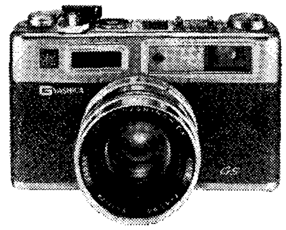

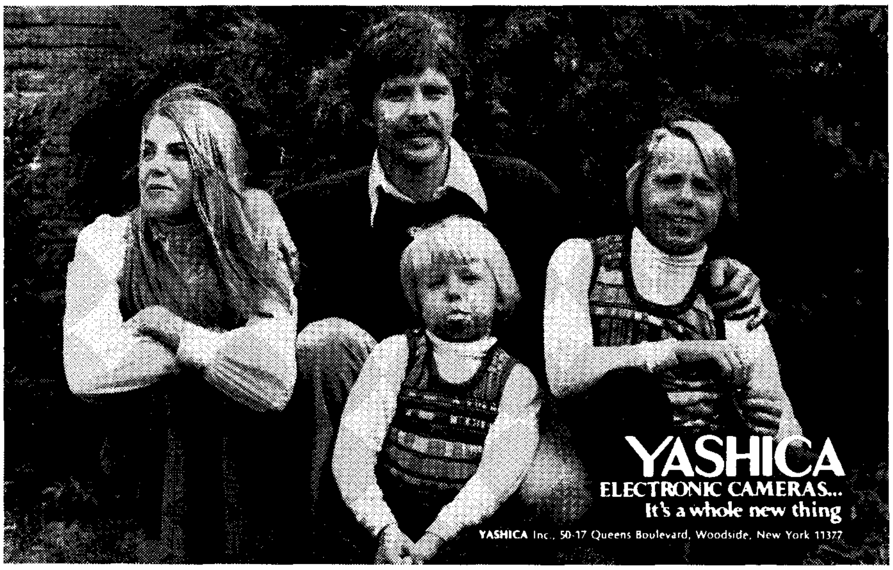

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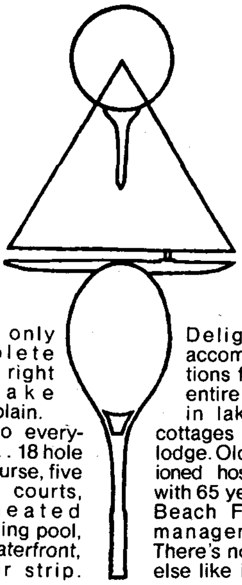

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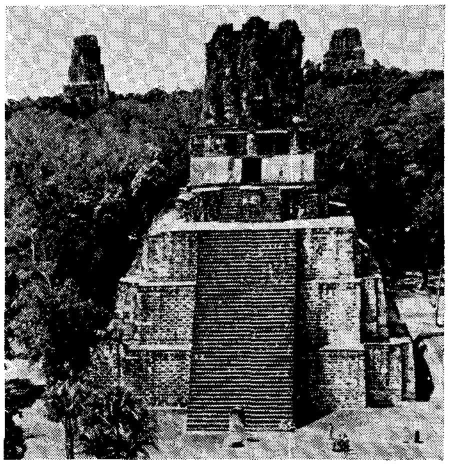
Prime Minister's office, the other ministries tend to pay as little attention to it as possible and continue to engage in their own bureaucratic and political rivalries. Nevertheless, under the shock of the oil and inflationary crises and of criticisms levelled by the opposition parties, the Liberal Democrats have, over the past few years, and notably in the new budget, given more attention to social-welfare and educational matters. The 1974-75 budget of fifty-seven billion dollars, for example, allots increases of twenty-six per cent for improving the quality of elementary and high-school education, and teachers' salaries have been raised ten per cent. The fierce competition to get into universities, especially the topflight ones, such as Tokyo and Kyoto, which are state institutions, continues. The much greater number of private universities, which range from good to poor in quality, are suffering severe financial problems, since their budgets are far lower than those of the state-supported schools. As a result, the quality of teaching in these institutions has gone way down. The government is now also beginning to allocate more money to programs for the aged, and even before the spring labor offensive, it raised pension and social-security allocations, though scarcely enough to keep up with the pace of inflation or to satisfy the labor unions. Housing developments have obtained more financial support from both government and private sources, but the problem here is a lack of space. One-third of Japanese families still live in homes too small to afford a room for each member, and with the price of land as high as it is the amount of development is sorely limited. Programs for the handicapped and infirm have been difficult to implement because of the peculiar Japanese contempt for such people, which goes back to ancient times, when they were often killed; it is common on crowded Japanese buses and trains to see a man or woman on crutches standing while healthy passengers remain seated.

WHETHER the social conscience of the Japanese will undergo a significant transformation in the coming years will probably depend more on politics than on pity. The polarization of left- and right-wing forces is growing in the country, and, while the power of the Liberal Democratic Party does not seem to be immediately threatened, its popularity has fallen below fifty per cent, while the popularity of the left-wing parties, especially the Communists, is growing.



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Internecine struggles within the L.D.P. have been increasing, and after two decades of steady control, which began in 1955 with the merger of the two former conservative parties, the Liberals and the Democrats, the Party is showing the effects of competitive strains among its principal factions, called *habatsu*, and also of the emergence of newer, more fluid, and more dynamic elements that have established themselves as so-called "study" or "action" groups. The Party has always benefitted from being amorphous and flexible, but the social and economic crises of the past few years and the urbanization of the country, which has strengthened the opposition and weakened the L.D.P.'s traditional rural base, have forced a reassessment of its goals and operations. The test of its endurance will come within the next few years, the alternative being various forms of coalition, with one or more opposition parties participating in the government by either tacit or open agreement.

Elections for the upper house, known as the House of Councillors, which are scheduled to take place in early July, following the termination of the current Diet session, will help determine the ability of the L.D.P. to maintain its effective rule under the leadership of Prime Minister Tanaka. Upper-house elections are held every three years for half of the two hundred and fifty-two seats, but, because of vacancies, a hundred and thirty seats are being contested this year. Of those seats, the L.D.P. holds seventy-two, and it has to retain at least sixty-four if it is to avoid losing its majority. Under the complicated Japanese voting system, fifty-four of the hundred and thirty contests are for "national constituency" seats, the winners of which will be the candidates receiving the most votes in the entire country. The seventy-six other seats are "prefectural constituencies," which are classified, according to the number of eligible voters in each district, into four-member, three-member, two-member, and one-member constituencies. The various parties may put up any number of candidates in these contests, but each voter may pick only one, with the specified number of seats going to those who get the most votes.

In the past, the upper house has been pretty much a rubber stamp for the more powerful lower chamber of the Diet, the House of Representatives, but recently the councillors have been demonstrating more independence and a predilection for debating major issues,

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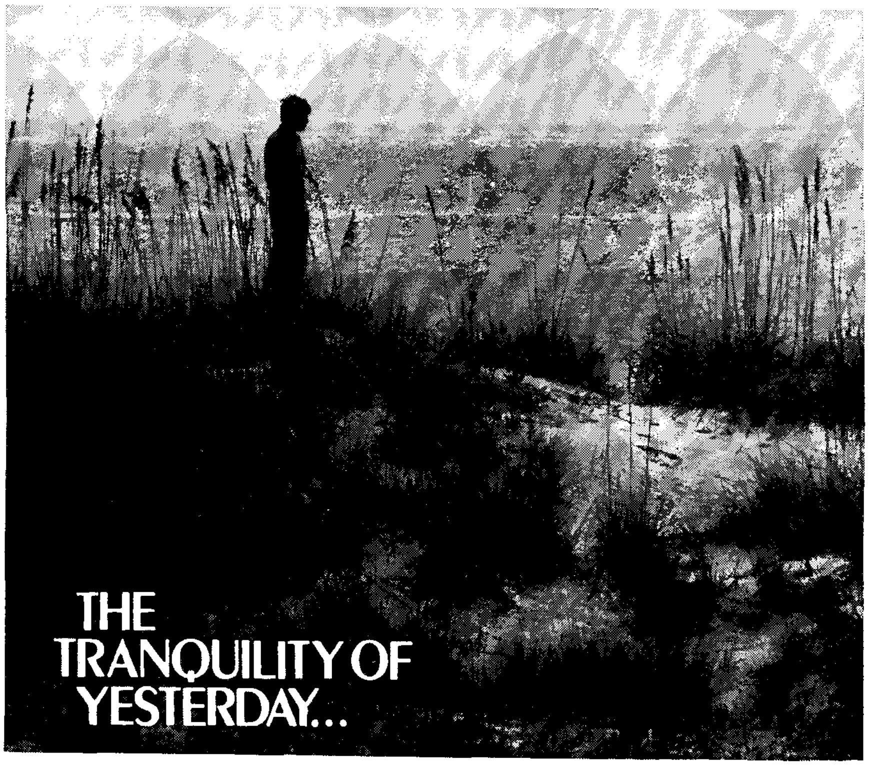

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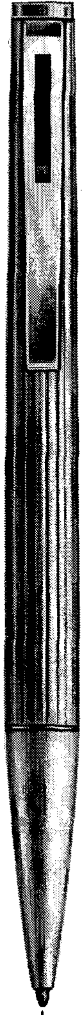

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and for this reason, among others, the July election is regarded as more significant than usual. The prevalent feeling is that the L.D.P. will retain its majority in the upper house by at least five or six seats. Even if it loses the majority, it will still have enough strength in the House of Representatives—where it holds two hundred and eighty-four out of a total of four hundred and ninety-two seats—to continue running the country, but the opposition could block legislation in the House of Councillors and generally make life more difficult for the regime, and especially for Tanaka. An election for the House of Representatives takes place whenever the Prime Minister dissolves the Diet, but by law such an election must be held at least every four years. On the average, one takes place every three—the next will be called in December, 1975, if the usual timetable is followed.

Tanaka, who was elected as Party president—and thus Prime Minister—in July, 1972, five months prior to the last general election, rose to the top as a maverick man of action, who, while he never went beyond technical high school, made a fortune as a builder and contractor and fought his way up through the Party hierarchy to various positions of prominence as a member of the faction led by his predecessor, Prime Minister Eisaku Sato, who, with almost eight years in office, was Japan's longest-ruling postwar Prime Minister. Tanaka got off to a flying start as Prime Minister when he went to Communist China in September, 1972, and reëstablished relations with Peking. At home, he publicized his plan for refashioning the archipelago economically and demographically, but the consensus now is that he moved too precipitately and alienated many of his fellow-leaders as well as rank-and-file members of the L.D.P. by trying to take charge of almost everything himself. He rarely listened to his Cabinet or to the top-flight bureaucrats, who, along with the leading politicians, the business leaders who finance the Party, and influential segments of the media, are the pillars of the nation's Establishment.

Judith Stein

In the last few months, Tanaka, who has been called "the Computerized Bulldozer," appears to have changed his tactics. He still works at breakneck speed, getting up at five o'clock in the morning, reading the papers, and attending meetings or Diet sessions all day, but, at fifty-six, the pace has told on him, causing a severe case of facial neuritis, from which he is recovering slowly, and he has become more cautious and subtle, emulating the style of his mentor, Sato. In dealing with the inflationary crisis, he has depended largely on Finance Minister Takeo Fukuda, who is fourteen years older than Tanaka. Fukuda was appointed to his job in a Cabinet reshuffle in November, 1973, after having lost to Tanaka in the 1972 contest for Party president. Fukuda, a highly able man, still hopes to become Prime Minister. Presumably in line with this ambition, he has claimed credit for keeping inflation under control while opposing wage controls. There have been indications that he may resign his post after the upper-house elections, and thus, if the price situation and other factors deteriorate again, he can retain credit for recent improvements in the domestic outlook while absolving himself of future responsibility. Given his age, this is Fukuda's last chance to rule, and he is fully aware of it.

Though Tanaka's popularity in the current opinion polls has dropped to somewhere near the low level of President Nixon's, he fervently hopes to gain another three-year term—there is a two-term limit to the Party presidency. His chosen heir after that—or sooner, if necessary—is Foreign Minister Masayoshi Ohira, who is five years younger than Fukuda. Ohira has been the chief architect of the unfolding new relationship with China; most recently, he directed negotiations for an airline agreement with Peking, giving Japan and China rights to each other's airways. This meant the abrogation of earlier agreements with Taiwan, which angrily terminated all Japanese flights, but a compromise agreement on a private contractual basis is now being sought. Ohira has come under a lot of criticism from right-wing elements of the L.D.P. for his handling of this issue, and he was also subjected to severe attacks for the mishandling of plans for a projected trip by Emperor Hirohito to the United States. As a result, Tanaka forced him to fire his chief Deputy Foreign Minister, Shinsaku Hogen, who became the scapegoat in the imperial-junket affair, although the real fault lay with overhasty pronouncements by the Japanese Ambassador to the United States, Takeshi Yasukawa. In Japan's intricately woven political life, this sort of thing usually leads to the resignation of the top man in the responsible ministry, but Tanaka wanted Ohira to stay and ordered that Hogen take the rap.

The other principal leader of a "mainstream" faction of the L.D.P. is Yasuhiro Nakasone, the Minister of International Trade and Industry, who is Tanaka's age. Nakasone and Deputy Prime Minister Takeo Miki, who also heads a faction and who coöperated with Ohira and Nakasone in electing Tanaka Party president over Fukuda, harbor their own hopes of becoming Prime Minister, but Miki, at sixty-seven, is generally regarded as too old and his faction as too weak—though he could be a stopgap choice—and Nakasone is considered too impetuous. Both men, during the panic over the oil crisis, played the role of emissaries making overplacatory gestures to the oil producers, which has not enhanced their reputations. Miki was active in cementing the new relations with China, while Nakasone has been partly responsible for trying to hold the inflationary line, frequently in competition with Fukuda. Many believe that Nakasone may make it to the top, but not for several more years. In a sense, he represents the more modernist trend in the L.D.P., depending somewhat less on personal loyalties than on looser and broader ties with outside political and social groups, such as civic organizations and associations, and on new configurations in the Diet which are beginning to cut across the more traditional, narrow personal-loyalty structure.

Even if the L.D.P. is in fact undergoing a change of life, it has a strong instinct for survival, and as the older factional leaders are showing signs of fatigue men in their thirties and forties are eagerly waiting on the sidelines for a chance to move in and take over. There are not, except for Tanaka and Nakasone, enough middle-aged leaders with enough dynamism and ability to assume control. A number of individuals are sometimes mentioned, but none have the backing of strong money-raising organizations, which has been one of the main raisons d'être of the traditional factions. Many observers believe that the factional system as such will gradually be transformed as the older leaders die off and younger ones move to the forefront. Some of the new action and study groups might become quasi-factions in their own right, or they may begin to operate more horizontally across the political landscape, on the basis of issues rather than of personal loyalty, and may begin raising money locally, in the constituencies of

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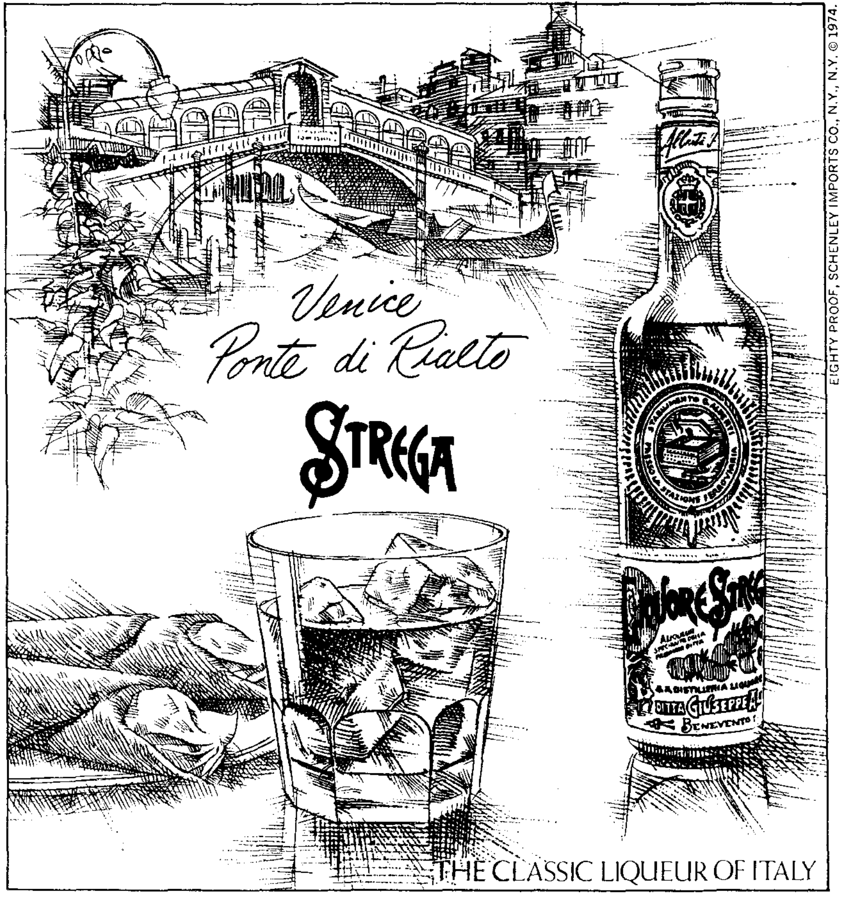
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their members, as well as nationally from big business, with which there is bound to be a continuing symbiotic relationship. Ranging from "hawks" to "doves" (these awkward words are used in Japan less to denote fixed positions than to differentiate between the attitudes of hard-liners and compromisers), some of the younger leaders on the liberal side envisage a degree of coöperation with three of the opposition parties—the Socialists, the Democratic Socialists, and the Komeito (Clean Government Party)—but not with the Communists, who in recent years have made the most notable election gains, both locally and nationally, in large part because they have concentrated on key social and economic issues rather than on ideological dialectic.

IN talks with various L.D.P. members, young and old, I found a wide variety of opinion about the Party's future. One of the most articulate younger men, forty-three-year-old Tetsuo Kondo, who comes from Yamagata prefecture, north of Tokyo, where he has established his own grass-roots organization, and who is regarded as a potential Prime Minister, sees the decline of Party popularity as due more to voter apathy than anything else, and feels the Party should orient itself more to the left and adopt some of the liberal platforms of the opposition—moves that have, in fact, already begun. Kondo represents a particularly interesting type of emerging leader, since he is also close to a recently formed group called Seirankai, or Summer Breeze, which is widely regarded as the most important new right-wing force and which looks upon itself as a catalytic "purifier" of the Party. Essentially, Kondo believes that the Party should become more diversified and more issue-oriented, and he feels that the younger Party leaders must pave the way. He told me, "We must refashion our national pride and image." (The Japanese import market for tired American usages like "image" seems boundless.) "The image of the Party and the country has become too materialistic. Economic reforms alone are not enough."

Another young Party leader who is considered to be of Prime Ministerial calibre is Yohei Kono, whose late father almost became Prime Minister about fifteen years ago. A member of the Nakasone faction, Kono sees the L.D.P. facing the sort of crisis that other middle-of-the-road democratic parties elsewhere with many years in office are experiencing. "There has been a uni-

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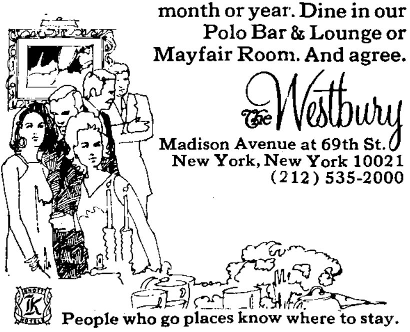

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versal trend toward the disintegration of democracy," he says. "This trend, reflecting diversified social demands, is taking place in Japan, too." He foresees that the L.P.D. will retain its majority, but, like Kondo, he believes that the old-line factional system will be altered because it has become "too divisive." What the factions need, he says, is "more policy guidance," of the sort they had before they simply became "financial fortresses to win elections." Some alliances with opposition-party elements are possible, he feels, but would be difficult to sustain, and he thinks the L.D.P. should concentrate on building up its constituencies in the urban areas where it has suffered its heaviest losses, while at the same time encouraging traditional rural support, "because of the continuing great gap in income and living standards between the urban and rural areas." What the Party requires is better candidates, Kono and other younger leaders believe, and they are building up their own organizations to attract not only good men but also good women—there are now a small number of women in the Diet, and women's organizations, especially militant housewives' and consumers' groups, are becoming increasingly active and are likely to seek more political outlets.

Some of the older L.D.P. people I have spoken with, including members of the policy-planning committee, are worried about the polarization of the Party and the erosion of its strength among white-collar workers, where the Communists are making gains by playing upon social and economic discontent. The Communists, these men say—and many members of the government as well as businessmen agree—are also gaining influence in some ministries, and especially in the universities, where a sizable proportion of the professors are admitted Marxists or secret Communist Party members. "The people are a hundred-per-cent dissatisfied with politics and fifty-per-cent dissatisfied with the L.D.P.," one older L.D.P. leader told me. "Their political frustration can become dangerous if we don't respond to it." This man, like many of his fellow Party members, feels that the L.D.P. must respond to the new economic and social needs of the day without resorting to demagogic emotional appeals, but he is afraid that some of the new movements within the Party are dangerously headed that way.

What he particularly has in mind is Seirankai, which so far has only about twenty-three avowed members in the Diet and several more sympathizers; it claims a membership of thirty-one and hopes for fifty. Composed primarily of middle-aged, middle-rung L.D.P. members from semiurban and rural areas, Seirankai is the most interesting current phenomenon in the Party and probably in Japanese politics. It was formed only a year ago as an anti-Communist, nationalist action group, and all its members took a blood oath. Crossing most factional lines—though about half its members are pro-Fukuda men—it has concentrated its fire primarily upon opposing the speed with which relations are being cemented with Communist China, as evidenced by the new air pact at the expense of Taiwan, which it regards as being unfairly and cruelly treated. Its rallies in Tokyo and elsewhere have attracted as many as twenty-five thousand people. Apparently well financed—by Taiwanese and South Korean capitalists as well as by some Japanese business and farm groups—Seirankai is regarded by many observers as a militant, even militaristic, organization that, unless countered, could disrupt Party politics, and even topple the Tanaka government.

Reactions to Seirankai's ardent and sometimes disruptive activity in the Diet—one of its members recently overturned a table during a debate—have led to the creation of new liberal L.D.P. groups that are in favor of détente with China as well as with Russia, with whom Japan has signed major agreements for Siberian oil, coal, and natural gas, and with whom, in the view of some members of these groups, there may at long last be a peace treaty. No treaty with either Russia or China formally ending the Second World War in the Far East has ever been signed. That with Russia has been chiefly held up by some ticklish territorial questions involving the demand of the Japanese for the return of several small islands northwest of Hokkaido, two of which the Russians are adamant about holding. While eager to complete economic agreements for oil and other resources with both the Chinese and the Russians, the Japanese government is divided on pushing political issues, such as the treaties, too far at this point, not only for fear of becoming involved in the Sino-Soviet

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struggle but because of military implications. Moscow is, for instance, planning a new Siberian railway not far from the Chinese border which could have military significance, and this as well as the larger issue of how far and how fast détente with the Communist powers should go is what most disturbs the members of Seirankai.

The Seirankai platform favors "a close alliance with the free-world bloc, national defense and internal law and order, the negation of trends toward almighty materialism, the correcting of the maldistribution of wealth in order to establish social justice, and the creating of an autonomous and independent Constitution" to replace the one imposed by the Americans. Seirankai's stress not only on maintaining the 1960 Security Treaty with the United States but on strengthening Japan's defensive security forces of two hundred and seventy thousand with better equipment has given it a strong right-wing reputation, but its leaders deny that the group is either reactionary or militaristic and emphasize its moral purposes of reforming the L.D.P. from within and ridding the Party of "all the outdated evil practices in its management, such as easy compromises, bureaucratization, and opportunism." In a long talk I had with Michio Watanabe, one of the top leaders of the group, he spoke emphatically of this "need to move the Party back to its original ideas" and to put an end to "dirty politics," which have helped "blur its anti-Communism" and allowed the opposition parties to take the lead as advocates of reform. "Politics should create satisfactions for the people," Watanabe said. "If we get too rich, prosperous, and materialistic, all we will do is create more unhappiness. We must therefore return to true Japanese moral standards, including respect for our ancestors, compassion, gratitude, courage, coöperation, and obligation—all virtues that have been neglected since the war. Only in this way will we regain the confidence of the people."

Seirankai, it seems to me, represents a probably inevitable development within the L.D.P., and could both severely shake up the Party, as it aims to do, and emerge as a potentially dangerous reactionary movement that, if it capitalized on the rising discontent among the Japanese, could easily get out of hand. It could provoke a direct confrontation with the underground radicals, including those who have conducted terrorist activities around the world, and with the radical university students—whose strength at the moment has been under-

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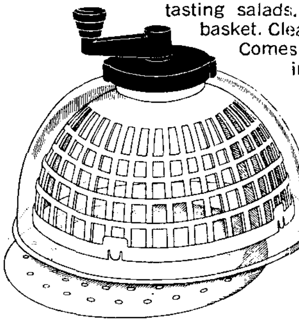

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mined by severe and often fatal fighting in their own ranks. Whatever its declared aims, Seirankai is undoubtedly serving further to polarize Japanese politics. If it continues to grow, it could hasten a permanent reconfiguration of the L.D.P. and could inspire changes in the relationships with opposition parties as well, possibly even provoking defensive alliances among some of the elements that have found it impossible to coöperate so far. While the L.D.P. under any but the most unusual circumstances seems likely to remain in power for at least another few years, the left and moderate opposition parties, despite their divisiveness, are a growing threat. The key questions are whether these parties will continue to ride along on their own strengths and weaknesses or will try to combine with each other in one form or another, and whether liberal L.D.P. elements will be able to woo one or more of them into mutually advantageous, if temporary, partnerships.

THE four opposition parties, individually and collectively, have for many years made their strongest showing in local and prefectural elections. Their candidates, or independents supported by them, have won the governorships of seven major cities in the eastern Honshu plains, including Tokyo, Yokohama, Kyoto, Osaka, and Nagoya, by stressing social and economic reforms that the L.D.P. has neglected, and they also control a large number of prefectural Diets. But their coöperation has been sporadic, and they have had as many differences as agreements among them, so that often these victories have been the result of temporary marriages of convenience. The largest of the opposition groups in membership is the Communist Party, which claims three hundred and forty thousand members throughout the country, while the Socialist Party, which claims only a tenth as many members, is the largest party in the Diet after the L.D.P., with a hundred and eighteen members in the lower house and sixty-one in the upper house. However, the Socialists are badly split ideologically between right and left wings, with the stronger left wing moving closer to the Communists. Overdependent on the less radical labor unions, and frequently accused of collusion with the L.D.P. on issues, the non-Marxist right wing of the Socialists split openly with the left-wing Marxists in an election early in April for the governorship of Kyoto, where the independent governor, Torazo Ninagawa, won a seventh

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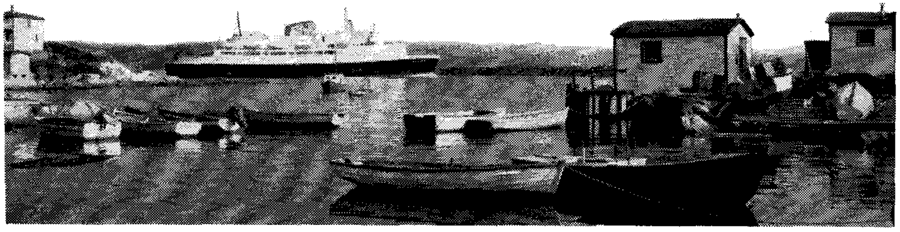

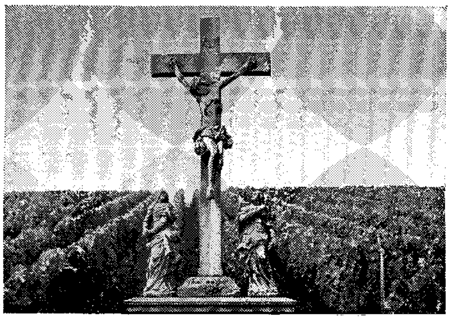

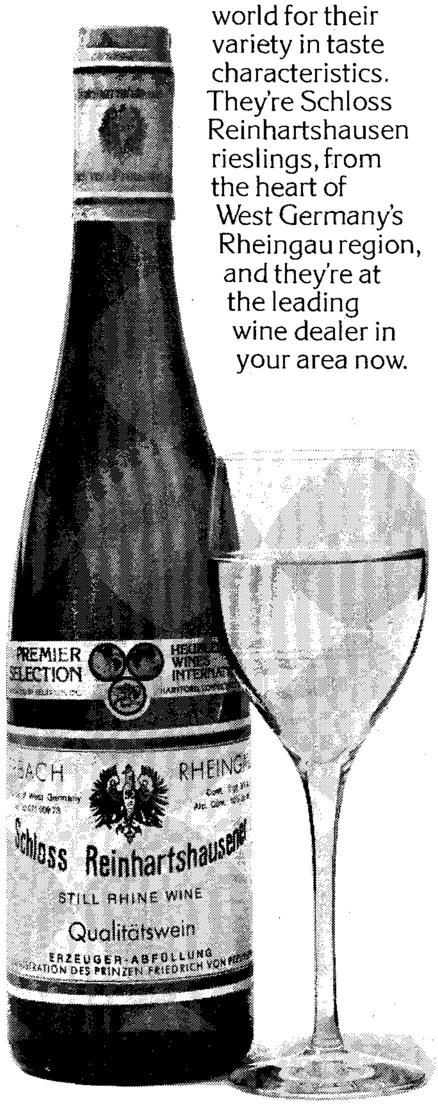

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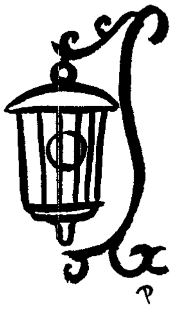
three-year term by a narrow margin, with the support of the Socialist left wing and the Communists. The victory of Ninagawa—who through the years had veered more toward the Communists than the Socialists—widened the split in the Socialist ranks and could, as many observers predict, hasten a permanent break between the two wings.

The much better-organized Communists have led the fight on both the national and the local level for improvement in the people's economic well-being and against monopoly power and profiteering by the *zaikai*. The Communists have emerged as defenders of the postwar Constitution, with its guarantees of free expression and assembly, against conservative attempts to interpret it and other statutes, such as those governing land reform, along more traditional, even feudal lines. Though there are pro-Peking and pro-Moscow elements in the Party, it has generally managed to submerge such differences under an overriding preoccupation with Japanese affairs. The Socialists, on the other hand, though their popularity is greater among the voters, have allowed their ideological battles to get out of hand, and consequently they lack aggressiveness and self-confidence. Both parties as well as Komeito and, to a considerably lesser degree, the Democratic Socialists have opposed the Japanese-American Security Treaty and want it either revoked or modified. The Communists and the left-wing Socialists, in particular, stress the fact that the treaty's vaguer clauses could drag Japan into an Asian conflict engendered by the "imperialists," and they demand that American bases in Japan be closed down and that the fifty-six thousand American troops still on the main islands and Okinawa (which was returned to Japan in 1972) be removed.

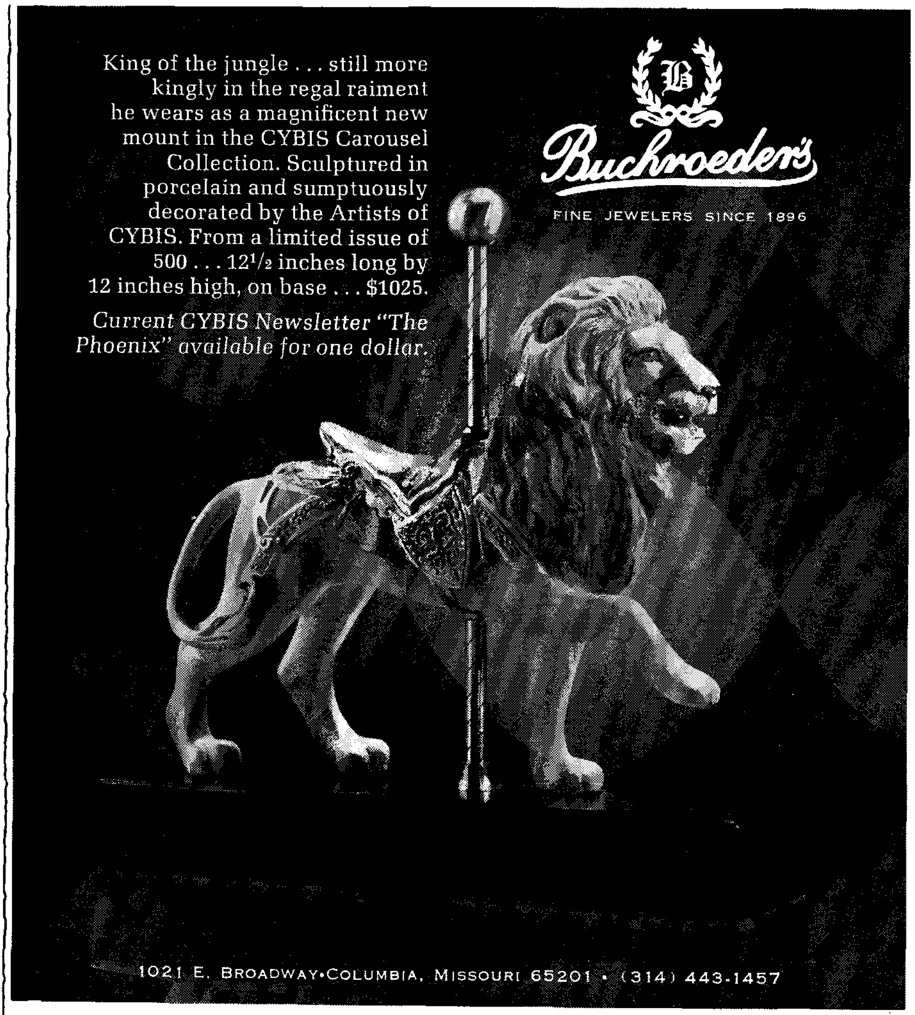


This issue, along with that of Japan's own self-defense forces, has been playing a prominent part in the current campaign. The question of Japan's military establishment came to a head last September when a district court in Sapporo ruled it illegal—the prelude to a long court battle that will almost certainly be won by the government in the conservative Supreme Court. A somewhat related issue that has produced a lot of lively political argument concerns the Yasukuni Shrine, in Tokyo, a Shinto memorial to Japan's two million Second World War dead. Tanaka has introduced a bill placing it under government supervision and subsidy—a proposal that has evoked loud outcries from opposition parties.

The most interesting segment of the opposition, in many respects, is the ten-year-old Komeito, which advocates limitations on political-campaign funds and seeks a sort of humanitarian, social-welfare, Christian Socialist form of domestic rule and a foreign policy based on complete neutrality and peace. With a claimed membership of a hundred and thirty thousand, the Party has thirty seats in the lower house—only nine fewer than the Communists—and, after suffering a setback in the last election, is on the upswing. Its 1972 losses were the result of its having separated itself in 1970, for political purposes, from its parent religious body, the Soka Gakkai, or Value Creation Society, an evangelical Buddhist group that has some seven and a half million members in the country; recently the two have been quietly coöperating again. The Soka Gakkai and Komeito appeal to the group frustrations of the lower middle class and the poor, including the millions who over the past ten years have moved to the big cities and found life there increasingly lonely and difficult. Well organized, and operating with a zeal matched only by that of the Communists, Komeito and the Soka Gakkai have obtained increasing popular support. As a political force, Komeito has become a refuge for those who for one reason or another are discontented with the other opposition parties, and though some people feel it will never obtain more than ten per cent of the nation's votes, others see it gaining further popularity, especially as it moves more to the left, which it is now doing. At the same time, there are those who see more of a right-wing than a left-wing threat in the religious activities of the Soka Gakkai, which is led by a charismatic man in his mid-forties named Daisaku Ikeda, who is a mixture of Billy Sunday and Billy Graham, with a touch of Father Divine.

Contemplating the various possibilities for political realignment in Japan is one of the favorite pastimes of intellectuals and political leaders, with a number of whom I have had long talks. If the L.D.P. is to survive in its present factional form, it may very well have to make some compromises with the right-wing Socialists and the Democratic Socialists. If it becomes more fragmented among its right- and left-wing factions and groups, under the impetus, for example, of the activities of Seirankai, the left wing of the L.D.P. could move into a closer alliance with both of the left-wing opposition parties as well as with Komeito. There could then be a new political lineup, with the Communists and the left-wing Socialists combining on the far left, a new, more conservative L.D.P. on the far right, and a coalition group in the center which might form a loose and tenuous majority. At the moment, the Communists seem determined to push ahead on their own, with the likely help of the left-wing Socialists, and this tendency might provoke the other elements to try to make compromises. On the other hand, if the L.D.P. resolves its internal differences, it will probably retain power through the next election at least, largely because the various opposition parties remain at odds on too many vital issues and seem unable, except on specific occasions and for specific purposes, to work effectively together. If inflation is not controlled and a full-scale recession develops, the opposition may find power thrust upon it, but, because of its divisions, may not know what to do with it, in which case a period of political chaos could bring about a dangerous shift to the far left or the far right. If the shift were to the right, there could well be a resurgence of nationalism and militarism, at least to the extent that there would be less resistance to Japan's becoming a nuclear power.

MOST people here believe that the traditional Japanese system of consensus will work to create less drastic solutions, but the possibility of extremes in this unpredictable country is not to be discounted. The undercurrents of emotionalism and of attachment to the past were dramatically demonstrated in March, when Lieutenant Hiroo Onoda, a fifty-two-year-old graduate of the wartime Army Intelligence school, turned over his sword to his former superior officer after being found by a young Japanese explorer on the Philippine island of Lubang and returned to Japan, where he received a hero's welcome. Onoda personified the total dedication of the Japanese soldier to the samurai and *bushido* spirit of sacrifice. Until at last relieved of his "duty to spy on the enemy," he had spent twenty-nine years on Lubang, in one of the most remarkable modern sagas of survival. With his martial pride intact beneath his outward demeanor of humility, the Lieutenant, in splendid physical shape, formally bowed his way back into Japa-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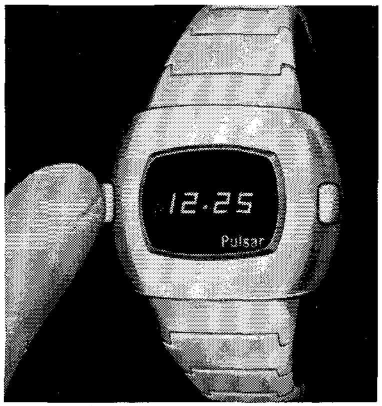

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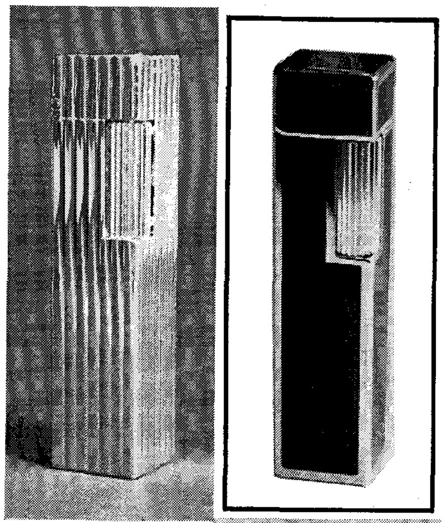

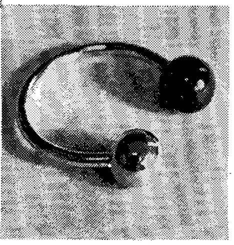

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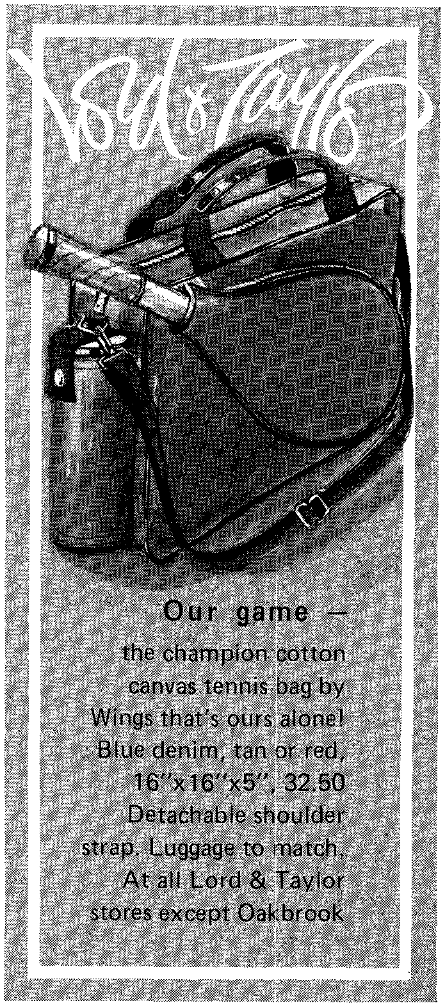
nese society, and immediately set off a spate of comment and reflection over the meaning of his ordeal. The Japanese are in need of heroes these days, and they welcomed Onoda at the airport with cries of "Banzai!" and with ceremonial claptrap that, in some respects, was bathetic, as members of the Diet pushed themselves to the forefront and handed him their white calling cards, while his octogenarian parents, who behaved with more dignity than most of those present, waited patiently to greet him. The televised show was watched by millions, and the newspapers were filled with reports and editorials about Onoda's Spartan underground existence. For the most part, the comments, while praising his "selflessness" and his "soldier spirit," were typified by an editorial in the *Asahi Evening News*, the paper with Tokyo's biggest circulation, which wrote that "Former Second Lieutenant Onoda should be regarded as a messenger tolling an alarm-bell warning to all Japanese against taking the road they took in the recent past." Yet it was not difficult to detect, beneath the sense of remorse for what Onoda represented, and the occasionally expressed opinion that he had been as much a fool as a hero, a latent surge of patriotic fervor and the feeling that he exemplified the spirit of dedication and honor which many Japanese believe is so lacking in the nation's life today.

The Onoda incident is only one manifestation of this sentiment. Among the best-selling books these days is one by another returned straggler, a less heroic sergeant named Shoichi Yokoi, who hid in a cave on Guam from the end of the war until he was found, more than a year ago, and a novel about young students who were drafted into the Imperial Navy and vainly but gloriously fought and died during the Pacific war. While most Japanese still want to forget the war, those who experienced it in one way or another, many of them now holding important official or academic jobs, are increasingly concerned about the amoral and materialistic aspects of contemporary Japanese life. Prime Minister Tanaka is advocating, for the schoolrooms, more moral, or ethical, education of the traditional sort, which was banned by the Americans at the start of the Occupation, and a resumption of the custom of raising the national flag and singing the national anthem in schools on national holidays, which is not obligatory at present. These proposals are strongly opposed by the leftist Japan Teachers Union as well as by the liberal political



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groups, which regard them as similar to the proposal to give special status to the Yasukuni Shrine.

A vogue for *shumatsu*, or end-of-the-world, books—including a long essay about Nostradamus, the sixteenth-century French astrologer who predicted the end of the human race by 1999, and "Japan Submerges," a science-fiction account of how the Japanese archipelago will disappear beneath the waves after a series of devastating earthquakes and volcanic eruptions—is matched by vogues for books extolling the virtues of ancient Japan and others that lay bare the evil and selfish machinations of the new rich.

There are other signs of the current mood of uncertainty and discontent, which the economic crises of the last few months have exacerbated. The other day, the city of Atsugi, in Kanagawa prefecture, adopted a new charter that, among other things, praised the virtues of "filial piety." The Japan *Times* commented, "If this were an entirely isolated act, it would deserve nothing more than a passing comment on the oddity of it. However, the context for it is a growing sense of unease and dissatisfaction within the society over the results of the material revolution Japan has experienced in the past couple of decades. It is not only the social problems that have multiplied and intensified but a feeling people have of something missing—something like direction and purpose." This is one reason that Lieutenant Onoda's return provoked such an emotional response. Despite the manner in which the Japanese seem to be momentarily rising to the economic challenges confronting them, a sense of national drift and confusion remains pervasive. Though the bright lights of the Ginza have been dimmed, not only because of the energy shortage but because the big companies are finally cutting down on unlimited expense-account sprees in the exorbitant night clubs and bars there, the myriad *pachinko* parlors—a *pachinko* is a cross between a pinball machine and a one-armed bandit—are more crowded than ever with people of all sorts, just killing time or seeking escape from their worries in the mindless turning of knobs and spinning of wheels.

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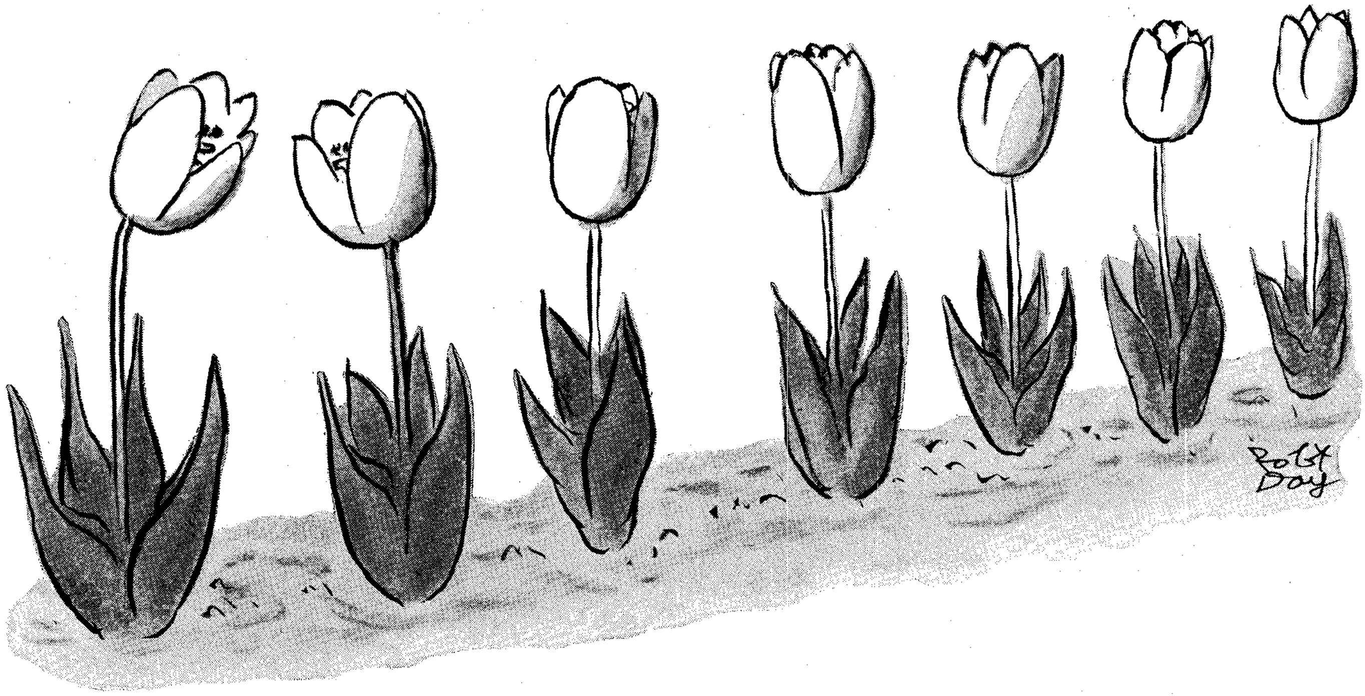
THE CURRENT CINEMA

From the Point of View of the Roller Coaster

THE two Rabelaisian young layabouts in Bertrand Blier's "Going Places" spend their lives like boys on a spree of truancy and shoplifting. They steal cars. They pretend to find irresistible a flustered, growingly panicky middle-aged shopper who scuttles away from them on high heels, and they call her Ursula through some mischievously correct instinct to give her a name to suit her gentility, her flurry, and her figure, which looks plumped up above the waist like a cushion. And then, just as quickly as the boys seize on any prank, they will drop it for something else: stone-throwing, or till-robbing, or victimizing scared parents, or complaining to a pretty girl silenced by their use of her that she's no more responsive than "a piece of meat." Deliberately uncharacterized figures serving as tokens of the pursuit of void pleasures, they worry only about their virility, and their one concern is a fugitive care for each other which is always masked by bluster. They say to themselves that they are having fun, but this is a kind of fun without staying power. It is apt to wither in a moment, and it can be restored only by the pure energy of being young and living off the land like poachers: other people's land, always.

Blier's knockabout heroes, with their guttersnipe tongues and their rude languor, derive from a novel famous in France, his own "Les Valseuses." The characters say to themselves that they are content with simple pleasures. But contentment is something they have never known, though they are ignorant of that ignorance, about which there is something pathetic. The headless ones are nihilists dedicated to a poverty-stricken dogma without knowing it. They are racked by determinism, but they have never experienced anything else. Thus monstrously deceived, they muster their braggadocio to treat life as a prank. Rewards have to be simulated, and they suppose that this is a universal truth. To see "Going Places," with its bouts of mechanical fun in spasms of gangsterism and lovemaking, is like watching a funfair from the point of view of a roller coaster. The roller coaster has no instinct of its own; it responds to an electric current, suffers scratches, exists by inspiring terror, stalls when the current fails, quickly becomes something not worth servicing, and is replaced. The film has a very desolate effect, because of its aimlessness. The boys' roles are ones that they have picked without knowledge of choice. They are attacked by men with pitchforks, pursued by the gendarmerie, and forced to live on the run. They even begin to dress alike for company in this world of alien ordinary beings, since the atmosphere they inhabit is arctic. Existing without apparent option in the midst of a wan jamboree of enjoyment, they are pining for warmer territories. Until they meet Jeanne Moreau as a beauty just out of prison after ten years inside, who calls herself "old," they don't know that these territories exist; nor would it occur to their incurious temperaments to go looking for the unknown land they long for. They take it that the earth is already found and flat, like life. No question of it. Other and more hospitable continents stay undiscovered until the beautiful, gallant, warming ex-convict lets them both make love to her. They don't suspect, these taciturn young men who express themselves in action, that she is herself pining away for a chance to talk about the years of womanhood that were lost to her in prison like pebbles washed away by the tide. Earlier on, she has looked at the sea through the window in a restaurant, where they have had one of their moments of kindliness in giving her something to eat and drink after she has been sick at the roadside ("Slowly, slowly," they say as the starved woman gobbles, and drinks wine too fast); but they don't take in the significance of her desperate woman's confidences to the *patronne* of the chilly restaurant, who responds with no more alertness to imminent danger than the boys do. A while later, in a hotel bedroom, the Moreau character kisses the sated young thugs in their sleep, slips down between them and out of the bottom of the bed, goes next door, and shoots herself. The boys react to her suicide mostly with terror, comprehending nothing, though feeling blind pity. If this is choice, then choice kills, they visibly think as they run. So they were right to live a life of denying that choice is even possible. Save your own skin:



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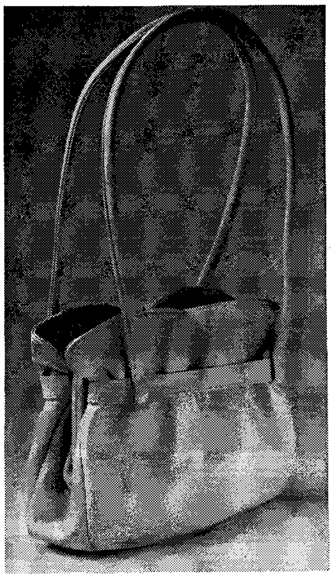

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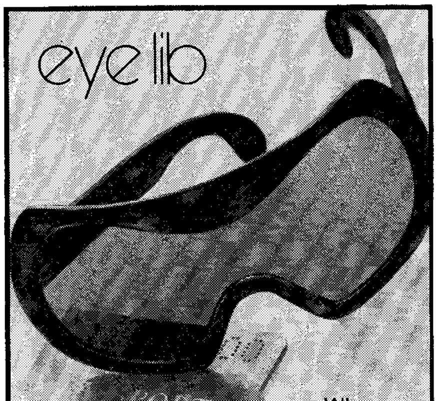

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that's the thing. Look after your like-minded chum, if you're going to look after anyone. Lam into a girl for reacting like an object, though you treat her as one. Grumbling will do for humor: be furious, for instance, with the owner of a car you've stolen for bequeathing a heap of junk. Deceive yourself, if you ever need comforting, that you are living the life of one of the Maquis and that all you need is a beret, not a purpose. Purposes now are for the old and square; there aren't any real aims left. So rage reduces to the level of tantrum, and the compass has no magnetic north.

Bertrand Blier's two antic main characters, aged twenty-five and twenty-three, are played by Gérard Depardieu and Patrick Dewaere. The pretty piece of meat, called Marie-Ange, who spends most of the film more or less undressed, is played by an actress named Miou-Miou, which definitely sounds like something to be worn. She manages both to seem unrousable and, at the same time, to convey an interesting mixture of half-buried huffiness and melancholy. Her particular form of stasis is transformed once into a state of racing good humor, for which the boys throw her into a river, presumably resenting anyone who is really enjoying herself. Blier's film—written by himself and Philippe Dumarcay—is an exercise in counter-dare about ribaldry, but at the moments when it doesn't try to shock it carries the suggestion that a shabby society run by rules of haphazard greed will naturally produce shabby young citizens in the grip of the same havoc. At its best, when it is not playing chicken, the film is abruptly comic, true to its own vision of a corrupted world, and startling in its mood of the lazily bizarre. "Going Places" is sometimes an effectively observant study of the ersatz and of what happens to spectator spirits living on the filched.

THE colossal film ban of 1970 in Czechoslovakia plundered years of work by some of the most gifted people in world cinema. Among many other erasures from history, as far as we can be sure, we lost new films by Evald Schorm, Jiří Menzel, and Juraj Jakubisko. About a dozen features were stopped before completion, as well as five or six after completion. But some Czech directors are still working in Czechoslovakia, for all the unspeakable problems, and before we get angry about that from a safe distance, we might compare the difficulty of making films in the so-called Free World. Jean

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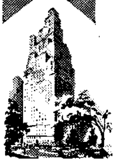

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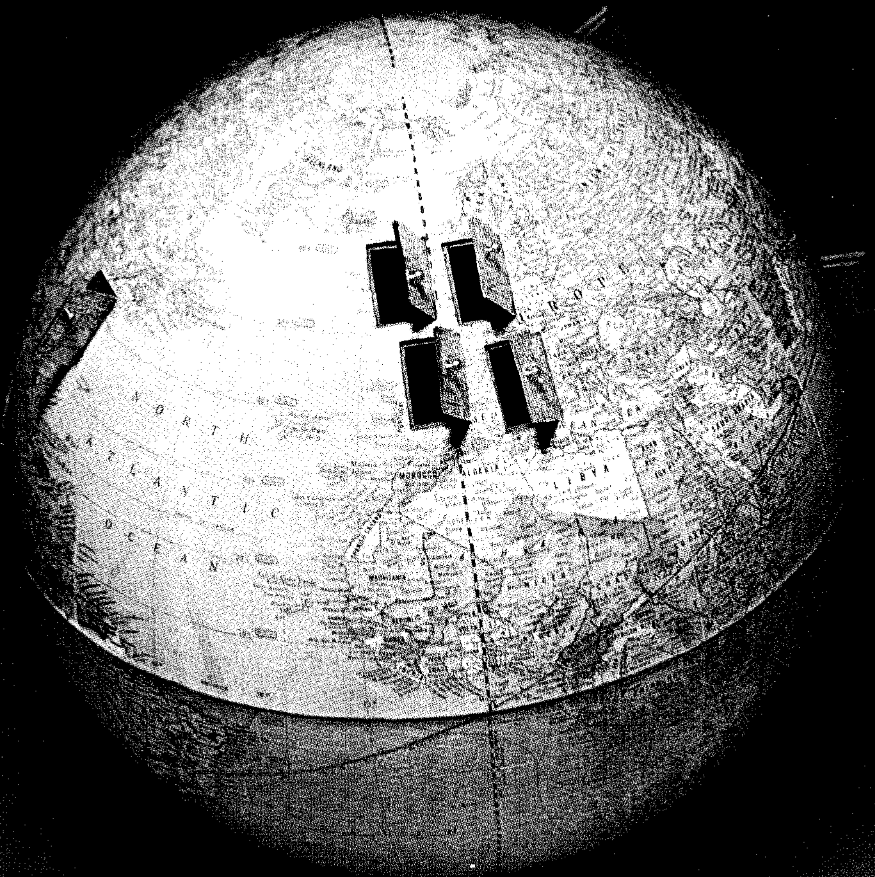

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Renoir, Stanley Kubrick, Richard Lester, and John Schlesinger, to name only a handful of the directors known in film circles as "bankable," have all had to abandon projects in the last two or three years. The censorship exercised by the Western idea of financing may not be as directly punishing as the censorship of the Soviet master, but its more devious means take the same toll of the imagination.

The Carnegie Hall Cinema is in the middle of a three-week festival that includes, besides some of the amazing films that I wrote about in this magazine's issues of July 1, 1967, and September 21, 1968, several that were made later. One is "The Deserters and the Nomads" (1969), directed by Jakubisko. Perhaps the most interesting of the Slovak directors, Jakubisko uses allegory to disguise political points, as so many censored writers, dramatists, and filmmakers have done in the past. "The Deserters and the Nomads" is probably a symbol of vagrant dissidence in its very name. Jakubisko doesn't use his style of surreal expressionism as an aesthetic indulgence. The question underlying the style is the question put by all unfrivolous experiment: How are we to live? It emerges as the subtext of everything in the film, which is decorated with strange and sumptuous scenes of pastoral life, of a bald man in a red wig, of a struggle to walk in a sewer, and of a pretty, primeval girl sewing broken bead necklaces in a cave with the bald man. We hear phrases expressing any imprisoned citizen's fear of insanity and familiarity with violence. The girl looks a little like Giulietta Masina. The old man is more like some prophetic and underprivileged Harry Andrews wandering the countryside as if he were an Indian sadhu. The two of them utter shouts for help to the God who probably, to their terror, doesn't exist. The girl cries, pallid and stricken, "God, God, don't let men vanish from this earth!" God would dream about this land, they think, in love with it and seeing it slip through their fingers. The old man unfolds a violin and plays something that seems addressed to some unspoken authority or sage, not to us. Later on, the girl wears a paper crown and plays a regal Eve. The style of a circus takes over, mixed with children joyfully running about and bouncing in hay without adult surveillance. The film is a hymn to the historic wisdom of Fools: to a Christian sort of wisdom, but displayed by definitely secular Fools. The look of the movie seems nourished by Dovzhenko

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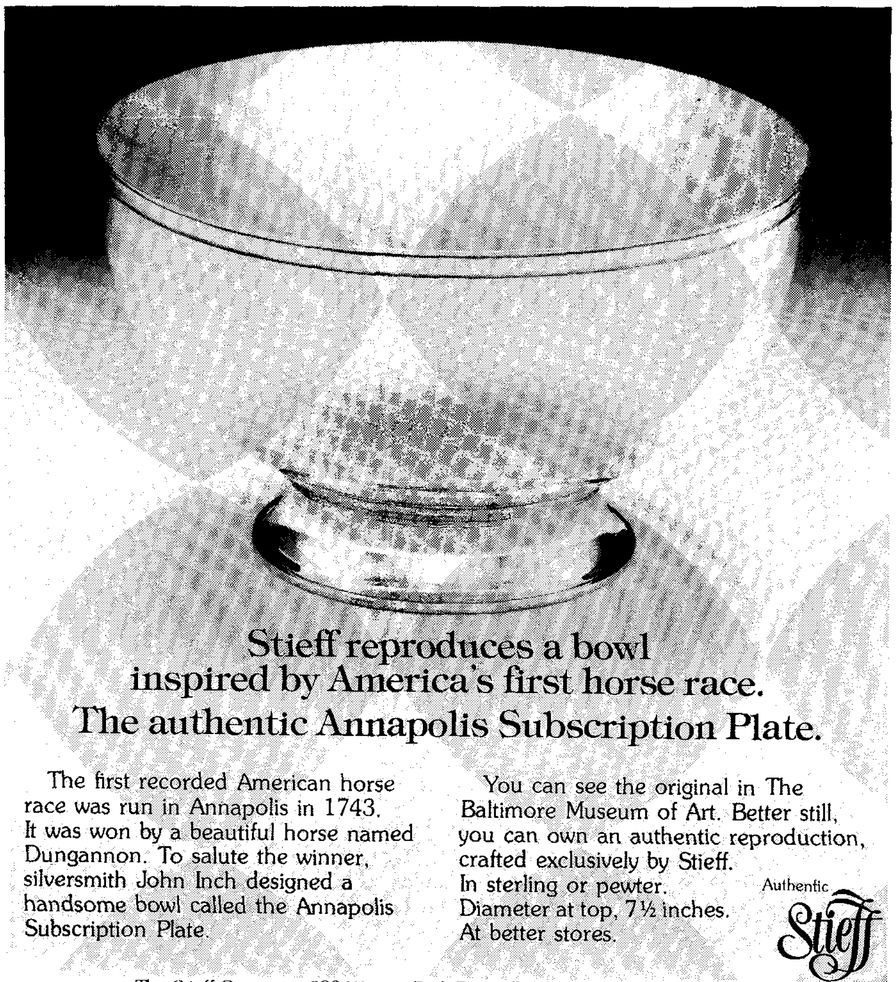

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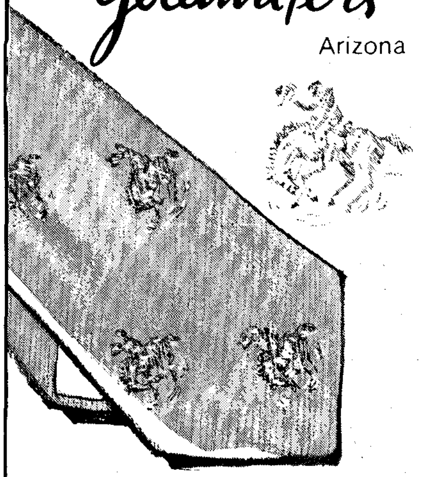

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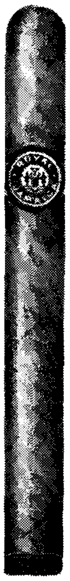
and Eisenstein, and its temperament by the rages in "Lear." The wits in the film are Shakespearean and fierce, sorely wounded, looking for something to trample on.

Jakubisko's draft scripts are apparently based on work that proceeds by a system of perpetual uncertainties. You have the feeling that he views any original idea as he does the regime he is struggling with, seeing either as a starting point doomed to extinction, preceding replacement by something less pristine, severe, and inhospitable. There are gleams of warmth and fun in his dialogue, and in some of his strangely peopled scenes, that presage a Socialist system of less parsimony, and aesthetic arbiters of less thrift.

AND then Věra Chytilová, well known for "Daisies" (1966), a delicately barmy and freewheeling piece of slapstick about two gorging, gorgeous girls who lead lives of hedonism filled with chat about hair curlers, men, bikini underclothes, and looming, entrancing food. The director severely described the movie as "a necrologue about a negative way of life." Her new full-length film is "The Fruit of Paradise" (1970—banned in Czechoslovakia), an Adam-and-Eve allegory edged with quotes from Genesis. It is about a very dogmatic God who forbids people to eat from the Tree of Knowledge, and a very rational Devil who tempts them. The contemporary allusions are not veiled, even though Chytilová is the most formal of the New Wave directors. The Genesis quotations are transformed into a cantata. One is often reminded that Chytilová was an architect, then a draftsman, and then a fashion model before she began in films. After that, one thinks of the great Němec, with his "Diamonds of the Night" and "A Report on the Party and the Guests." He is said to be making himself seriously ill because he isn't allowed to work. Script after script has been thrown back in his face. History is strict. Filmmakers in Prague now ask themselves, "What would we have done if we had understood?" Read Professor A. J. Liehm's "Closely Watched Films: The Czechoslovak Experience" (to be published soon by International Arts and Sciences Press) for a history of what the scholarly Czech author calls Atlantis, in honor of the many films now buried. The book is an elegy in praise of brave, honest men and women who for a time achieved the nearly impossible, and who go on trying. In answer to their question to themselves: If they had un-



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derstood what was going to happen, they would still, I think, have acted as they did.

A NOTE about the three brilliantly informative programs on the thirties and forties in America playing at the Museum of Modern Art. It was a time when left-wing intellectuals, filmmakers, and trade-union members for once coalesced. The truism is that the unions now are conservative; if they are (and I suspect it may be a useful conscience-quietener spoken mostly by management and by scoffing left-wingers from academe), then it can only be because of the social victories won at such cost forty years ago at the picket lines from mineowners and big industrialists who were forerunners of the men now subsidizing the Nixon regime. These programs about a largely untold piece of history have been put together by Tom Brandon, the fine-faced man of the thirties who set out in 1931 with Lewis Jacobs in a Model A Ford to make a film on the exploitation of the blacks in Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia. That film was never made. Instead, Brandon's convictions led him to help form the Workers Film and Photo League and the National Film and Photo League. He was director of the Harry Alan Potamkin Film School and distributor for Frontier Films. He worked with people like Joris Ivens, Willard Van Dyke, Ernest Hemingway, Lillian Hellman, Archibald MacLeish, and John Dos Passos. His programs are made up of stills, pieces of censored newsreels, clips of left-wing feature films, songs, and a soft, precise commentary by Brandon himself. One of the programs ends with a long clip, beautifully photographed, from "The Light at the End of the Tunnel," a documentary on the United Mine Workers; the film is being directed by a gifted girl called Barbara Kopple, and it should be widely seen as soon as she has finished it. And Brandon's compilations should be recorded as complete films for campuses, art houses, and posterity. In poor times like these, they are wonderfully stirring and reviving.

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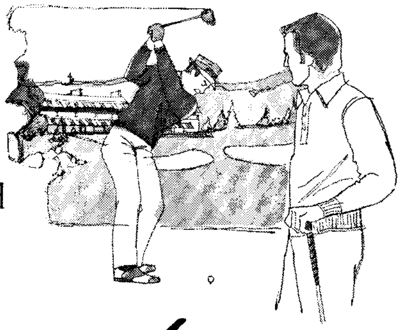

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DANCING

Oddballs

THE Pennsylvania Ballet is a wonderful company of misfits; it's where good dancers go whose faces or bodies don't conform to standards in the big companies; and because its artistic direction attracts dancers of intelligence, the company has a sophistication that makes it a good breeding ground for the young. Intelligence in a dancer doesn't mean the same thing to professionals that it does to audiences; to other dancers, an "intelligent" dancer is one who knows how to work—how to get the most out of class, how to analyze and widen his capacities, how to project his roles from strength. In the Pennsylvania company's four-day run at the Brooklyn Academy, everyone worked purposefully; no one cheated or relied on facile "natural" ability. This gave even cheap choreography—like John Butler's "Black Angel" and Hans van Manen's "Opus Lemaître"—an edge of distinction. Although the dancers did more for the choreography than it did for them, they didn't seem to have sold their souls to it. By working only the formal side of their material, they often rose above it. And with great material, like Balanchine's "Concerto Barocco" and "The Four Temperaments," they proved that they can be tested in the highest reaches of their art.

I've sometimes suspected Lawrence Rhodes of selling his soul to John Butler, so I avoided seeing Rhodes in Butler ballets this season. Rhodes is the company's principal male dancer, and he has been a star almost from the inception of his career. But he's an oddball type of star, with a big head and a broken, bony face surmounting a classical dancer's body. No one these days seems able to create suitable roles for him—tailor-made demi-caractère roles such as Fokine devised for Nijinsky or Balanchine for Villella—and Rhodes has built his reputation largely on the contorted, gruelling works of Butler, in which he has been overworked and underused at the same time. A fine actor who combines passion and reserve, Rhodes has remained lucid in roles that drive other dancers into histrionic fits. He doesn't hammer you with emotion; he thinks out a "story" and takes you through it in stages. Rhodes has always performed Butler roles with a conviction that seems inordinate. In them he always presents an incomplete picture, as if half of his personality were missing. They have never drawn the best things from him that he has to give—his remarkable lyrical softness, for example—and they have made the "agonized" Rhodes a cliché. But the clammy horror of Butler's choreography is such that it doesn't need dancers of Rhodes' stature to succeed with audiences. "After Eden" with a cast of Joffrey Ballet dancers isn't one-tenth as interesting as Rhodes makes it seem when he does it with the Pennsylvania's Alba Calzada, yet the Joffrey version—all sweat and strain—invariably wins cheers. Rhodes is accepted as a classical dancer *manqué*—one who can't fill out the ideal image; his princes and cavaliers are generally evaluated on a straight technical basis. But he's really, I think, a misunderstood *great* classical dancer. His dancing, powerfully weighted yet nimble, conveys the same tension of delicately reconciled opposites as his beautiful, asymmetrical face, but no choreographer I know of has used this kind of tension in Rhodes—none seem even to have noticed it—and Rhodes as a fully present, balanced personality appears on the stage only in flashes.

Confronted with the choice of seeing Rhodes in "Black Angel," a role created for him by Butler, or seeing him in the Melancholic variation of "The Four Temperaments," a role that might have been created for him by Balanchine, I chose the latter. Melancholic is a soft role, built on surging and failing energy. It was made in 1946 for William Dollar, but it has precisely the tension of design that Rhodes needs. Modern-classical, demi-caractère, whatever you want to call the style of the choreography, it is a role that projects Rhodes' paradoxical quality and brings him totally into view. Naturally, he gave a great performance. Van Manen's "Opus Lemaître" was another of Rhodes' luckless hardwork numbers, and he didn't give a great performance in it, probably because the role is so pointlessly arduous. The principal dancer (originally Gerard Lemaître, of the Netherlands Dance Theatre) stands still all through Bach's Toccata and Fugue in D Minor while the company rushes around him. Then, when his muscles are good and cold, the piece is played again and he begins to dance. The others join in, and at the end all relevé into low arabesque and leave the stage. The choreography is puerile—puerile even in its humor—and the structure, which creates false suspense, is inconsequen-

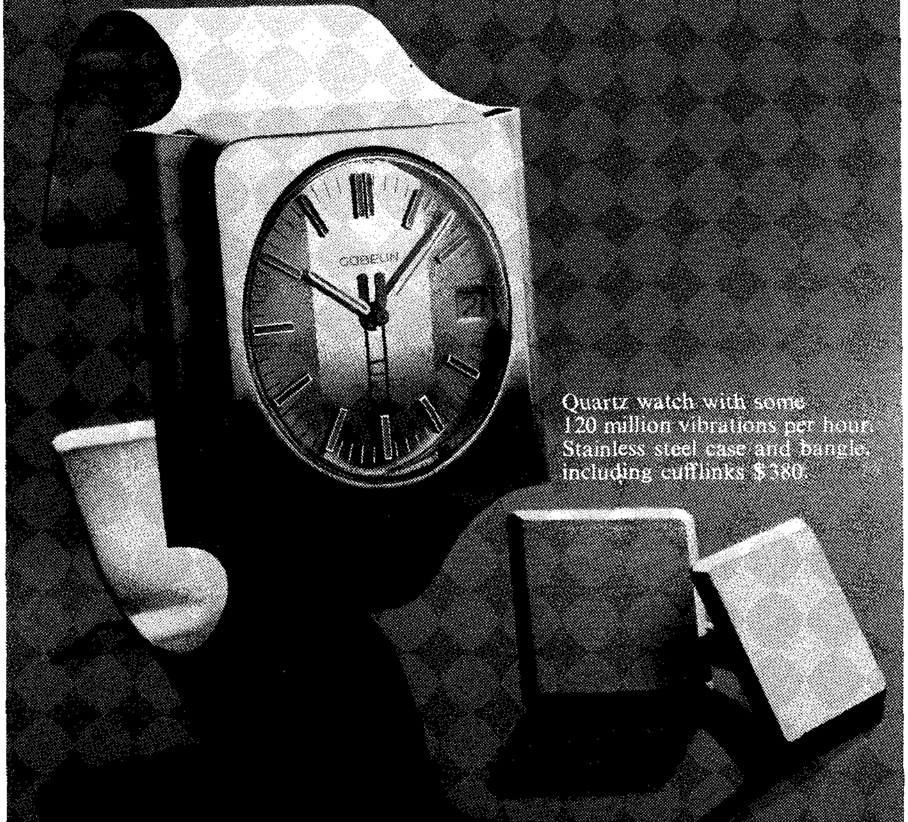
"Aren't you even going to listen to my scenario?"

tial: a perfect example of European Big Idea ballet.

There are other fascinating queer-duck dancers in the company besides Rhodes. Joanne Danto and Keith Martin, both of whom also appeared in "The Four Temperaments"—Danto in the Third Theme and Martin in Sanguinic—are having careers in the Pennsylvania they probably couldn't have anywhere else. Martin, a slightly but sturdily built English character dancer with a Dickensian face, performs persuasively against type. Although he has speed, musicality, and a sense of style, he could never have done leads with the Royal Ballet, his former company. In his new home, he does classical leads and shares many roles with Rhodes. I drew Martin in "Black Angel," a black-and-red ballet about a satanic cult and some peculiar friendships that spring up in its midst. Trashy ballets are seldom fun, and when they *are* fun they are never by the likes of Butler. Usually they're by Massine or Robbins, and then no one takes them for trash.

Joanne Danto's problem is her size and her face—a horse face like Makarova's, but with small eyes and a somewhat stiff expression. But her tall, slim body has magnanimous limbs and the flawless line of a major ballerina. When she unfolds her awesome ballet legs in développé, they seem to lift from the thigh, like one clear thought; and, like an echo of that thought, the diminishing force of the gesture carries unthinkably far—on down through the tendril length of the foot and beyond. The leg held in passé has concentrated power without thickness; the toe in this position is even more striking than it is in the air. Danto, performing her marvels on the biggest scale I have ever seen in "Concerto Barocco," was admirably supported by David Kloss and a corps of girls who attacked the choreography as exactingly as she did, in grand, formal, long-linked phrases, so that the piece rose gradually, and with more than its normal power, to thrilling heights. The applause afterward went on like rain. This was one of the performing highlights of the dance season.

Some of the more conventionally endowed female soloists—Alba Calzada especially, and the very young Constance Ross—would be impressive in any company. Michelle Lucci and Barbara Sandonato probably would, too, but their unyieldingly official stage glamour spoiled their dancing for me. They're all in "Time Passed Summer," Benjamin Harkarvy's ballet about some members of pre-Revolutionary



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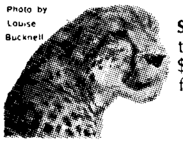
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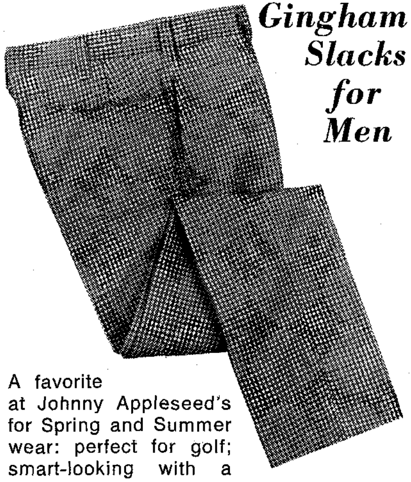

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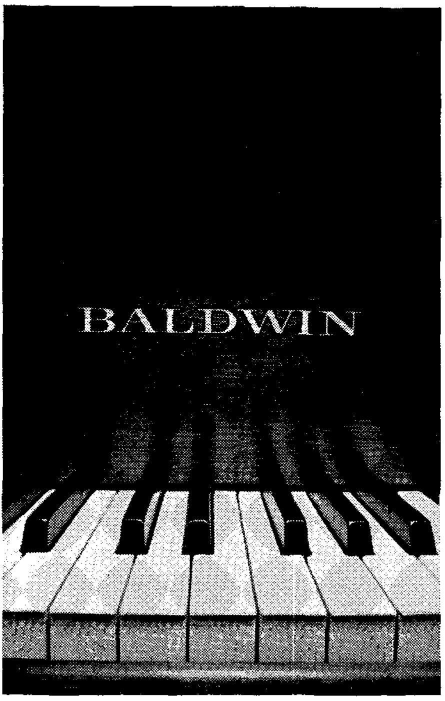
Russian society attending a musicale and having their memories stirred by Tchaikovsky's songs. This was the most elaborate of the company's New York premières, but the apparatus was too complicated to produce the light fragrance Harkarvy intended. The transitions in time, which should have been deft, were clumsy, with electronic thrums and snatches of Russian dialogue, and the device of using dancer surrogates for the people with the vividest memories worked no better than it usually does in pieces of this sort. Harkarvy, who can be very good at drawing out his dancers' talents, this time made no attempt to differentiate their characterizations in dance terms. I'm sorry he didn't repeat his "Recital for Cello and Eight Dancers" or Robert Rodham's "In Retrospect," two pieces seen here last fall. Both ballets overreached themselves, but they contained grateful roles for the dancers. Harkarvy and Rodham are the company's ballet masters. They are men of talent—more talent than some of their guest choreographers—and they have an organization they can be proud of. I wish they could think of better ways to show it off.

DON JUAN, as conceived by John Neumeier and danced by Rudolf Nureyev in Neumeier's production for the National Ballet of Canada's season at the Met, is a cipher of a character. All he can do to show his feelings is turn toward people with a smile or away with a sneer, and why the two women in the ballet whom he degrades should ever have turned toward *him* is never made clear. This Don Juan is a cold, tight, expressionless man—a fatal conception for a ballet. Perhaps a film or a play could have opened him up and revealed why women found him so exciting, but in a ballet his allure remains incomprehensible and the women become masochists. At one point the ballet does seem on the verge of opening up, and the moment is curiously like something in a film or a play. As Nureyev stands before a mirror (the scrim hanging between him and the audience), we hear a recorded voice commenting on the character of Don Juan. "He loves only himself," the voice—which is Ralph Richardson's—says, and it goes on to tell us things about the Don which are not so apparent: that he is sensitive and delicate, that he does not laugh at dirty jokes, and so on. The words were written by Max Frisch, the Swiss playwright, and Neumeier's use of them leads us to suppose his ballet will develop this and other facets of the Don that Frisch's text



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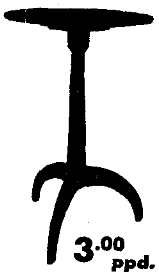

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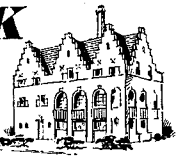

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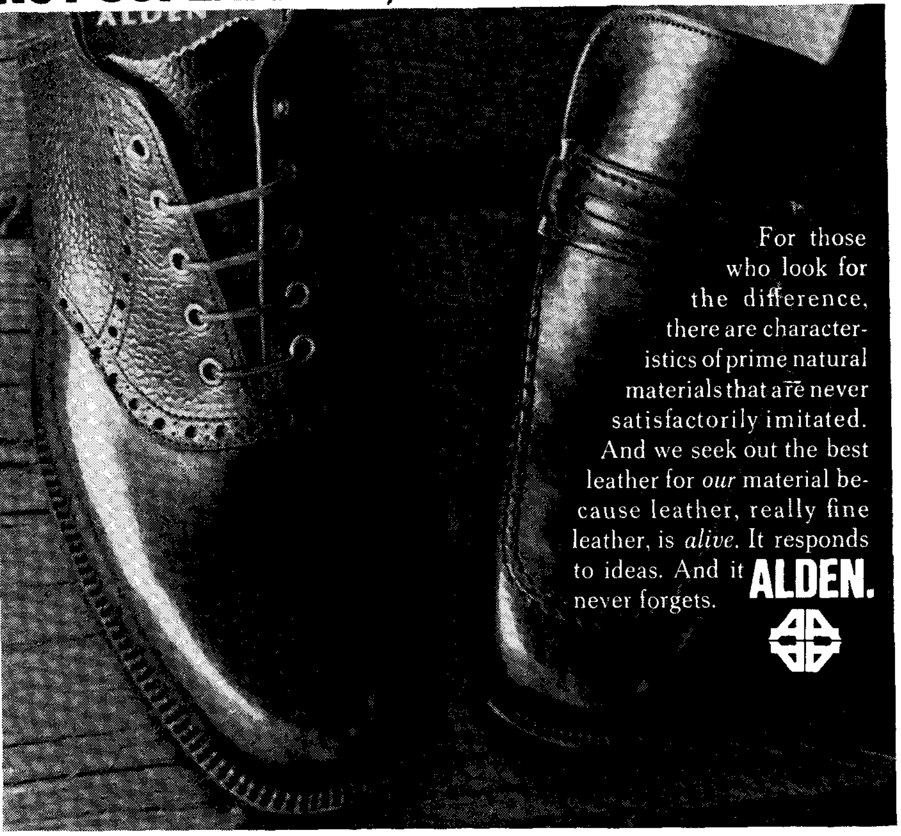
hints at. Nureyev's gestures before the mirror are those of a man who is not only vain but disturbed. The Don as victim seems a strangely appropriate role for him, but Neumeier doesn't elaborate on the theme; he drops it.

Nureyev's role, which wasn't made for him, looks as if it might have been set originally for a mime, with the dancing done by the Don's manservant, who impersonates his master in a series of skits performed at a banquet. For Nureyev, two characteristic solos have been inserted (his character, not the Don's), but Tomas Schramek still has more to do. The towering inscrutability of all this seems to derive from the idea of role-playing introduced in Frisch's text; "The Don *is* his role" is another of his lines. But what Neumeier is driving at—what his point of view is—remains his secret. We don't know how to take the two women, one of whom has a mad scene, played straight. In another scene, they both become comics. And the ballet's lack of perspective is compounded by Neumeier's inability to distinguish clearly between types of functional and nonfunctional gesture—between the narrative dances and the social and divertissement dances that take place at the banquet. The Don's pas de deux with the women, including one with a third woman who turns into his nemesis, are all basically the same pas de deux. Neumeier, an American, works in West Germany and seems to have been hanging out lately with the European Big Idea men. One mark of this choreographic school is the doubling of musical scores—van Manen's use of the Bach Toccata, played twice in "Opus Lemaître;" Neumeier's coupling, in "Don Juan," of Gluck's ballet score with portions of a Requiem Mass by de Victoria. As the Gluck fades out, the Mass fades in, in a lap dissolve.

This grandiose work, which half the time seems to be happening in the wrong medium, was a nightmare to Hurok audiences, who had come hoping to see Nureyev dance like a demon. In "The Sleeping Beauty" and "Giselle" and the pas de deux from "Flower Festival in Genzano," they got more Nureyev, but only in "Giselle," during the second week of the engagement, did he show some of his old form. His dancing tended to be hard and over-explicit, with little ease, and something seems to have happened to his stretch-through in arabesque. "Giselle," a new production staged by Peter Wright, is the Canadians' most convincing piece; I loved a lot of it. "The Sleeping Beauty," staged by Nureyev, dies in



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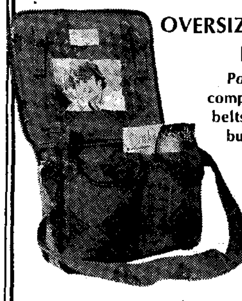

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the third act, but even before then the dancing fails to fill up space on an opera-house scale. The Pennsylvania Ballet's "Concerto Barocco" has more amplitude. The Canadian company is modest, and on the big stage of the Met it looks dull. It ought to have more to show after twenty-three years of existence. The girls' rigid backs deprive their dancing of breadth, and the flaw runs right through the top line of ballerinas. Karen Kain, who looks big, dances smaller than she looks.

PHYLLIS GUTELIUS, alternating with Pearl Lang in the leading role of Martha Graham's "Letter to the World," gives a performance that is almost exactly opposite in strength to Lang's. Gutelius, with her intent concentration and her sharpness of accent, was able to suggest at the outset that the subject of the piece is not Emily Dickinson but Emily Dickinson's imagination, and that the events to follow were to be understood not as literal happenings but as wholly imaginary ones. But, surprisingly, Gutelius didn't have the mercurial temper that Lang had in the "Little Tippler" section, and in the "March" section she wasn't able to relax expansively enough to evoke its wonderful adolescent gaiety, its volatile inner and outer weather. Seeing both performances and superimposing one on the other in memory, one began to get an idea of the freshness and strangeness of Graham's original conception, and because of the company's new policy of alternate casting, the Graham repertory as a whole looked brighter than it has in years.

The new, young company that Graham put together for her spring season is a strong, confident, and hopeful one. Most of these new dancers were onstage in a new piece called "Holy Jungle," in which they were given little more to do than handle Dani Karavan's Creative Playthings props. But by the première of "Holy Jungle," which came late in the season, Diane Gray and Janet Eilber and William Carter and Tim Wengerd and David Hatch Walker had already made their mark. I would hate to name the Most Valuable Player, but the award for most valuable saint-martyr-mystic-angel-sprite of the year goes to David Hatch Walker. Walker is also one of the great unforgettable oddballs, with his squirty smile and his delirious gaze and his curly blond hair parted in low quiffs. He is daring and ambitious and fearlessly theatrical, and I find that my impressions of the Graham season take their most exuberant color from him.

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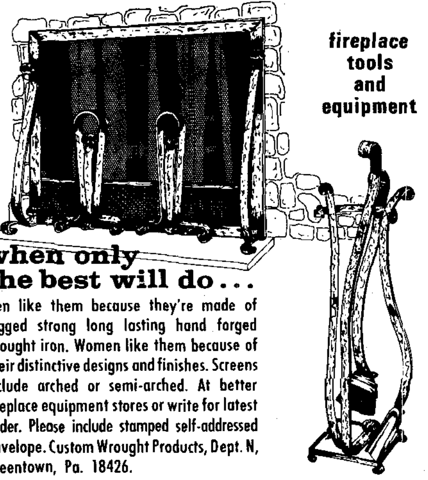

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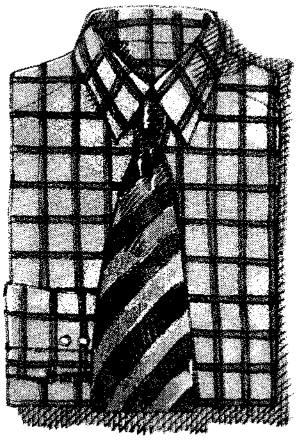

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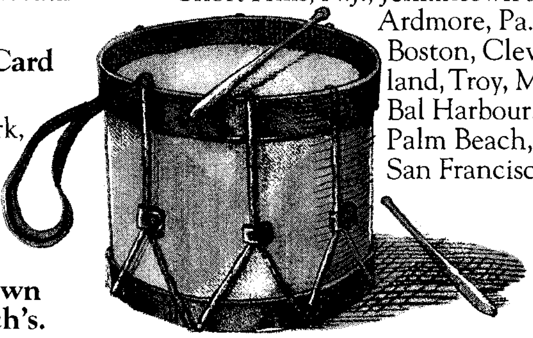

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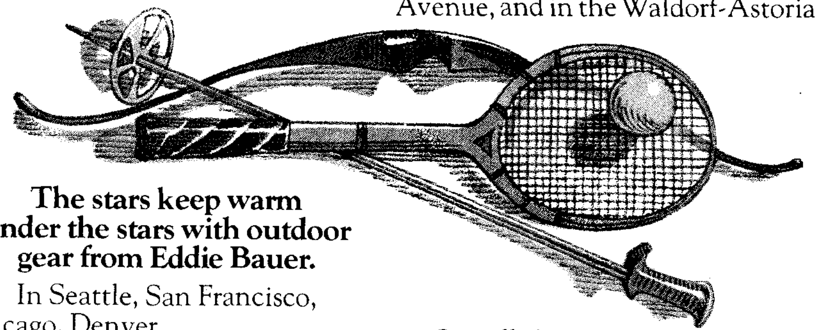

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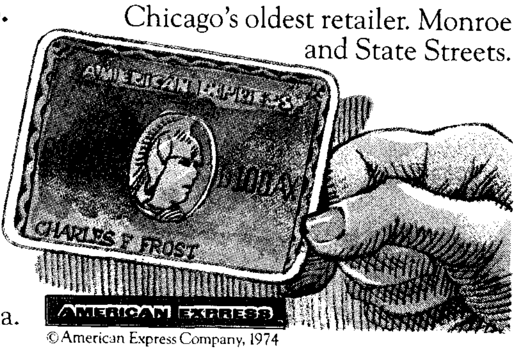

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MUSICAL EVENTS

A Proper Attitude

MORE than twenty years after his death, Arnold Schoenberg is still the prickliest figure in twentieth-century music. He became a cause early on, and resented it. ("Believe me, I don't represent anything whatsoever, I just write music as well as I can!! I don't even represent myself!!") But he shouldered the burden. ("Once, in the Army, I was asked if I was really the composer A.S. 'Somebody had to be,' I said, 'and nobody else wanted to, so I took it on myself.'") He took his mission and its responsibilities very seriously indeed, requiring in return a most precise appreciation of his own worth. When Paul Hindemith and the conductor Hermann Scherchen proposed a small festival in honor of Schoenberg's fiftieth birthday, in 1924, Scherchen was instructed to

> tell Hindemith too that I am *extremely pleased with him*. By doing this he is making a splendid sign of a proper attitude to his elders, a sign such as can be made only by a man with a genuine and justifiable sense of his own worth; only by one who has no need to fear for his own fame when another is being honoured and who recognises that precisely such an honour does honour also to him if he associates himself with it. I once said: only he can bestow honour who himself has a sense of honour and deserves honour. Such a man knows what is due to him and therefore also what is due to his peers.

Fine hairs, finely split. Schoenberg's own ethical standards were highly developed—there was nothing in him of Beethoven's occasional commercial opportunism or Wagner's more slippery manipulations of friends and patrons—and he expected the same of others. To Wilhelm Furtwängler, he wrote in 1928, "I would not let a new work have its first performance in Vienna. The fact is I am the only composer of any reputation at all whom the [Vienna] Philharmonic have not yet performed," and he expected the orchestra to make up "for damage done.... The great injury done me by the Philharmonic precisely in the years of my hardest struggles cannot be allowed to remain unatoned for!"

There is a strain of paranoia in all of this—highly rationalized and, of course, not without justification, for Schoenberg had powerful enemies. (He seems to have been aware of his position, if one reads between the lines of a wry aside in another 1928 letter from Vienna: "I shall soon be leaving here. Probably for France, where I have the advantage of understanding the language even less than what is called the language in this country, and where I am in a position to imagine things quite different from what people are actually saying to me: That is why I always so much like being abroad.") Schoenberg kept very careful accounts of the world's debts and injustices to him. Among nearly six hundred meticulously numbered and classified items in his literary estate, along with an outline and drawing for a patent on a musical typewriter, thirteen pages on "America and Japan" (written in 1937), and half a page on "Spanish Tennis," we also note the presence of items such as "Polemic Against Casella" and "Stylistic Gems of My Lying Enemies." Absolute loyalty was expected from friends, and the published selection of his letters (St. Martin's Press) records painstakingly explicated breaches with Hanns Eisler, Kandinsky, and Klemperer (not to mention the famous public controversy with Thomas Mann over the latter's use of Schoenberg's intellectual property—the "twelve-tone or row system"—in "Doctor Faustus"). This stern Old Testament rigor was no mere façade, and it can hardly have smoothed his way in the world.

His own intellectual consistency concerned Schoenberg greatly. As he put it lightly to a publisher in 1927, "I usually answer the question why I no longer write as I did at the period of 'Verklärte Nacht' by saying: 'I do, but I can't help it if people don't yet recognise the fact.'" But he was deadly serious, and wrote essays to demonstrate that every step of his musical development—from the early Wagnerian chromaticism through the so-called "atonal" period before the First World War, the twelve-tone period, and even the occasional "backsliding" works in which he reverted to traditional tonality—followed logically from his own earlier practice and that of his great predecessors. If, as Charles Rosen has suggested, "the sense of the irrecoverable past . . . is omnipresent in the music of Brahms," who "may be said to have made music out of his openly expressed regret that he was born too late," possession, in some terms or other, of that ever-receding tradition was to Schoenberg a matter of intellectual life or death. He dragged it forcibly into the twentieth century, showing us in the music of Mozart, Beethoven, and Brahms procedures and methods similar to his own. (In his analysis of Brahms' Fourth Symphony, Schoenberg's contemporary Donald Francis Tovey, an ardent and perceptive Brahmsian, notes the falling thirds in the twenty-ninth variation of the passacaglia, doubting that Brahms thereby intended any reference to the similar pattern at the beginning of the first movement; but Schoenberg, in his essay "Brahms the Progressive," adduces so much evidence of exactly such rela-

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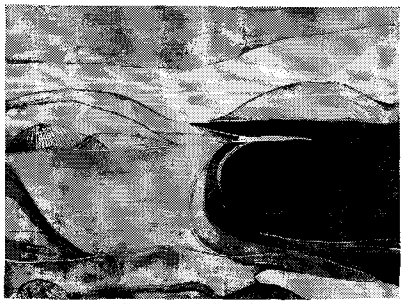

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tionships in the older composer's work that we must grant their significance. Whatever the motives behind Schoenberg's reinterpretations of older music, the intensity of his insights cannot be questioned.) And his occasional outbursts of German chauvinism—the bristling refusal to join Varèse's International Composers' Guild, in part because the Guild had as yet played not a single German work—must be read primarily in the context of Schoenberg's belief that the great tradition was almost exclusively a German one, not as self-delusion about the security of a Jew's position in Austria and Germany (a point on which he never needed instruction).

Yet this insistence on the historical logic, even the necessity, of Schoenberg's development in his own writings and those of his pupils and supporters has surely encouraged a tendency to view his works as links in a chain—significant because of the new technical principles they embody, the old ones they extend—rather than as individual aesthetic entities. And to this narrow focus have contributed, in their independent ways, those academics who regard the principles as more interesting than the music, those journalists who, baffled or angered by the principles and their significances, fail to hear the music clearly. But for all of us the greatest impediment to direct appreciation of Schoenberg's works has been the infrequency of performances adequately conveying their expressive qualities.

This is more than merely a matter of playing the right notes, although there certainly have been in the past (and are still circulating on records) sufficient performances that do not really even do that. And there are quite a few whose major expressive communication has to do with relief: their most potent message is "Whew! Well, we got all the notes, anyway!" "Getting the notes"—the correct pitches at the right times and with their correct durations—is indeed a challenge, although less formidable than it once was. Today's performers, if they have been raised on more recent music, are not so greatly bothered by Schoenberg's wide skips and unfamiliar intervals, or even his once unconventional technical demands—all those special string techniques, playing with the wood of the bow or close to the bridge or at the fingerboard, for example.

Most often absent is adequate rhythmic characterization. Thousands of words have been written, by Schoenberg and others, about the harmonic

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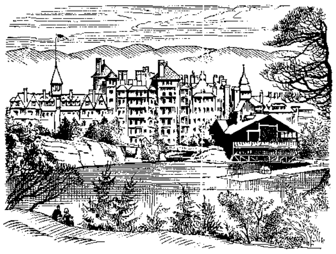

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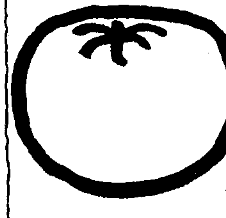

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and melodic innovations that constitute historically the most influential features of his music, but very little about its rhythmic aspects. When Schoenberg abandoned the harmonic language of older music, with its vocabulary of chord successions that clearly signified "point of arrival," "end of phrase," he deprived performers of some very important clues about how to "speak" a phrase—which notes to accent, which to subordinate in order to make musical sense of it. Schoenberg's rhythmic vocabulary is sophisticated and subtle—in large part an extension of Brahms' practice—but it is not radically novel. Regular pulse is always present, and many of the conventional patterns of eighteenth- and nineteenth-century music are used (especially in the march and dance movements of neoclassical works such as the Serenade, Opus 24, and the Suite, Opus 29), although often elided or extended in ways that may make them difficult for performers to parse. (A very rough analogy might be drawn with unpunctuated, syntactically complex poetry; it can be construed and read correctly, but punctuation is a great help.) The total rhythm of all the simultaneous parts is often dense: a lot is going on, and the totality must make sense as well as the individual elements.

Because of this density, Schoenberg's music requires considerable concentration from the listener even when its rhythmic meaning has been brought to life; robbed of this dimension, it can easily seem chaotic. We have had some good Schoenberg performances in New York this season, including the Contemporary Chamber Ensemble's "Pierrot Lunaire" and Speculum Musicae's traversal of the String Trio, about which I have written earlier. The Philharmonic has made two contributions so far to the centenary year. In late March, the "Ode to Napoleon," a wartime setting of Byron's poem, for speaker, string quartet, and piano, was unfortunately vitiated by Erich Leinsdorf's rhythmically inaccurate, tonally undernourished reading of the poem. Another work with speaker, "A Survivor from Warsaw," fared much better on May 3rd and 7th at the hands of Philip Sterling, with the Camerata Singers, and Boulez directing the orchestra—a brief but shattering narrative at the climax of which a crowd of Jewish prisoners on the way to the gas chamber burst into the hymn "Sh'ma Yisroel."

Most rewarding of all was the commemorative concert presented by the League of Composers-International

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Society for Contemporary Music, at Tully Hall on May 6th. Bethany Beardslee and Robert Helps (one cannot say "accompanied by Robert Helps," for it is a complete partnership) have performed the "Fifteen Poems from 'Das Buch der hängenden Gärten,' by Stefan George," Opus 15, on many occasions, but rarely as advantageously. They know how to make every phrase of these spare, allusive, asymmetrical songs shiver with life and color. Next, Jacques-Louis Monod conducted a young ensemble (led by the superb violinist Jeanne Benjamin) in the Serenade, with Richard Frisch as expert baritone soloist in the movement that sets a Petrarch sonnet (in German translation). All the rhythms sparkled here, like the pigments in a freshly restored painting; the wit of the discourse, the variety of the textures, Schoenberg's delight at his own virtuosity in coaxing new patterns from traditional formulas were made startlingly accessible. Mr. Monod is the best Schoenberg conductor around, and we do not hear enough from him; his rare performances give listeners more precise aural images of the music's expressive potential—and should also give performers higher ambitions for themselves when next they play this music. No quantity of words will do as much to replace Schoenberg the cause, in the public eye, with Schoenberg the composer of masterpieces.

—David Hamilton

ROCK, ETC.

An American Band

ALTHOUGH it's no substitute for the late, lamented Mercer Arts Center, the Bottom Line is at the moment the most comfortable rock club in town. It's not cramped, like Max's, or uptight and East Sidey, like Kenny's Castaways, or inconvenient to get to, like My Father's Place. On the other hand, as might be deduced from that series of negatives, neither the club nor its audience—whose socioeconomic profile I haven't yet pinned down, perhaps because every time I go there, there seem to be more reporters and record-company people than customers—has much personality. Its most distinctive characteristic is the flamboyantly junky food, which is served up on plastic plates with plastic forks. The Bloody Marys contain an inventive mystery ingredient, and the pizza—some other hopeless vulgarian in the press section recommended it to me—tastes something like the improvisation my mother used to create out of English muffins and tomato sauce, which is not to deny that it's pretty good, especially after a couple of those Bloody Marys. If the Mercer was New York, the Bottom Line feels more like America. That thought originally occurred to me as I was being herded out of the place during my very first rock-club bomb scare. A freak in a Revolutionary War costume was hawking pies "made by Martha herself." Washington or Mitchell, I wondered.

That night, the New York Dolls were appearing, and the crowd was bigger and more excited than usual. (Harassed doormen divided it into two lines: those who were waiting to pick up their press passes and those who already had them. Where mere ticket buyers were to go was unclear.) The opening act was Suzi Quatro, an expatriate rock-and-roller from Detroit who has made a big hit in England. She came onstage wearing a leather jacket and a cocky grin, spoke with what sounded to me like a fair working-class London accent (I was reminded of college friends who spent a term at Oxford and came home sounding like the Queen), and launched into an *enfant-terrible* version of "All Shook Up." I liked her; I was getting a naïve kick out of watching a woman play rock-and-roll punk—especially since she was also an American playing a British rocker playing Elvis. But after a strong beginning Suzi blew it. She suggested, "Let's you and me have a little boogie party"—the kind of warning that always makes me want to sneak out to the bathroom—and led her band in a long, dull jam. Then, before she had a chance to redeem herself, the management announced that it had just received a phone call, and that we had all better move as quickly as possible toward the exit.

Out on the street, there were dark rumors that the Dolls had perpetrated the scare to cut Suzi Quatro's set short. My own theory was that the call had been made by a disappointed press-pass seeker. It was almost midnight, and I considered leaving: what could happen now that wouldn't be an anticlimax? Anyway, I had been feeling a bit down on the Dolls. The last time I'd seen them, at the Academy of Music, they had put on a chaotic, self-indulgent show that had me wondering if they were serious after all. But I stayed, and was well rewarded. The Dolls gave what may have been their finest performance yet, using and controlling their energy in a way I would call "mature" if the word didn't unfairly

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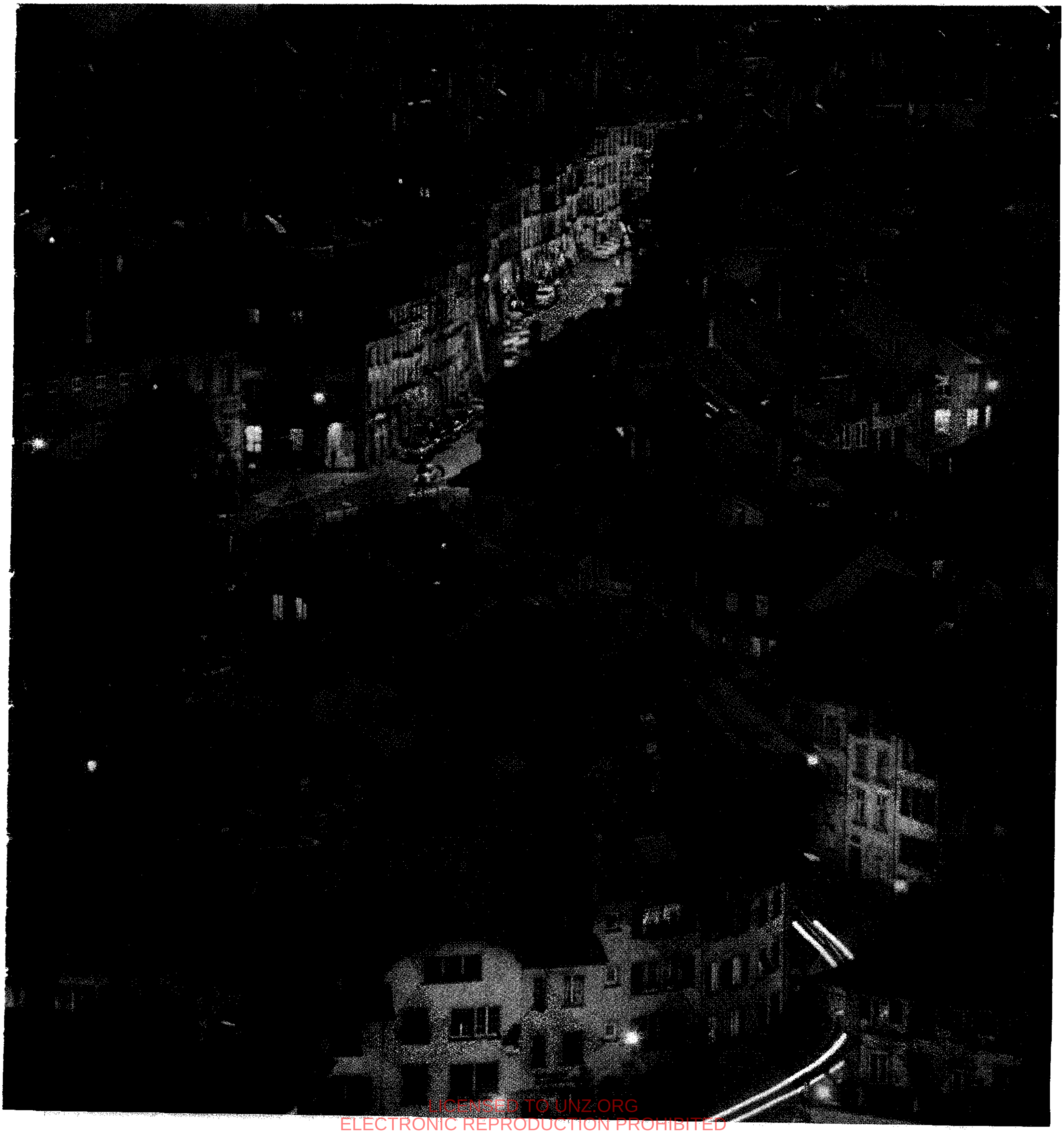

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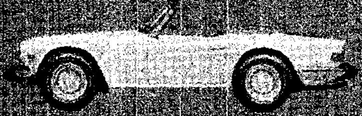

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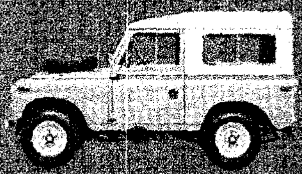

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imply a loss of adolescent juices. Anyone who still thinks that lipstick and platform shoes are what the Dolls are about simply isn't listening. They are already larger than their provincial beginnings, and they are continuing to grow. A New York band first and always, they are on their way to becoming an American band as well—a crucial step, without which they can no more achieve stardom than Bella Abzug can get elected President.

Their set consisted mostly of songs from their second album, "Too Much Too Soon," but it began with "Personality Crisis." For the first time, I heard that song as a statement about the band—about clashing cultures and the dilemma of preserving one's uniqueness while reaching out to others. The same theme was implicit in their somewhat mannered version of the classic novelty "Stranded in the Jungle" ("Meanwhile, back in the States . . ."). If David JoHansen's great rendition of the Archie Bell and the Drells song "Showdown" epitomized the group's urban belligerence, "Who Are the Mystery Girls?" yearned toward reconciliation: "I'm talkin' 'bout *love!*" In the end, the Dolls brought it all together, replacing "Frankenstein," their original finale, with their new manifesto, "Human Being." I'm going to be just what I am, David declared, and what he was was—no more, no less—a human being, a riffraff human being.

I didn't fully appreciate the new album until after that concert; now I like it even better than the first one. The over-all sound—thanks to Shadow Morton's production—is much improved. JoHansen's singing is powerful, Johnny Thunders' guitar expressive and exciting. Thunders also turns out to be a talented vocalist; singing his own song "Chatterbox," he uses his voice as a wailing instrument, à la Robert Plant. My favorite cut, aside from "Human Being," is "Puss 'n' Boots," which has vaguely feminist implications: "Sometimes you gotta get away someway, And now you're walkin' just like you're ten feet tall. . . . I hope you don't get shot for tryin'." JoHansen is, however, no facile optimist. The song ends abruptly—with a shot.

—ELLEN WILLIS

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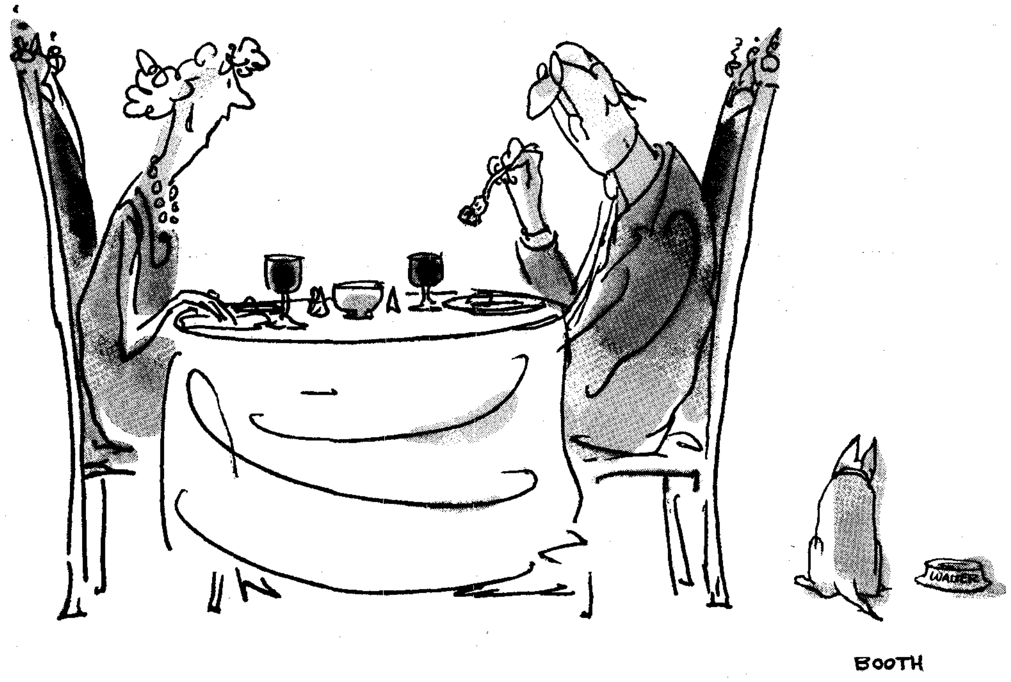
How to Be Número Uno

"TALLEYRAND: THE ART OF SURVIVAL," by Jean Orieux (translated by Patricia Wolf; published by Knopf), is the latest attempt to decipher the scintillating and secretive sometime bishop, sometime revolutionary, longtime diplomat, and perennial mystifier. Part of the difficulty Talleyrand presents to history is simply that he lived so long. He was born in 1754, during the reign of Louis XV, who collected mistresses, and he died in 1838, during the reign of the "citizen-king," Louis-Philippe, who took advice from his sister. Talleyrand thus encompassed both the era of Boucher and the era of Delacroix (who was probably Talleyrand's illegitimate son). In his youth, he paid his respects to Voltaire; in his old age, he encouraged Lamartine. By conviction and temperament, he remained a product of the eighteenth-century Enlightenment, but he lived to deal with, and to be judged by, nineteenth-century Romantics. His diplomatic skill and his devotion to peace eventually went out of fashion, and stayed out until after the First World War. The big work on Talleyrand, the four-volume study by Lacour-Gayet (which has not, as far as I can learn, been translated), dates from 1934; in English, both Alfred Duff Cooper (1932) and Crane Brinton (1936) were able to find an admirable Talleyrand that the nineteenth century could not descry, and Orieux, too, is writing for our present. He points out that Talleyrand wanted to rationalize France, not revolutionize Europe; that to him European civilization was a unity not to be rent by war, an association of equals not to be dominated by France. Orieux directly attacks the Napoleonic legend, and, by implication, Gaullist foreign policy. Further, since, like his readers, he has been affected by sensibilities that have evolved since Talleyrand's day, he frequently asks us to sympathize with—even to pity—Talleyrand the man.

I doubt that pity is a tribute Talleyrand would have wished. For himself, he sought power. For France, he wanted a constitutional monarchy that would secure freedom of speech, press, and religion, and free public education. He helped write the Declaration of the Rights of Man. Like Jefferson, he composed a Report on Weights and Measures; like Hamilton, he wished a national bank on the order of the Bank of England. The only country in the world which approached his ideal was the United States, but during his exile here, between 1794 and 1796, he came to loathe the place. Orieux, in company with other writers, contrasts Talleyrand with his enemy Chateaubriand, the Catholic Romantic writer and statesman who loved the American wilderness and wrote magnificently about it. Talleyrand, too, saw Niagara, but he admired only Boston, and not much.

Talleyrand was born noble: his family, Talleyrand-Périgord, traced itself back to a collateral descendant of Charlemagne. Brinton dismisses this pedigree; Orieux accepts it, as Talleyrand did. Brinton (I am digressing) examined Talleyrand's ancestry to decide whether heredity could account for the man's brains, and decided that it could not. However, Talleyrand's grandmother on his father's side was a descendant of a cross between a Colbert and a Mortemart—a match between a daughter of Louis XIV's great Minister and financial organizer and a son of the witty, outrageous family that provided the Sun King with his long-term mistress, Mme. de Montespan. Society may organize itself on patriarchal lines; genes do not (the famous Hapsburg jaw came from a Polish princess), and it is conceivable that Talleyrand inherited his brains from his women forebears. End digression. More important, Talleyrand's life began with his disinheritance. He had been baptized Charles Maurice, and sent from the font to live with a wet nurse, in whose care he fell off a chest of drawers and broke a leg. He received no medical attention, and by the time his parents got around to looking for him again he was a four-year-old cripple. Duff Cooper, like Lacour-Gayet, excuses the child's parents; Orieux, like Talleyrand himself, believed that they did not love him. They decided that the future head of their family must not be lame, relegated Charles Maurice to the Church, and made his younger brother the heir. Talleyrand was, and repeatedly said he was, unfitted for an ecclesiastical career. He probably did not believe in God, he certainly did not believe in Christianity, and he thought the Roman Catholic Church in France at best a social-service agency to run schools, orphanages, and hospitals. He revealed his braininess when he became the French clergy's financial manager. Family pull got him made a bishop, but then, as a delegate to the National Assembly in 1789, he proposed the nationalization of Church property. He resigned his bishopric and was excommunicated. His subsequent relations with the Church may charitably be called a muddle. In 1802, Napoleon was First Consul and Talleyrand his Foreign Minister. Respectability was



"There is no nourishment in this meal, but then, by the same token, there is a minimum of poisons."

again in fashion, a concordat was on the agenda, and Napoleon proposed that Talleyrand make his submission to the Pope and become a cardinal. Talleyrand, instead, asked to be wholly laicized, which Rome found canonically impossible for a consecrated bishop. Talleyrand was living with a courtesan, and Napoleon insisted that Talleyrand, since he refused to be a cardinal, marry her so as not to offend the wives of ambassadors by presenting a mistress as their hostess. (In Las Cases's "Memorial of St. Helena," Napoleon denied any responsibility for this misalliance, but that work is as untrustworthy as Talleyrand's own memoirs.) The lady in question predeceased her husband, and, with that canonical encumbrance out of the way, Talleyrand returned to the fold in time to avoid (Orieux uses Voltaire's phrase) "the scandal of a civil funeral." What totally passed Talleyrand by was the genuine, deep revival of religious feeling throughout the Western World, along with a new and still persisting demand for sincerity in belief. Even modern atheists are apt to believe profoundly in something—Marxism, astrology—and few people since the eighteenth century have been complete skeptics.

As with faith, so with love. On occasion, I suspect, Orieux endows Talleyrand with feelings he did not have. For instance, it is difficult to believe that Talleyrand's first romance was either pathetic or touching. Except for Mme. de Staël, the women in Talleyrand's life—there were plenty—were, to judge by their portraits, smashing beauties. Yet I think Talleyrand knew only what Stendhal calls *l'amour-goût*, which he describes contemptuously at the opening of "De l'Amour" as the style in Paris in 1760. Stendhal remarks that while *l'amour-passion* transports us beyond our interests, *l'amour-goût* always agrees with them. However, insofar as an element in any serious love is an investment of hope, Talleyrand, I think, loved once—and that was a disastrous choice: Napoleon. When they met, Talleyrand was the Foreign Minister of the Directory and Napoleon its most successful general. Talleyrand joined the conspiracy that brought Napoleon to power in 1799, because he believed that Napoleon would bring orderly, enlightened government to France and peace to Europe. This was the greatest misjudgment of Talleyrand's life, but he never paid for it. When he at last discovered that he could not persuade Napoleon to stop making war, he began (Orieux thinks as early as 1806; other historians put it later) to conspire against his sov-

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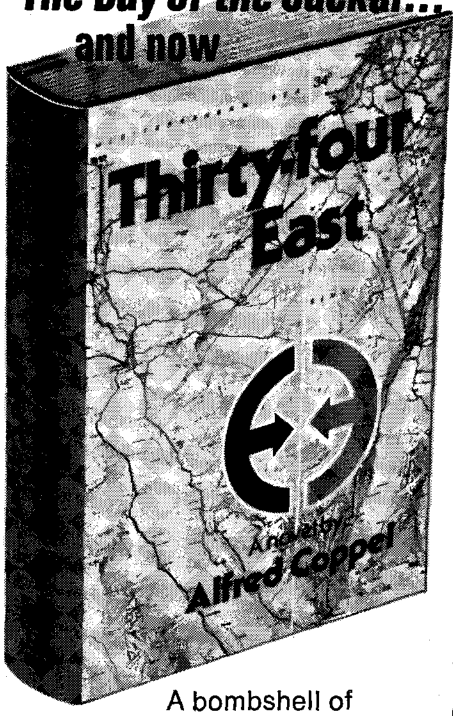

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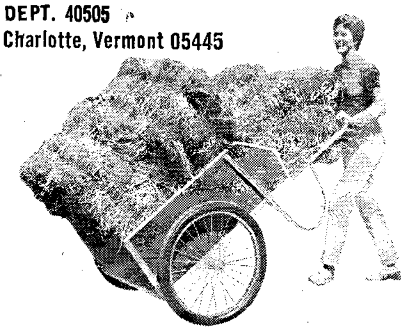

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ereign both at home and abroad. Talleyrand left the Foreign Ministry in 1807, though he retained his lucrative courtier's posts. He was still on the payroll of the Empire when he began to work for the Restoration of 1814, and his new king, the Bourbon Louis XVIII, who needed him for several reasons—one was to represent France at the Congress of Vienna—decided not to make an issue of any part of Talleyrand's past.

A difficulty everybody had (and has) in accepting Talleyrand is that no matter what happened he profited. His peculations on the grand scale started during the Directory. He did not wait for bribes, he extorted them; Americans will indignantly remember the XYZ Affair. Whatever foreign policy Orieux is talking about, he keeps track as best he can of how much Talleyrand got from whom. The sums are staggering; Talleyrand could never, like Clive, marvel at his own moderation. He used his money to live splendidly, and his entertainments were the talk of Europe. Orieux says that Talleyrand's show was deliberate, and I suppose that the human imagination is most easily caught by extremes of flashy display or voluntary poverty—the durbar or the fakir—and that republican simplicity is, alas, out of the running. Talleyrand seems to have stopped being corrupt after 1815. For one thing, he had made his fortune; for another, he was out of power, though he retained—as he had under Napoleon—honorific posts that paid generous stipends. He considered his exile from power an affront both personal and political. And he was alienated by the increasingly reactionary policy of the Bourbons he had helped restore, so, by 1830, he was again conspiring, this time on behalf of the Orléans branch of the royal family, which attained the throne in the person of Louis-Philippe. The year 1830 was a time of revolution everywhere. For one, there was the Belgian revolt against the Dutch—an uprising that upset Russia because it contravened the Congress of Vienna settlement and that worried England, who wanted, as usual, to have friends across the Strait of Dover. Louis-Philippe sent old Talleyrand to London to fix everything up, and the outcome was, geographically, modern Belgium, with Princess Victoria's uncle Leopold on the throne and with an international guarantee of the new nation's perpetual neutrality. Nearly everyone who crossed Talleyrand ended badly, and apparently it did not do to tangle with him posthumously, either: the power that vio-

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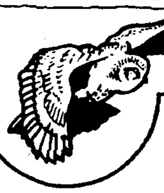

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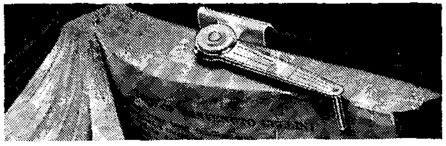

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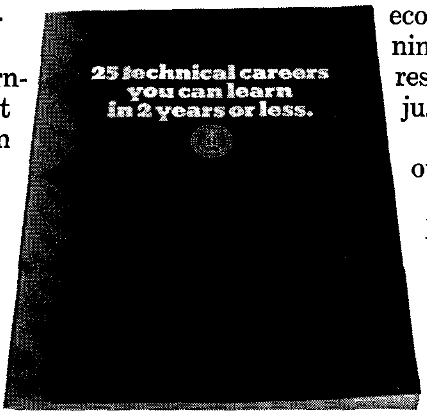
lated Belgian neutrality in 1914 lost the war. I daresay what most outraged our subject's shade was the German Chancellor's calling a treaty Talleyrand had concocted "a scrap of paper."

Orieux's copious, fluent, entertaining, and (in style) occasionally old-fashioned book may go as far as one can in explaining Talleyrand—at least up to now. Since Talleyrand destroyed masses of official papers, biographers must make do with iffy material. An example is a letter, on which Lacour-Gayet and Orieux both rely (other historians do not), purporting to prove that Talleyrand was not merely the submissive accomplice in but the prime instigator of the kidnapping and murder of the Duke of Enghien in 1804. There were indeed royalist schemes to assassinate Napoleon, but the Duke had taken no part in them; a Prince of the Blood, he was a young émigré living just across the border in Baden-Baden, whence French troops carried him off to his execution. Two men, both enemies of Talleyrand (Chateaubriand and Baron Meneval), claimed to have seen this letter. Neither ever produced it, and if it existed it has disappeared.

Orieux makes a few mistakes (his "General Shimpler" is New York's General Schuyler, and Charles James Fox was not, as Orieux has him, the British Prime Minister), but, in general, when Orieux differs from other biographers his differences are legitimate interpretations. (On more topics than one would expect, there is no incontrovertible evidence.)

Orieux documents Talleyrand's distractions: books, music, art, luxury, gossip, gambling, and sex. What of his delights? I think his main one was outwitting, and that was what Balzac found fascinating. Talleyrand seems to have loved to win with a weak hand. When he held all the cards—when he was the Foreign Minister of Napoleon, who was terrorizing Europe—he tried not to win, and to persuade Napoleon to use his power moderately. He failed, and he resigned. When Talleyrand had the weakest of hands—at the Congress of Vienna, representing a wholly vanquished country—he not only saved France from a further decline but reinstated her among the Great Powers. In his time, no one questioned his devotion to peace; he was considered the era's greatest diplomat.

I think that this judgment is correct, but Talleyrand's greatness provokes some disquieting reflections. As Orieux quite rightly stresses and stresses again, he held to his beliefs, but—unlike us—he did not crusade for them. He did



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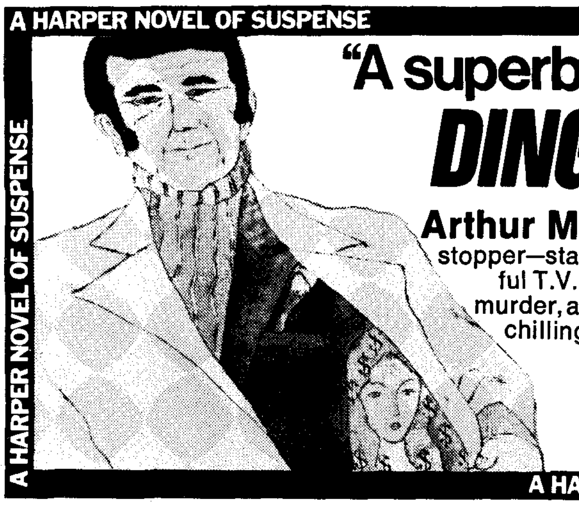

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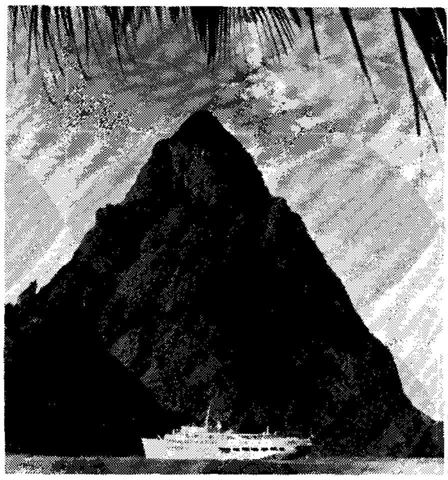

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not, like modern pacifists, consider war "immoral" (a word I cannot imagine him using); he thought it impractical because it was costly. Besides, foreigners did not like being conquered; Talleyrand said that you can do everything with bayonets except sit on them. It never seemed sensible to him—in this he differed from Girondins, Jacobins, Directors, and Napoleon—for Frenchmen to impose their opinions, let alone their rule, on Italians, Germans, Dutchmen, or Spaniards. Talleyrand knew Metternich long before the Congress of Vienna; he thought Metternich's reactionary convictions were piffle, but never let that interfere with business, whether he was trying to save Austria from Napoleonic France or trying to save Restoration France from Austria. It seems to me that, unlike Talleyrand, we are all zealots nowadays: Yeats' "fanatic heart" describes us. Whatever our convictions, we hold them the way Metternich or, for that matter, Robespierre did: we try to impose them. Those earnest believers did far more damage in the world than the detached Talleyrand. The question that disturbs me is whether peace depends upon the extinction of the twentieth century's habits of moralizing and evangelizing—upon our renouncing our *amour-passion* for our ideas and principles, or, as we say today, our ideologies. In this worried speculation, I am not blaming anyone more than myself (I cannot conceive that my feeling for habeas corpus could dwindle to *amour-goût*); I am just worrying.

Miss Wolf's translation is all right, but she fumbles the hard ones, making (for example) "*Chambre Introuvable*" "vanishing chamber," and what she does with "*Le congrès danse mais il ne marche pas*" loses the point.

—NAOMI BLIVEN

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE WANDERERS, by Richard Price (Houghton Mifflin). Twelve loosely joined stories that make up a first novel about a gang of boys growing up in the Bronx in the early sixties. They provide the reader with a fairly entertaining pop-sociological wallow, but they do not succeed very well as fiction. For one thing, the author shows off his good ear for street talk a bit too indiscriminately. Constant exchanges of this sort—"Whadya mean?" "Yeah, whadya kiddin'?" "You're our main man, man." "Awright"—soon make the reader feel rather punchy. For another, the stories are very repetitive. It's not always easy to tell one Wanderer from another, chiefly because the boys' individual qualities and histories seem to be less important to Mr. Price than their shared ones: poverty, gang wars, oily pompadours, stifling housing-project apartments, cruel-to-indifferent parents, girl friends with beehive hairdos, and musical gods with names like Tommy Tooky and the Zircons. None of them, in short, stand out as vividly as this *echt*-lower-middle-class dinner-table scene: "One bowl mashed potatoes, one bowl broccoli, one plate with four steaks, garlic bread wrapped in silver foil, one bottle Hammer lem'n'lime soda, one bottle Hammer mellow-cream soda, one salad bowl, one jar Seven Seas French dressing, one unlit candle."

LIMEHOUSE NIGHTS, by Thomas Burke, with an introduction by Alfred Kazin (Horizon). These fourteen lurid and grotesquely formed tales were written in the early years of this century and are set in a part of London that is very well described by Mr. Kazin in his introduction. Thomas Burke is a blood-and-tinsel writer who inquires, in his horrid way, into matters of sex and retribution among a few cartoon figures of the lower shallows of the big city. As a curiosity, we suppose his book is worth reprinting, and Mr. Kazin, in his very necessary introduction, makes the best of a strange task. One point that he raises we would like to take issue with. He says of Mr. Burke's work that "what we have . . . is an art of pantomime, as in the silent films." Mr. Burke's work may, perhaps, be said to have something to do with the art of silent films, but there is nothing of pantomime in "Limehouse Nights." If Mr. Kazin wants to see mastery of pantomime in writing, he should read Raymond Kennedy's "Goodnight Jupiter."

GENERAL

LINCOLN STEFFENS, by Justin Kaplan (Simon & Schuster). Some legendary reputations don't bear close examination, and that of Lincoln Steffens is clearly one of them. His credentials as the patron saint of modern investigative reporters are largely based on his exploits as a crusading turn-of-the-century journalist as described in his 1931 autobiography, a book that Mr. Kaplan points out is less fact than fable. In his later years as political activist and proselytizer, Steffens was again an enthusiastic but unreliable witness much of the time. His celebrated 1919 pronouncement on the new Soviet regime ("I have seen the future, and it works") was first tried out on friends before he crossed the Russian border. Apparently, his great energy and sense of drama often concealed the fact that he was a terrible muddlehead. In the nineteen-thirties, when he was still ardently hailing Soviet progress and defending the purges as a necessity of the "new ethics," he was also calling for a strong businessman to rise up and save America and referring to Mussolini as the "divine dictator." His influence on the many young disciples who crowded around him throughout his long life was considerable, but some of them outgrew it. In 1911, when Walter Lippmann was a year out of Harvard, he wrote that Steffens' example would be with him always. Later, however, he described Steffens as "too whimsical for a permanent diet." Toward the end of this book, Mr. Kaplan seems to be manfully trying to put down his mounting conviction that Steffens was a simpleminded, rather tiresome figure, whose greatest talent may have been for self-promotion. It is not fair to blame Steffens, however, for Mr. Kaplan's odd notion that the verb "to muckrake" is a valuable addition to the language ("He had gone abroad that summer to muckrake England and Europe." "He had never been able to muckrake himself").

THE DEVIL'S DECADE, by Claud Cockburn (Mason & Lipscomb). A little less than forty years ago, Cockburn was an accomplished and celebrated left-wing British journalist who published a newsletter called *The Week*. It was he who coined and popularized the term "Cliveden Set," which stood not for the orgiasts who later inherited the term but for a group of middle-aged aristocrats, and some politicians friendly to them, who plotted, Cockburn said, to keep Britain from giving offense to Hitler in any way. This book is subtitled "The Thirties," and at the start it gives promise of being about that decade not only in Britain but in the world at large. To a degree, it makes good on this promise, but it is disproportionately balanced in favor of England. The opening half of it is a first-rate account of the Depression there; what follows is interesting, if skimpy, and is frequently en-

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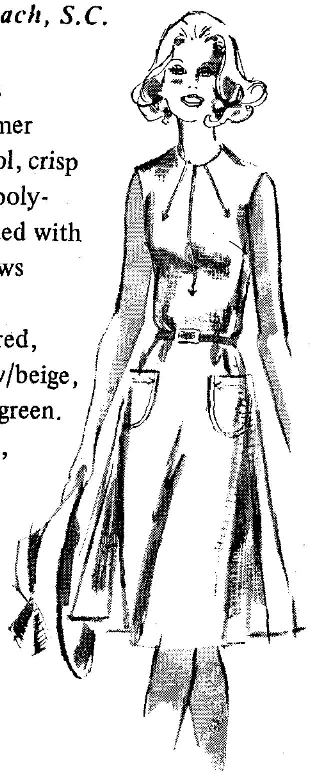

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tertaining, for Cockburn is a highly skilled craftsman. Extensively and handsomely illustrated with photographs.

PAINE, by David Freeman Hawke (Harper & Row). Thomas Paine, a singularly injudicious man, requires an exceptionally judicious biographer, and in Mr. Hawke he has at last got one. This book puts into perspective the outrageous attacks on—and the implausible defenses of—the superbly original propagandist and the moderately original thinker, and places them within an absorbing narrative that moves briskly through two revolutions and three countries. Paine had the bad luck to fall in (or, rather, fall out) with some exceptionally tough customers, such as Robespierre, who put him in jail, while his childlike self-absorption led him to quarrel with his friends more often than with his enemies. Paine was certainly not evil, and, though no Christian, no atheist either, but he was not the dauntless hero his admirers have claimed. He was one of history's personnel problems; as we watch Paine trying (and failing) to start a revolution in England and direct one in France, we recognize the by now familiar figure of the man of letters who, mistaking his gifts, imagines that he is a man of action.

NOTE: "American Fried," an account by Calvin Trillin of his various gastronomic pilgrimages, has been published by Doubleday. Much of the material originally appeared in this magazine.

•

Dr. Miller finds that writers of the 1970's ascribe seven functions to dreams: assimilation of anxiety; gratification of impulses; catharsis; synthesis; mastery; rehearsal of the future; and education. Still, he concludes, for the payschoanalyst "I would aver that it is more important to understand the patient who is having the dream than it is to understand the dream the patient is having."—*Press release from the Association for the Advancement of Psychoanalysis.*

And for the patient it's important to have the money ready.

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RELIGIOUS NOTES FROM ALL OVER

[*From the Ellsworth* (*Maine*) *American*]

Mr. and Mrs. LaReau Keagle of Arlington, Va. and Corea, recently took part in two Lenten plays sponsored by the Cherrydale United Methodist Church in Arlington, Va. In "The Last Supper" Mr. Keagle took the part of John and Mrs. Keagle was responsible for the table setting.

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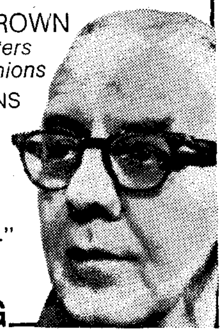

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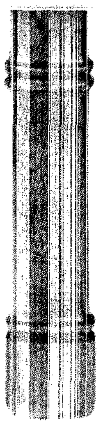

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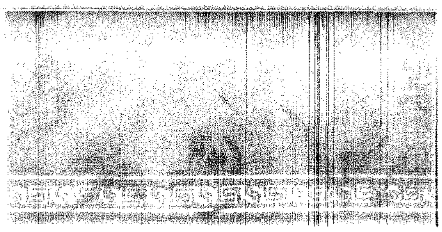

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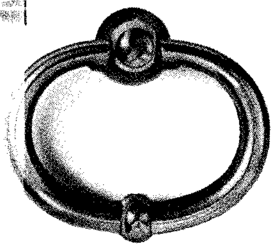

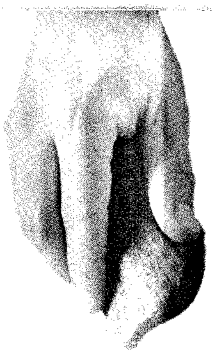

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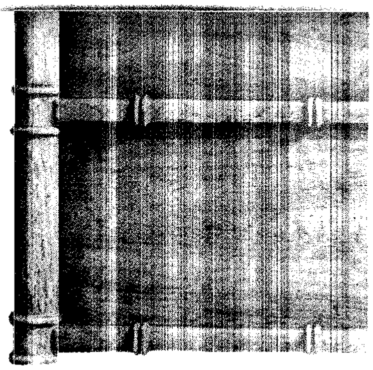

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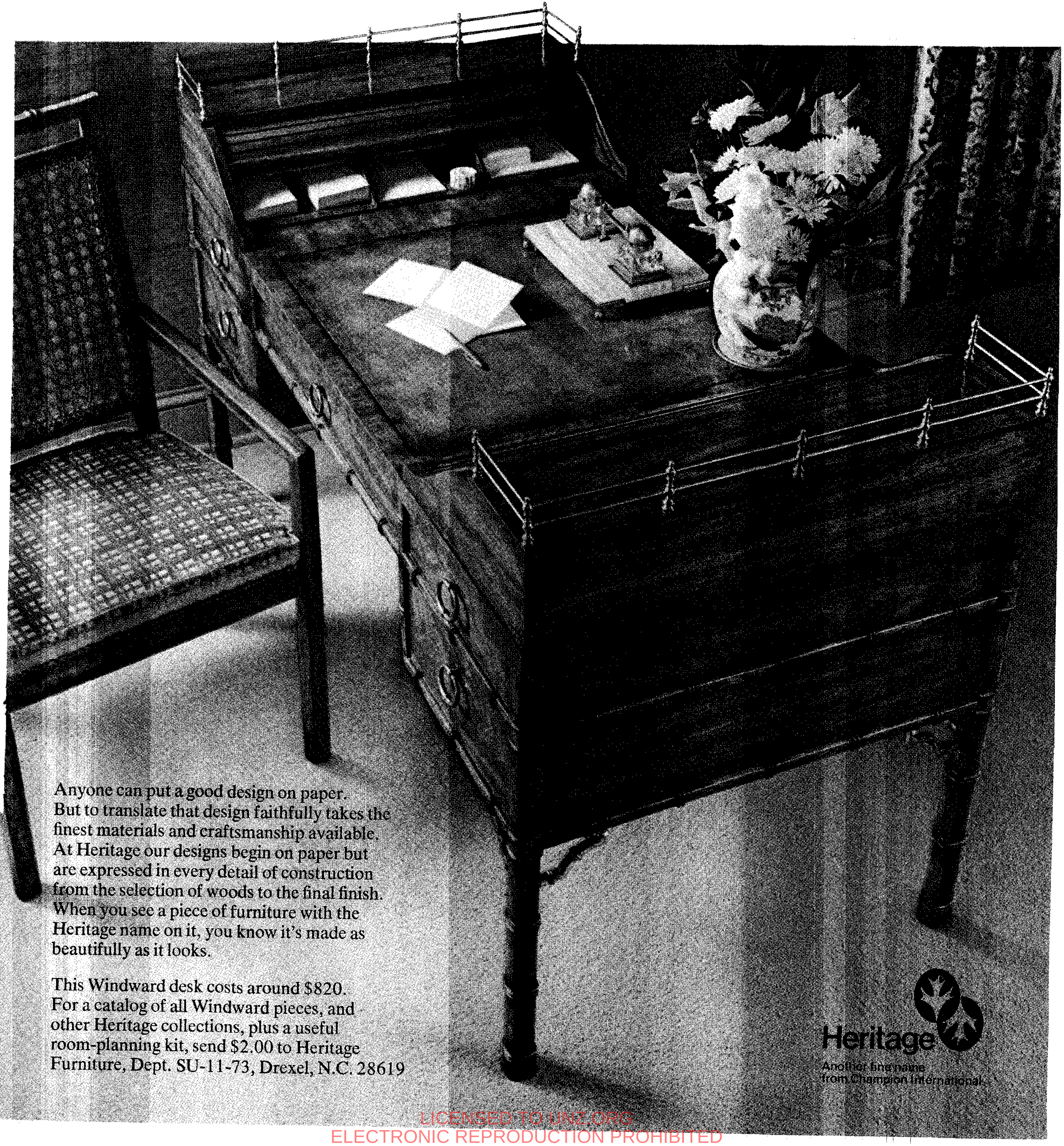
walnut and solids of pecan.

It takes a lot more than a beautiful design to make a beautiful desk.



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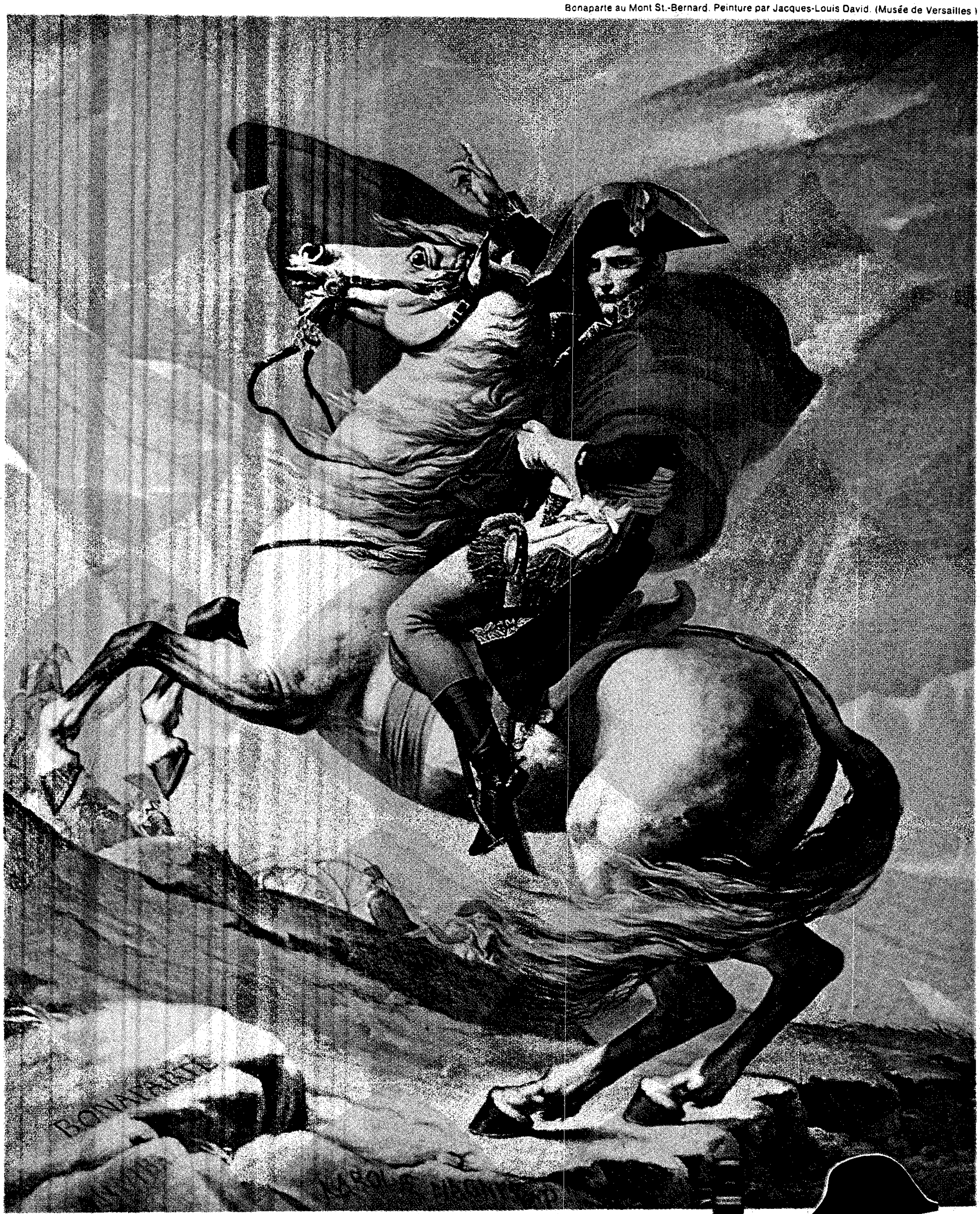

Like Hannibal and Charlemagne before him, Napoleon boldly crossed the Alps into Italy by the Great Saint Bernard Pass on May 15, 1800. An army of 40,000 men, with field artillery and baggage trains, completed the exhausting journey five days later, and went on to win the battle of Marengo on June 14th.

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